DRAMMATICKE POEMS.

Written by SAMVELL DANIELL *Esquire*, one of the Groomes of the most Honorable Prive Chamber to Queene *ANNE*.

Aetas prima Canat veneres postrema Tumultus.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Iohn Waterson*, at the signe of the Crowne in *Pauls* Church yard. 1635.

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

LONDON
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

To the Prince.

TO you most hopefull Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, doe I giue these lines:
That when your iudgement shall arriue so farre,
As t'ouer-looke th'intricate designes
Of vncontented man: you may behold
With what encounters greatest fortunes close,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde
Incumbrances ambition vnergoes
How hardly men digest felicitie;
How to th'intemprate, to the prodigall,
To wantonnesse, and vnto luxurie,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall finde the greatest enemie
That man can haue, is his prosperitie.
Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses vnder pleasing shewes,
How well presumptions broken wayes defends,
Which cleere-eyed Iudgement gravely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th'easie multitude
Transported, take the partie of distresse;
And onely out of passions doe conclude,
Not out of iudgement; of mens practises;
How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And Kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past
Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwayes runne
The selfe same line of action, and doe cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,

Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought vpon the selfe same frame.
This benefit, most noble prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our State, how it was held
By oll our Ancestors, and in what kinde
We holde the same, and likewise how in the end
This frasle possession of felicitie,
Shall to our late posteritie descend
By the same Patent of like destinie.
In them we find that nothing can accrew
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leaue vnto your more mature suruay,
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know
How that it is the fairest Ornament
Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew
The deedes of power, and liuely represent
The actions of a glorious Gouernement.
And is no lesser honor to a Crowne
T'haue Writers then haue Actors of renowne.
And though you haue a Swannet of your owne
Within the bankes of Douer *meditater*
Sweet notes to you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
May grac t is no vneglected Harmonie,
Which set vnto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posteritie

Though

Though I the remnant of another time
Am neuer like to ſee that happineſſe,
Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime
And to the Muſes, wiſh that good ſucceſſe
To others trauell, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheerd
Who ſhall deſerue, and who ſhall haue the grace
To haue a Muſe held worthy to be heard.
And know, ſweet Prince, when you ſhall come to know,
That tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raiſe
A ſpirit for Verſe that is not borne thereto,
Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes:
For late Eliza's *raigne gaue birth to more*
Then all the Kings of England *did before.*
And it may be, the Genius of that time
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,
And that the vtmoſt powers of Engliſh Rime
Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd;
For ſince that time our Songs could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne; though in the prime
Of this new raiſing ſeaſon, we did ſtriue
To bring the beſt we could vnto the time.
And I although among the latter traine,
And leaſt of thoſe that ſung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble ſtraine,
And pleaſd the gentler that did vnderſtand:
And neuer had my harmeleſſe pen at all
Diſtain'd with any looſe immodeſtie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggrauate the worſt mans infamie.
But ſtill haue done the faireſt offices
To vertue and the time, yet naugh preuailes,
And all our labours are without ſucceſſe,
For either fauour or our vertue failes.
And therefore ſince I haue out-liu'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,

I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had neuer come to light
So had I not beene tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring Stage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteeme more then what all the age
Or th'earth can giue. But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and liue too long.
And yet I grieue for that vnfinisht frame,
Which thou deare Muse didst vow to sacrifice,
Vnto the bed of Peace, and in the same
Designe our happinesse to memorize,
Must, as it is, remaine, though as it is:
It shall to after-times relate my zeale
To Kings and vnto right, to quietnesse,
And to the vnion of the Common-weale.
But this may now seeme a superfluous vow,
We haue this peace; and thou hast sung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be vnderstood.

SAM. DAN.

THE ARGVMENT.

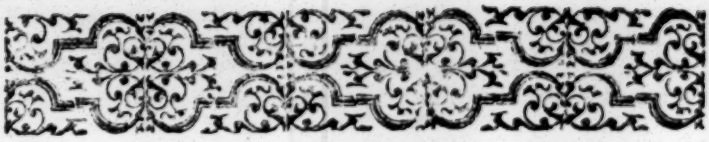
PHilotas the Sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great estimation, among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander*, held to be the most valiant of the *Greekes*: patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwise, noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, insomuch, as his father (hauing notice of his carriage) warned him to make himselfe lesse then he was, to auoide the enuie of the Campe, and the dislike of the King, who grew suspicious of him, in respect of the greatnesse of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his, vsed to *Antigona* a faire Cuttizan, borne in the City of *Pidna*; with whom being in loue, hee let fall many braue words and boasts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word, The yong man. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman, carried them to *Alexander*; whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow: and in the end, concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the Kng, was thereby suspected to haue beene a party in the plot: but brought before *Alexander*, he so defended himselfe, that hee obtained his pardon for that time, supped with the King that night, and yet the next day, notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact, which hee stoutly denying, was afteward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeede, *Alexanders* drawing a Pedegree from Heauen, with assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was

Plutarch in the life of *Alex.*

Q. Curtius lib. 6.

the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the Nobilitie and people from him, and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King as soone as hee had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall Councellers of *Alexander* grauely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neerenesse and deerenesse with their Lord and Master, and fitting to the safety of the State, in the case of so great an Aspirer; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented (howsoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) hee had turned the course of gouernement vpon his father himselfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monster of many heads, as it afterward proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* consisting of three *Graecians* (as of three estates of a Kingdome) and one *Persian*, representing the multitude and body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their affections, carried rather with compassion on Great-mens misfortunes, then with the consideration of the cause) frame their imaginations by that square, and censure what is done.

The



The Names of the Actors.

Philotas.
Chalisthenes.
Alexander.
Ephestion.
Craterus.
Thais a Curtezan.
Antigona, sometimes one of the Concubines of *Darius.*
Attarras.
Sostratus.
Chorus.
Cebalinus.
Polidamas.
Nichomachus.
Metron.
Clitus.
Perdiccas.
Three *Gracians* and a *Persian.*

To

THE TRAGEDY OF *Philotas.*

ACTVS I.

Philotas. Chalisthenes.

Philotas reading his fathers Letter.

MAke thy selfe lesse *Philotas* then thou art.
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Lesse then I am? In what? How can that be?
Must I be then set vndernearh my hart?
Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace,
Gain'd with so hard aduenture of my blood,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off imployment; as vndone
In spirit or grace: whilst other men set forth
To get that start of action I haue wonne?
As if such men as I, had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace.
Can any goe beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortunes good vpon my ill,
Whilst feare hath powre to wound me worse then hate?
Chal. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,
Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,

But

But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace,
That doth in iealous Kings, distaste the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater but in feares.

Phi. Alas, what popular dependences
Doe I retaine? Can I shake off the zeale
Of such as doe out of their kindnesse
Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale?

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true:
They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.

Phi. Yea, but I find their loue to me sincere.

Cha. Euen such as to the Woolfe the Fox doth beare,
That visits him but to partake his pray,
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray.

Phi. I know they would, if I in danger stood,
Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.

Cha. Yes, like as men to burning houses run,
Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on.

Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts so sure, I know they will not slide.

Cha. Bountie and gifts lose more then they doe finde,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde;
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath;
And so gifts laide for loue, doe catch men wrath.

Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.

Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end.
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know
You haue them not for friendship, but for show?
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke likewise they haue theirs.

Phi. But I doe truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I doe find it set:
Besides, my foes doe force me in effect
To make my party of opinion great,
And I must arme me thus against their scornes:
Men must be shod that goe amongst the thornes.

Cha.

Cha. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your selfe beguile
Tis not the way to quench the fire with Oile:
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoo
Suckes his owne damme, we see, and others too.
In Courts men longest liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thankes.

Phi. And is it so? Then neuer are these haires
Like to attaine that sober hew of gray,
I cannot plaster and disguise m'affaires
In other colours then my heart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And strange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingrost vp all into their hand
By idol-liuing feeble Maiestie,
And impiously doe labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man,
Whilst they diuide the spoyles, and pray for powre,
And none at all respect the publike good:
Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,
The Solderie ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worse case seeme then *Pallas* old-grow'n Moile
Th'*Athenians* fostred at their publike cost,
For these poore soules consum'd with tedious toile,
Remaine neglected, hauing done their most,
And nothing shall bring home of all these warres,
But empty age, and bodies charg'd with scarres.

Cha. *Philotas*, all this publike care, I feare,
Is but some priuate touch of your dislike,
Who seeing your owne designes not stand to square
With your desires, no others courses like.
The griefe you take things are not ordered well,
Is, that you feele your selfe, I feare, not well;
But when your fortunes shall stand parabell
With those you enuie now, all will be well:
For you Great-men, I see, are neuer more,
Your end attain'd, the same you were before,

You with a finger can point out the ſtaines
Of others errours now, and now condem
The traine of ſtate, whil'ſt your deſire remaines
Without. But once got in, you iumpe with them,
And interleague yee with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize
And onely ſerue your owne commoditie:
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.
For either greatneſſe doth transforme the hart
In t'other ſhapes of thoughts, or certainely
This vulgar honeſtie doth dwell apart
From pow'r, and is ſome priuate quality.
Or rather thoſe faire parts which we eſteeme
In ſuch as you, are not the ſame they ſeeme:
You double with your ſelues or els with vs.
And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as ſwell and doe no good.

Phi. Alas, *Chaliſthenes*, you haue not laid
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within: all you haue ſaid
Shall neuer make me of another ſide
Then that I am, and I doe ſcorne to clime
By ſhaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cha. The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

Phi. They dare not, friend, my father will keepe my necke,
My ſeruice to the State hath cauſioned
So ſurely for mine honor, as it ſhall
Make good the place my deedes haue purchaſed,
With danger, in the loue and hearts of all.

Cha. Thoſe ſeruices will ſerue as weights to charge
And preſſe you vnto death, if your foot faile
Neuer ſo little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaile.
And who haue ſpirits to doe the greateſt good,
May doe moſt hurt, if they remaine not good.

Phi. Tuſh, they cannot want my ſeruice in the State.

Cha.

Cha. These times want not men to supply the State.
Phi. I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand.
Cha. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
It will deceiue your hopes when all is done,
For though you were the Minion of the Land,
If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the State,
Were you the weakest man of men aliue,
And in Conuentions and in Counsell sate,
And did but sleepe or nod, yet shall you thriue,
These motiue spirits are neuer fit to rise,
And tis a danger to be held so wise.
Phi. What call you running with the State? Shall I
Combine with those that doe abuse the State?
Whose want of iudgement, wit and honesty,
I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.
Cha. Tush, tush, my Lord, thinke not of what were fit:
The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himselfe in vaine,
Cannot you Great-men suffer others to
Haue part in rule, but must haue all to do.
Now good my Lord conforme you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater then your nest.
Phi. solus. See how these vaine discoursiue Book-men talke,
Out of those shadowes of their ayrie powers
And doe not see how much they must defalke
Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what necessities
Our courses stand allied, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation otherwise,
To be our selues in our particular.
They thinke we can command our harts to lie

Out

Out of their place; and ſtill they preach to vs
Pack-bearing Patience, that baſe propertie,
And ſilly gift of th'all enduring Aſſe.
But let them talke their fill, it is but winde,
I muſt ſayle by the Compaſſe of my minde.

Enters a Meſſenger.

My Lord, the King call's for you, come my Lord away.
Phi. Well, then I know ther's ſome new ſtratagem
In hand, to be conſulted on to day,
That I am ſent for, with ſuch ſpeede, to him,
Whoſe youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.
But her's a ſuter ſtands t'impeach my haſte:
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we eſcape th'attending multitude,
Though, I confeſſe, that in humanity
Tis better to denie, then to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotus*, I am come with newes
Of great importance, that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who beſt can heare, and beſt diſcharge my care.
Phi. Say what it is, and pray-thee friend be briefe.
Ceb. The caſe requires your patience, good my Lord,
And therefore I muſt craue your eare a while.
Phi. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.
Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnleſſe you heare: and therefore know, the newes
I bring, concernes his life; and this it is:
There is one *Dymnus* here within the Campe,
Whoſe low eſtate, and high affections,
Seeme to haue thruſt him int'outragious wayes.
This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*,
A youth, my brother, whom one day h'allures
Int'a Temple, where being both alone,

He

He breakes out in this ſort: *Nichomacus*,
Sweet louely youth; ah, ſhould I not impart
To thee the deepeſt ſecrets of my heart;
My heart that hath no locke ſhut againſt thee,
Would let it out ſometimes vnwares of me;
But as it iſſues from my faithfull loue,
So cloſe it vp in thine, and keepe it faſt.
Sweare to be ſecret, deare *Nichomacus*,
Sweare by the ſacred God-head of this place,
To keepe my counſell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greateſt conſequence
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and deſire drawne with a loue to know,
Swore to be ſecret, and to keepe it cloſe.
Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes
There ſhould b'effected a conſpiracy
On *Alexanders* perſon, by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours, and redeeme them home.
Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale? ſayth he, O God forbid
Mine oath ſhould tie my tongue to keepe in this!
This ougly ſinne of treaſon, which to tell
Mine oath compels me; faith againſt my faith
Muſt not be kept. My falſhood here is truth,
And I muſt tell. Friend or friend not, I'l tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit
The ſelfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands ſtaring on him, drawing backe his breath,
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts
Buſied with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leaſure now to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before,
And at miſfortune ere ſhe came to him.
At length yet, when his reaſon had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to ſome certaine ſtand,

Perceining yet some distance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
With his returning spirits he drew his sword,
Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throat,
Then laies it downe, then wrings his hands, then kneeles,
Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou?
VVilt thou, be the destruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miseries grew furious, and againe
He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice
To silence and their cause, his deareſt bloud.
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
VVas faine to vow, and promise secrecy;
And as if woon t'allow and take that part.
Prayes him tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was done,
Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his side,
Dymnus replies: No worse than *Locem*,
Demetrius of the priuy Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelopis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th'associats of *Nicomacus*.
This when my brother once had vnderstood,
And after much adoe had got away,
He comes and tells me all the whole discourse,
Which here I haue related vnto you,
And here will I attend t'auouch the same,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
Whom now I left behinde, left the conspirators
Seeing him here vnusing to this place,
Suspecting t'b'appeach'd, might shift away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,
And will finde time t'acquaint the King therewith.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigona, and *Thais*.

VVHat can a free eſtate affoord me more
Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?
Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a Kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens ſight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within:
My loue was then aboue me: I am now
Aboue my loue. *Darius* then had thouſands more:
Philotas hath but me as I do know,
Nor none els will he haue, and ſo he ſwore.
Tha. Nay, then you may belecue him, if he ſwore.
Alas, poore ſoule, ſhe neuer came to know
Nor liberty, nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, than with theſe powres,
Who out of all proportion muſt b'aboue
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,
And I a Perſian, do not enuy me,
That I embrace the onely gallant man
Perſia, or *Greece*, or all the world can ſee.
Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all
The flowre of honour els, do not deſpiſe,
That vnto me, poore captiue, ſhould befall
So great a grace in ſuch a worthies eyes,
Tha. *Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue,
But thinke thee bleſt t'enioy him in that ſort.
But tell me truly, Didſt thou euer proue
Whether he lou'd in earneſt or in ſport?

Ant. *Thais*, let m'a little glory in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele,
And tell the a secret, but in any case,
As y'are a woman, do not it reueale.
One day, as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victory
All blood and dust, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glory of the day most gallantly:
And warm'd with honour of his good successe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnesse.
Faith wench, sayes he, thus must we fight, toyle, win,
To make that yong-man proud: thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deserts; our blood
Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him scorne
His owne, his country, and the authors of his good.
My father was the first that out from *Greece*
Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, set him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece
Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vse his fortune whilst he may
Times haue their change, we must not still be led.
And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day
Yet, blesse the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed;
Wherewith he sweetly kist me. And now deeme,
If that so great, so wise, so rare a man
Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
Haue vttred this t'a captiue Persian.
But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where
But in his chamber, where I should haue been,
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now

Now haue I that, which I desired long,
Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,
And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong
That doth concerne my reputation neere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise
Vants to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'engins of these conquering eyes,
Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd,
Yet neuer could: for what my labour seekes
I see is lost vpon vaine ignorance,
Whilst he that is the glory of the Greekes,
Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Is fall'n vpon this foolish Persian,
To whom his secrets grauely he imparts,
Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne can.
Tis strange to see the humour of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should bewise,
We women shall know all: for how and then,
Out of the humour of these iollities,
The smoake of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what racks should not reueale:
For this her humour hath so much of winde,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent;
And none more fit than vs their wisdomes finde,
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be where they may be most eminent;
And rating of themselues so farre aboue
Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagine how we wonder and esteeme
All that they do or say; which makes them striue
To make our admiration more extreme:
Which they suppose they cannot, lesse they giue
Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts:
And then the opinion, that we loue them too,

Begets a confidence of ſecrecy;
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We ſhall be ſure to know it preſently.
But faith, I ſcorne that ſuch a one as ſhe,
A ſilly wittied wench, ſhould haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but only beauty, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallant'ſt Peeres and Princes of the Eaſt,
Whom *Alexander* in the greateſt ſtate
The earth did euer ſee him, made his gueſt.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternity of Fame: there where theſe hands
Did write in fire the glory of my ſpirit,
And ſet a trophey that for euer ſtands.
Thais action with the Grecian acts ſhall be
Inregiſtred alike. *Thais*, ſhe that fir'd
The ſtateliest palace th'earth did euer ſee,
Darius houſe that to the clouds aſpir'd,
She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.
But ſoone *Philotas* ſhall his error ſee,
Who thinkes that beauty beſt, mens paſſions fits,
For that they vſe our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Craterus* will I preſently,
And him acquaint with all this whole diſcourſe,
Who, I am ſure, will take it well of vs;
For theſe great Minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatneſſe, will be glad,
In ſuch a caſe of this importancy,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

VVE *as the Chorus of the vulgar, ſtand*
Spectators heere, to ſee theſe great men play

Their

Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they do, and all they say.
For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show,
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their mysteries of State:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without do personate,
We see who well a meauer part became,
Faile in a greater and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.
We see affliction act a better scœne
Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We see that all which we haue praisd in some,
Haue only beene their fortune, not desart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.
We see Philotas *acts his goodnesse ill,*
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.
For sure there is some engin closely laid
Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:
And that vnlesse his humors proue more staid,
We soone shall see his vtter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still lookes on mens fortunes, not the cause.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.

Alexander.

EPhestion, thou doest *Alexander* loue,
Craterus, thou the King: yet both you meet
In on selfe point of loyalty and loue,
And both I find like carefull, like discreet,
Therefore my faithfull'st Counsellers, to you
I must a weighty accident impart,
Which lies so heauy, as I tell you true
I finde the burthen much t'oppresse my hart.
Ingratitude and stubburne carriage,
In one of whom my loue deseru'd respect,
Is that which moues my passion into rage,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You see how I *Philotas* raised haue
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme;
You see the place, the offices I gaue,
As th'earnest of my loue to binde his firme:
But all, he deeming rather his desarts,
Than the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play most peremtory parts,
As fitter to controule than to obay.
And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would run backe from glory, and vndoo
All the whole wonder of our enterprize;
And one day to our selfe presumes to write,
(Seeming our stile and title to abuse,
Which th'oracles themselues held requisite,
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And sayd he pitied those who vnder him should liue,
Who held himselfe the sonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue

Could

Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are!
I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart
And their opinion, know how it ſtands within,
And finde that my infirmities take part
Of that ſame frailty other men liue in.
And yet, what if I were diſpos'd to winke
At th'entertain'd opinion ſpred ſo farre,
And rather was content the world ſhould thinke
Vs other than we are, that what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, ſeing that maieſty
Needs all the props of admiration
That may be got, to beare it vp on hie;
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needs all the complements to reſt vpon
That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wiſe man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to inſtruct vs what to do.
But theſe are but the flouriſhes he makes
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:
For ſure, me thinkes, I view within his face
The map of change and inuocation:
I ſee his pride contented with no place,
Vnleſſe it be the throne I ſit vpon.

Epheſt. Had I not heard this from your ſacred tongue,
Deare Souereigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
To his owne worth and th'honours he receiued:
And yet me thought, of late, his carriage
In ſuch exceeding pompe and gallantry,
And ſuch a world of followers, did preſage,
That he affected popularity,
Eſpecially, ſince for his ſeruice done
He was adiudg'd to haue the ſecond place
In honour with *Antigonus*: which wonne

To

To ſome th'opinion to be high in grace;
Then his laſt action, leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might hap in large
Th'opinion of himſelfe, conſidering
Th'eſpeciall grace and honour of his charge,
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-value that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fotune ſuting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not ſo vnwiſe,
Although his fortune, youth, and iollity
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterpriſe
Ought againſt courſe, his faith, and loyalty:
And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw
Thoſe beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,
He would be ſoone reduc'd t'his ranke of aw,
And know himſelfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. Withdraw our grace, and how can that be done,
Without ſome ſulliuation to enſue!
Can he be ſafe brought in, being ſo farre gone?
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What thinke you?

Cra. Souereigne, I know the man: I finde his ſpirit;
And malice ſhall not make me (I proteſt)
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:
And what I ſpeake, is for your intereſt,
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I fear'd your Maieſty would take,
That from ſome priuate grudge it rather bred,
Than out of care, for your deare ſiſters ſake;
Or rather, that I ſought to croſſe your Grace,
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:
And finding him to hold ſo high a place
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds,
I thought the ſafeſt way to let it reſt,
In hope, that time ſome paſſage open would,
To let in thoſe cleere lookes into that breſt.

That

That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discern'd the man
Whom (I protest) I hold most dangerous.
And that you ought, with all the speede you can,
Worke to represse a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swoll'n so hie,
That his affections ouerflow the brim
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to deny
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:
For but eu'n now I heard a strange report,
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan,
Vanting what he had done, and in what sort
He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.
(So terming of your sacred Maiesty)
With other such extrauagant discourse,
Whereof we shall attaine more certeinty
(I doubt not) shortly, and discry his course.
Meane while, about your person (I aduise)
Your Grace should call a more sufficient guard,
And on his actions set such wary eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regard;
And note what persons chiefly he frequents,
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents
The large reuenue of his bounteousnesse.
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shalbe wrought t'apply her vsuall charmes,
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
And giue thee many thankes for thy great care:
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are:
For that you see he holds a side of pow'r,
Which might perhaps call vp some mutiny.
His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre

Rules *Medea* with no lesser pow'rs than I;
Himselfe, you see, gallantly followed,
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment;
Cænus, that with his sister married,
Hath vnder him againe commandement;
Amentas and *Symanus*, his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices;
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduise vs how to deale.

Crat. Your Grace saies true, but yet these clouds of smoke
Vanish before the sun of that respect
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a natiue zeale, and so affect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises
Of no such giddy traytour (if the thing
Be tooke in time which due aduisednesse)
Shall the least shew of any fearing bring.

Alex. Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Philotus, Ceballinus, Seruus.

Ceballinus.

MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be call'd t'auouch my newes.

Phi. In troth (my friend) I haue not found the King
At any leasure yet to heare the same.

Ceb. No, not at leasure to preuent his death!
And is the matter of no more import?
I'l try another. Yet me thinkes such men
As are the eyes and eares of Princes, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

Ser. My Lord, the summe you willed me to giue
The captaine that did visit you to day,

To

To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.

Phi. How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels? Why sell them,
And go your way, dispatch, and giue it him.

Plutarch in the life of *Alexander.*

Philotas alone.

Me thinkes I find the King much chang'd of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great:
Although they seeme in shew all of one rate,
Yet by the touch, I find them counterfet:
For when I speake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I see his mind is other where:
And when he speakes to me, I see he striues
To giue a colour vnto what is not:
For he must think, that we, who states, whose liues
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote
T'obserue his actions, and to know his trym.
And though indeed Princes be manifold,
Yet haue they still such eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can behold
And penetrate the inwards of the heart,
That no deuice can set so close a doore
Betwixt their shew and thoughts, but that their art
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many, malicing my state of grace,
I know no worke, with all the power they haue,
Vpon that easie nature, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to deprauе.
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,
Yet will I neuer stoppe, and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them:
And scorne to stand on any other feet
Than these of mine owne worth; and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Basenesse and smoothing them, shall neuer gaine.
And yet, I know, my presence and accesse

Cleeres

Cleeres all these mists which they haue rais'd before,
Though, with my backe, straight turnes that happinesse,
And they againe blow vp as much or more.
Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toyle,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Antigona.

Craterus.

ANtigona, there is no remedy,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your confrence verifie,
And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.

Ant. O, my good Lord, I pray you vrge me not:
Thais only of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a lot,
Hath out of her inuention forged it.

Crat. Why then, shall racks and tortures force thee show
Both this and other matters which we know?
Thinke therefore, if 't were not a wiser part
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps, so beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, than to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who, in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Resolue thee of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.

Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my Loue,
Or die disgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt!
Betray my Loue! O heauenly pow'rs aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused breast: Nay rather first
Let tortures, death and horror do their worst.

But

But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,
Without my hearts consent and priuity,
Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdome to deny.
No wisdome to deny! Yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytour to my heart,
Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath impart.
Yet, what can my denial profit him,
Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd, vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be accessary in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore;
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thy honour to forsake
Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort.
Alas, what notice will the world take
Of such respects in women of my sort!
This act may yet put on so faire coate
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blush t'appeare with those of cleanest note,
And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame? Do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred; and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth?
O my subdued thoughts! what haue you done?
To let in feare falshood to my heart.
Whom though they haue surpriz'd, they haue not won;
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.

Crat.

Crat. *Antigona*, What, are you yet resolu'd?
Ant. Resolu'd, my Lord, t'endure all misery?
Crat. And so be sure you shall, if that b'your choice,
Ant. What will you haue me do, my Lord, I am
Content to say what you will haue me say.
Crat. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

HOw dost thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Restlesse ambition neuer at an end!
Whose trauels no Herculean pillar stayes,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend,
Aboue good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climing, and yet neuer canst ascend:
For when thou hast attaind vnto the top
Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got vp.
That height of fortune either is controld
By some more pow'rfull ouerlooking eye,
(That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with some concurrency,
That it doth cost farre more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so hie,
Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toile,
Nor loose thy hold without thy vtter spoile.
There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
And others iealousies, their counterplot,
Against some vnder-working pride, that must
Supplanted be, or els thou standest not,
There wrong is playd with wrong, and he that thrust,
Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.
The same concurssion doth afflict his breast
That others shooke, oppression is oppreſt.
That etheir happinesse dwells not so hie,
Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the highst of mans felicity,

But

But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climbe but vp to misery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue;
Rest dwell's below it, happinesse aboue.
For in this height of fortune are imbred
Those thundring fragors that affright the earth:
From thence haue all distemp'ratures their head,
That brings forth desolation, famine, dearth:
There certaine order is disordered:
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth vndoo
Both her owne quietnesse and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiccas, Ephestion.

Alexander.

COme, *Metron* say, of whom hast thou receiued
Th'intelligence of this conspiracy,
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe?
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuy or imagination drawes
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were?
Met. Here, may it please your Highnesse is the man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O, *Alexander*! I haue sau'd thy life;
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.
Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nicomacus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conspiratours,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.
Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?

Ceb. About ſome three dayes, my ſouereigne Lord.
Alex. What, three dayes ſince! and haſt thou ſo long
The thing conceal'd from vs, being of that weight? (kept
Guard, Take and lay him preſently in hold.
Ceb. O, may it pleaſe your Grace, I did not keep
The thing conceal'd one houre, but preſently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Suppoſing him a man, ſo neere in place,
Would beſt reſpect a caſe that toucht ſo neere;
And on him haue I waited theſe two dayes,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace;
And ſeeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Graces leaſure ſeru'd not fit to heare,
I to the Maſter of your armoury
Addreſt my ſelfe forthwith, to *Metron* here
Who, without making any more delay,
Preſt in vnto your Grace being in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armoury:
And all what I could ſhew reuealed hath.
Alex. If this be ſo then, fellow, I confeſſe,
Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,
Who had more reaſon theirs ſhould haue bin more.
Cauſe *Dymnus* to be preſently brought forth.
And call *Philotas* ſtreight, who, now I ſee,
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one, whom I held ſo neere,
Would from my ſafety haue beene ſo farre off,
When moſt it ſhould and ought import his care,
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe
Of thoſe effects my fauours had deſeru'd.
And ought t'haue claim'd more duty at his hands
Than any of the reſt? But thus w'are ſeru'd,
When priuate grace out of proportion ſtands,
And that we call vp men from of below,
From th'element of baſer property.
And ſet them where they may behold and know

The

The way of might, and worke of maiesty;
VVhere see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
To faile neere hand, and not to shew that proofe,
(The obiect only working that effect)
Thinke (seeing themselues, though by our fauour, set
VVithin the selfe same orbe of rule with vs)
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set;
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neerenesse hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too;
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath;
And *Alexander* and the King are two.
But here they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He stabb'd himselfe so deadly to the heart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Alex. Say *Dymnus*, what haue I deserud of thee,
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy King,
Philotas, than our selfe? hold, hold, he sinks;
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.

Guar. He hath spoke his last, h'wil neuer answer more.

Alex. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp in his breft all the others hearts.
But yet this deed argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be barr'd it in particular.
Philotas, are you come? Looke here, this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceal'd
Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes;
Wherewith (he sayes) he streight acquainted thee.
Thinke, the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence:
And which had beene lesse foule in him than thee.

Phil. Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,
Amazement cannot ouer caſt my face,
And I muſt boldly with th'aſſured cheere
Of my vnguilty conſcience tell your Grace,
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made
By any the leaſt thought of ill in me;
And that the keeping of it vnbewrai'd,
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,
Conſidering ſome, who were accus'd, were knowne
Your ancient and moſt loyall ſeruitours,
And ſuch, as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In you diſtruſt, and wrong to others truths,
And to no end, but only to haue made
My ſelfe a ſcorne, and odious vnto all.
(For which I rather tooke the bait was layd,
Than els for any treachery at all.)
I muſt confeſſe, I thought the ſafeſt way
To ſmoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If ſuch a thing could be, ſome prooſes bewray,
That might yeeld probability of right;
Proteſting that mine owne vnſpotted thought
A like beloefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought
T'imagine ſuch a deteſtable deed.
And therefore, O dread Souereigne, do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouerſight,
But by his actions paſt, and only lay
Error t'his charge, not malice nor deſpight.

Alex. Well, loe, thou haſt a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou haſt not pow'r to cleere thy blame,
Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the ſame;
Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,

Since

Since here the person alters not the case,
And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue the offence,
And to confirme the same, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O sacred hand, the witnesse of my life!
By thee I hold my safety as secure
As is my conscience free from treachery,
Alex. Well, go t'your charge, and looke to our affaires,
For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*
Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes that man seemes surely cleere in this,
How euer otherwise his hopes haue beene
Transported by his vnaduisednesse;
It cannot be, a guilty conscience should
Put on so sure a brow; or els by art
His lookes stand newtrall, seeming not to hold
Respondency of int'rest with his heart.
Sure, for my part, he hath dissolu'd the knot
Of my suspition, with so cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of mischiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
Who is suspected, should be fear'd the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes;
Who must disturbe the world, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd, that nothing feares,
And malice most effects, that least appeares.
Presumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed
Assuredness, as innocency may;
And mischiefe seldome but by trust doth speed.
Who Kings betray, first their beleefe betray.
I would your Grace had first conferr'd with vs,
Since you would needs such clemency haue show'n,
That we might yet haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.
In faults wherein an after-shame will liue,
Tis better a conceale, than to forgiue:

For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue past,
Than on the grace which hath preseru'd their breath;
And more their suffrings than their mercy tast:
He now to plot your danger still may liue,
But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.
Know, that a man so swoll'n with discontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore;
He knowes how those who once hath mercy spent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But say, that through remorse he calmer proue,
Will great *Parmenio* so attended on
With that braue army, fostred in his loue,
Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne?
Some benefits are odious, so is this,
Where men are still ashamed to confesse
To haue so done, as to deserue to die;
And euer do desire, that men should gesse
They rather had receiu'd an iniury
Than life; since life they know in such a case
May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.
Perd. And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,
That sure, he would not haue so much suppreſt
The notice of a treason in that kinde,
Vnlesse he were a party with the rest.
Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,
The generall commander of the horse,
The minion of the campe, the only one
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse,
Should not in three dayes space haue found the King
At leasure t'heare three words of that import;
Whil'st he himselfe in idle laughing
Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report?
Crat. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two dayes space delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,

To hinder his addresse to other men.
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not dismist him streight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vainest things.

Alex. Well, howsoeuer, we will yet this night
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise,
That it may seeme, we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy, here, within it lies.
Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA II.

Antigona, Thais.

O Y'are a secret counsell-keeper, *Thais:*
In troth I little thought you such a one.

Tha. And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done?

Ant. You know ful-well, your conscience you bewraies.

Tha. Alas, good soule, would you haue me conceale
That, which your selfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you, another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, than you can be
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,
When you proue false to your one secrecy?
But yet this is no wonder: for we see
Wiser than we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a property belongs
Especially to vs, and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue been
In cases of the greatest plots of men;
And t'is the Scene on this worlds stage we play,
Whose reuolution we with men conuert,

And are to act our part as well as they,
Though commonly the weakeſt, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a State we ſee
Doth turne on many wheeles, and ſome (thogh ſmal)
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree
Stirre thoſe who likewiſe turne the great'ſt of all.
For though we are not wiſe, we ſee the wiſe
By vs are made, or make vs parties ſtill
In actions of the greateſt qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.

Ant. I cannot tell: but you haue made me doo'
That which muſt euermore afflict my heart.
And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo
My dereſt Loue, would I had had no part,
How haue I ſilly woman ſifted been,
Examin'd, trid, flatt'red, terrifi'd,
By *Craterus*, the cunningeſt of men,
That neuer left me till I had deſcri'd
What euer of *Philotas* I had know'n!

Tha. What, is that all? Perhaps I haue thereby
Done the more good than thou canſt apprehend.

Ant. Such good I rather you ſhould get than I,
If that can be a good t'accuſe my friend.

Tha. Alas, thy accuſation did but quote
The margin of ſome text of greater note.

Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.

Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.
For be thou ſure, that alwayes thoſe who ſeeke
T'attacke the Lyon, ſo prouide, that ſtill
Their toyles be ſuch, as that he ſhall not ſcape
To turne his rage on thoſe that wrought his ill.
Philotas neither was ſo ſtrong nor hie,
But malice ouerlookt him, and diſcride
Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,
And bui't her countermounts vpon that ſide,
In ſuch ſort, as they would be ſure to race

His

His fortunes with the engins of disgrace.
And now mayst thou, perhaps, come great hereby,
And gracious with his greatest enemy:
For such men thinke, they haue no full succes,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.

Ant. Loues! Out alas! Loue such a one as he,
That seekes t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me?

Tha. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.

Ant. I weigh not greatnesse, I must please mine eye.

Tha. Th'eye nothing fairer sees than dignity.

Ant. But what is dignity without our loue?

Tha. If we haue that, we cannot want our loue.

Ant. Why, that giues but the out-side of delight:
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?

Tha. If pow'r procure not that, what can it do?

Ant. I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.

Tha. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'st it not:
Tis vaine, I see, to learne an Asian wit. *Exit.*

Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill,
You Greeks professe, let me be foolish still,
So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Ephestion, Clitus, &c.

Craterus.

MY Lords, you see the flexible conceit
Of our indangered souereigne: and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the State and vs; and therefore now

We

We either muſt oppoſe againſt deceit,
Or be vndone: for now hath time diſcride
An open paſſage to his fartheſt ends;
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And, good my Lords, ſince you conceiue as much,
And that we ſtand alike, make not me proſecute
The cauſe alone, as if it did but touch
Only my ſelfe; and that I did both breed
And vrge theſe doubts out of a priuate griefe.
Indeed, I know, I might with much more eaſe
Sit ſtill like others; and if dangers come,
Might thinke to ſhift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the duty, and reſpect
We owe both to our ſouereigne and the State,
My Lords, I hold, requires another care.
Eph. My Lord, aſſure you we will take a time
To vrge a ſtricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Crat. My Lords, I ſay, vnleſſe this be the time,
You will apply your phyſicke after death.
You ſee the King inuited hath this night
Philotas with the reſt, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vſage (to our ſight)
As euer: and you ſee the cunning ſtraines
Of ſweet inſinuation, that are vs'd
T'aſſuce the eare of grace with falſe reports:
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue; one action quite tranſports
The Kings affections ouer to his hopes,
And ſets him ſo beyond the due regard
Of his owne ſafety, as one enterprize.
May ſerue their turne, and may vs all ſurprize.
Clit. But now, ſince things thus of themſelues breake out,
We haue aduantage to preuent the worſt,
And eu'ry day will yeeld vs more, no doubt;
For they are ſau'd, that thus are warned firſt.

Crat.

Crat. So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewise warn'd
T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.
Cli. But that they cannot now, it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Crat. You do not know how farre it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how farre is spred
Already the contagion of this ill.
Clit. Why then there may some one be tortured
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,
Whereby the rest may be discouered.
Crat. That one must be *Philotas*, from whose head
All this corruption flowes; take him, take all.
Clit. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot.
Crat. That, his concealing of the plot bewraies:
And if we do not cast to find him first,
His wit (be sure) hath layd so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.
Clit. But if he be not found, then is this case
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.
Crat. If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him: for you seldome see
Such men arraign'd, that euer quitted be.
Eph. Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his Grace
(Though it be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case:
And God ordaine, it may be for the best.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

SE how these great men cloath their priuate hate
In those faire colours of the publike good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the State,
As if the State by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and Princes iealousies,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,
That no one action shall seeme innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made
As accessaries vnto ends vniust:
And euen the seruice of the State must lade
The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.
So that base vilenesse, idle luxury
Seeme safer farre, than to do worthily.
Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceit
See all things in the colours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit,
That what way t'euer the suspected take,
Still enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themselues to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too farre,
Do worke their owne or others discontent,
Or els are deemed fit to be suppreſt,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since States haue euer had far more vnrest
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do alwayes better prone,
Wh'are equall to imployment, not aboue.
For selfe-opinion would be seene more wise,

Than

Than present counsels, customes, orders, lawes:
And to the end to haue them otherwise,
The Common-wealth into combustion drawes,
As if ordaind t'imbroile the world with wit,
As well as grosnesse, to dishonour it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Attaras, Sostratus.

Sostratus.

CAn there be such a sudden change in Court
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld
In grace last night, should be arraign'd to day?
Att. It can be: and it is as I report:
For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.
Sost. But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrow'n
Before their certeine forfeitures were know'n.
Att. Tush, it was breeding long though suddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.
Sost. The time I waited, and I waited long,
Vntill *Philotas* with some other Lords,
Depart the Presence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the King in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?
Att. Yea, court stormes grow, when skies there seeme (most cleare
It was about the deepest of the night,
The blackest houre of darknesse and of sleepe,
When, with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falles downe before the King, intreates, implores,
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke
To saue his person and the State from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises,
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the destruction of them all.

The

The King would faine haue put them off to time
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne:
Which they perceiuing, preſt him ſtill the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne;
And neuer left him till they had obtain'd
Commiſſion t'apprehend *Philotas* ſtreight.
Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els, but to beget it out of forme,
And carefull preparations of diſtruſt,
About the Palace men in armour watch,
In armour men about the King attend,
All paſſages and iſſues were forelayd
With horſe, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.
I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt ſleepe
That euer man could be; where neither noyſe
Of clattering weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling rumour, could diſſolue
The heauy humours of that drowſie brow,
Which held perhaps his ſences now more faſt,
As loth to leaue, becauſe it was the laſt.

Soſt. *Attaras*, what can treaſon ſleepe ſo ſound?
Will that lowd hand of Horror that ſtill beats
Vpon the guilty conſcience of diſtruſt
Permit it t'haue ſo reſolute a reſt?

Att. I cannot tell: but thus we found him there,
Nor could we (I aſſure you) waken him,
Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice
Had ſhooke him hard; and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a ſetled cheere,
Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the newes? (ſayd he)
What vp ſo ſoone, to haſten the remoue,

Or rais'd by ſome alarme or ſome diſtruſt?
I told him, that the King had ſome diſtruſt,
VVhy, what will *Nabarzanes* play (ſayth he)
The villaine with the King, as he hath done
Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would not or did not vnderſtand
His owne diſtreſſe, told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing vs'd theſe words;
O *Alexander*! now I ſee my foes
Haue got aboue thy goodneſſe, and preuail'd
Againſt my innocency and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that baſe furniture of ſhame,
Poore body (ſayd he) hath ſo many alarme
Rais'd thee to blood and danger from thy reſt,
T'inueſt thee with this armour now at laſt?
Is this the ſeruice I am call'd to now?
But we, that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a diſgracefull weed,
Tooke and conuai'd him ſuddenly toward;
From whence he ſhalbe inſtantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraign'd before the King, who ſits
(According to the Macedonian vſe)
In caſes capitall, himſelfe as Iudge.
Soſt. Well, then I ſee, who are ſo high aboue,
Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Alexander, with all his Councell, the dead body of Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conſpiracy, Philotas.

THe hainous treaſon of ſome few had like
T'haue rent me from you, worthy ſouldiers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your ſight, your reuerend ſight,

Which

Which makes me more t'abhor those paricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong
You had receiued, if their designe had stood,
Since I desire but life to do you good.
But how will you be mou'd, when you shall know
Who were the men that did attempt this shame!
When I shall show that which I grieue to show,
And name such, as would God I could not name!
But that the foulnesse of their practise now
Blots out all memory of what they were:
And though I would suppresse them, yet I know
This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man (you see)
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, and our ancient friend,
A man of yeeres, experience, grauity,
Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is,
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Lucilaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you see,
With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,
To whom this murdred wretch at first reuea'd
The proiect of this whole conspiracy,
T'auere as much as was disclos'd to him.
Nichomacus, Looke heere, aduise thee well,
What, dost thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My Souereigne Lord, I know him very well:
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others, to haue slaine your Grace.
Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report,
This wicked act should be accomplished?
Nic. He sayd, within three daies your Maiesty
Should be within your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the Nobility;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these:

Locens,

Loceus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,
Nicanor, and *Amentas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceas, with *Aphebatus*, and himselfe.

Mat. Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.

Ceb. And so much, with the circumstance of all.
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex. Then, what hath been his mind, who did suppresse
The information of so foule a traine,
Your selues, my worthy souldiers, well may gesse,
With *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment stayes
To redischarge himselfe of such a weight;
Philotas careless, fearelesse, nothing weighes,
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,
And tels he was content it should be done:
Which, though he were no party, makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what pow'r he stood,
And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood
His vast desires, but only this my crowne,
Which in respect that I am issuelesse,
He thinkes the rather easie to b'attain'd.
But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this,
I haue who shall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friends;
You are the heires of all my purchases,
And whil'st you liue I am nost issuelesse.
And that these are not shadowes of my feares,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise.
This shewes their ends. Hold, reade it *Craterus*.

Crat. reads it. My sonnes, first haue a speciall care vnto your (selues,
Then vnto those which do depend on you:
So shall you do what you intend to do.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
They might incourage them in their designes;
If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.
But now you see what was the thing was meant,
You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.
And what if he, as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest?
That shewes not his innocency, but his pow'r,
Whom they account too great to be suppreſt,
And rather will accuse themselues than him:
For that whil'st he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate sort,
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne;
Nor what hath beene his arrogant report,
T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne;
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote:
To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me,
By th'Oracle of *Ioue*. These things I thought
But weaknesses, and words of vanity,
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
Which I suppreſt, and neuer ceast to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compart
The best degrees and honors of the field,
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,
There haue I danger where I look't for strength,
I would to God my blood had rather beene
Powr'd out, the offring of an enemy,
Than practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,
That one of mine should haue this infamy.
Haue I beene so reseru'd from feares, to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all!
Haue you so oft admis'd me to regard
The safety which you saw me running from,
When with some hote pursute I prest hard
My foes abroad; to perish thus at home!

But

But now, that safety only rests in you,
Which you so oft haue wisht me looke vnto:
And now vnto your bosomes must I flye,
Without whose will I will not wish to liue:
And with your wils I cannot, lesse I giue
Due punishment vnto this treachery.

Amin. *Attaras*, bring the hatefull prisoner forth,
This traytor, which hath sought t'vndoo vs all,
To giue vs vp to slaugher, and to make
Our blood a scorne, here in this barbarous land,
That none of vs should haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends:
To make the body of this glorious host
A most deformed trunke without a head,
Without the life or soule to guide the same,

Cen. O thou base traytor, impious paricide,
Who mak'st me loath the blood that matcht with thine;
And if I might but haue my will, I vow,
Thou should'st not die by other hand than mine.

Alex. Fie, *Cænus*, what a barbarous course is this:
He first must to his accusation plead,
And haue his triall, formall to our lawes,
And let him make the best of his bad cause.
Philotas, here the Macedonians are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse?

Phi. The Persian language, if it please your Grace:
For that, beside the Macedenians, here
Are many that will better vnderstand,
If I shall vse the speech your grace hath vs'd;
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the most men here might vnderstand.

Alex. See how his natiue languàge he disdaines!
But let him speake at large, as he desires;
So long as you remember he doth hate,
Besides the speech, our glory and the State. *Exit.*

Phi, Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,
Wherewith my faith ſtands charg'd, my worthy Lords,
That as behind in fortune ſo in time,
I come too late to cleere the ſame with words:
My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency and my iuſt defence,
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no doore
For mine excuſe to haue an enterance;
That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an vpright conſcience of deſart
And an vniuſt diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatisfie the time, and mine owne heart.
Authority lookes with ſo ſterne an eye
Vpon this wofull bar, and muſt haue ſtill
Such an aduantage ouer miſery,
As that it will make good all that it will.
He who ſhould onely iudge my cauſe, is gone;
And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when my cauſe were heard, his pow'r alone
As well might then condemne as ſet me free.
Nor can I by his abſence now be clear'd,
Whoſe preſence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.
And though the grieuance of a priſoners toong
May both ſuperfluous and diſgracefull ſeeme,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhewes the Iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon me, I muſt not diſeſteeme
My rightfull cauſe for being deſpis'd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelfe, though I am left of all.
Feare cannot make my innocency vniuſt
Vnto it ſelfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather (ſeeing how my fortune drawes)
My words ſhould be deformed than my cauſe.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Than is the ſenſe and feeling of a State:
The clap, the bruit the feare but of a hurt
In Kings behalfs, thruſts with that violence

The

The ſubiects will, to proſecute report,
As they condemne ere they diſcerne th'offence.
Eph. *Philotas*, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,
That thinke to win compaſſion and beliefe
B'impugning iuſtice, and to make men geſſe
We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe;
Or that our place or paſſion did lay more
On your miſfortune, then your owne deſert;
Or haue not well diſcern'd your fact before;
Or would without due proofs your ſtate ſubuert,
Theſe are the vſuall theames of traytors tongues,
Who practiſe miſchiefs, and complaine of wrongs,
Your treaſons are too manifeſtly knowne,
To maske in other liuery then their owne.
Crat. Thinke not, that we are ſet to charge you here
With bare ſuſpitions, but with open fact,
And with a treaſon that appeares as cleare
As is the ſun, and know'n to be your act.
Phi. What is this treaſon? who accuſes me?
Crat. The proceſſe of the whole conſpiracy.
Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Crat. Here, this dead traytor ſhewes you to be one.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuſe me of the ſame,
Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Crat. But we can other teſtimony ſhow,
From thoſe who were your chiefeſt complices.
Phi. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,
By teſtimony, but by witneſſes.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,
That can auouch m'a party in this caſe.
My Lords, and fellow Souldiers, if of thoſe
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word diſcloſe
To ſhew I was a party, I haue done.
Thinke not ſo great a number euer will
Endure their torments, and themſelues accuſe.

Non teſtimonijs ſunt teſtibus.

And leaue me out; since men in such a case, still
Will rather slander others than excuse,
Calamity malignant is, and he
That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse,
Eases his owne affliction but to see
Others tormented in the same distresse.
And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
By rackes and torturres can be forst to say.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd
My name, being held to the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reuea'l'd
The best to him, to whom he must tell all?
Nay, if he falsly then had nam'd me one,
To grace himselfe, must I of force be one?
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
And giuen me note of this conspiracy,
I had not stood here now, but beene as free
From question, as I am treachery:
That is the only cloud that thundereth
On my disgrace. Which had I deemed true,
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my Lords, sat there with you.
My fault was, to haue beene too credulous:
Wherein I shew'd my weaknesse, I confesse.
Crat. *Philotas*, what, a Monarch, and confesse
Your imperfections, and your weaknesse?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamity,
It is a barberous grosnesse, to lay on
The weight of scorne, where heauy misery
Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe:
For if the cause be ill I vndergo,
The law, and not reproch, must make it so.
Cæn. There's no reproch can euer be too much
To lay on traytors, whose deserts are such.
Phi. Men vse the most reproches, where they feare
The cause will better proue than they desire.

Can. But sir, a traytors cause that is so cleare
As this of yours, will neuer neede that feare.
Phi. I am no traytor, but suspected one
For not beleeuing a conspiracy:
And meere suspect, by law, condemneth none;
They are are approued facts for which men die.
Crat. The law, in treasons, doth the will correct
With like seuerenesse as it doth th'effect:
Th'affection is the essence of th'offence;
The execution only but the accidence;
To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the same.
Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe:
And if that be a traytor, then am I the chiefe.
Crat. Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent
To hide the practise till th'accomplishment.
Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuse, though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare
To be too forward to relate things heard,
Who writing to the King, wisht him forbeare
The portion his Physitian had prepar'd:
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue:
And yet his drugs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care seeme more than due:
For oft, by an vntimely diligence,
A busie faith may giue a Prince offence.
So that, what shall we do? If we reueale
We are despis'd; suspected if conceale.
And as for this, where euer now thou be,
O *Alexander*, thou hast pardon'd me:
Thou hast already giuen me thy hand,
The earnest of thy reconciled heart;
And therefore now O let thy goodnesse stand

Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.
If thou beleeu'dst me, then I am absolu'd;
If pardon'd me, my fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night;
When at thy table I such grace did find,
What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind?
That from a restfull, quiet, most profound
Sleeping, in my misfortunes made secure
Both by thy hand and by a conscience sound,
I must be wak't for giues, for robes impure;
For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought that others cruelty
Should haue wrought more than thine owne clemency?

Crat. *Philotas*, whatsoeuer glosse you lay
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine;
Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine:
You cannot palliat michiefe, but it will
Th'row all the fairest couerings of deceit
Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill
Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit.
You foster malecontents, you entertaine
All humors, you all factions must embrace;
You vaunt your owne exployts, and you disdaine
The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace;
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on
With hopes of greater good than hath been seene;
You bragg'd of late, that something would be done,
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
And now we see the thing that should be done;
But, God be prais'd, we see you first vndone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my nature if it had
So pliable a sterne of disposition,
To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,

For

For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not your charity to interpret all
Is done for fauour, to be done for ſhow,
And that we, in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends, not on mens needs beſtow.
Let not my one dayes errour make you tell,
That all my life-time I did neuer well;
And that becauſe this falles out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniuſt to ioyne t'a preſent fact
More of time paſt, than it hath euer had
Before to do withall, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
I do confeſſe indeed I wrote ſomething
Againſt this title of the ſonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the King, but to the King
I freely vs'd theſe words out of my loue:
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of ſpeaking truth, with truſt on former grace,
Betrai'd my meaning vnto enmity,
And draw'n an argument of my diſgrace:
So that I ſee, though I ſpeake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.
And God forbid, that euer ſouldiers words
Should be made liable vnto miſdeeds,
When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight,
Sicke in their tent, ſtopping their wounds that bleeds.
Or haue and iolly after conqueſt got,
They ſhall out of their heate vſe words vnkinde;
Their deeds deſerue, to haue them rather thought
The paſſion of the ſeaſon, than their minde:
For ſouldiers ioy, or wrath, is meaſureleſſe,
Rapt with an inſtant motion: and we blame,
We hate, we prayſe, we pity in exceſſe,
According as our preſent paſſions frame.
Sometimes to paſſe the Ocean we would faine,

Some-

Sometimes to other worlds, and ſometimes ſlacke
And idle, with our conqueſts, entertaine
A ſullen humor of returning backe:
All which conceits one trumpets ſound doth end,
And each man running to his ranke, doth loſe
What in our tents diſlikt vs, and we ſpend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words, if they proceede of leuity,
Are to be ſcorn'd; of madneſſe, pitied;
If out of malice or of iniury,
To be remiſs'd or vnacknowledged:
For of themſelues, they vaniſh by diſdaine,
But if purſude, they will be thought not vaine.
Crat. But words, according to the perſon way,
If his deſignes are haynons, ſo are they:
They are the tinder of ſedition ſtill,
Wherewith you kindle fires inflame mens will.
Phi. *Craterus*, you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours, to ſay what you will ſay:
And yet doth all your gloſſe but beare the ſence
Only of my misfortune, not offence.
Had I pretended miſchiefe to the King,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus? Did not my free acceſſe bring
Continuall meanes t'haue brought the ſame about?
Was not I, ſince I heard the thing diſcride,
Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace?
What hindred me, that then I had not tride
T'haue done that miſchiefe, hauing time and place?
Crat. *Philotas*, euen the Prouidence aboue,
Protectreſſe of the ſacred ſtate of Kings,
That neuer ſuffers treachery to haue
Good counſell, neuer in this caſe but brings
Confuſion to the actors, did vndo
Your hearts in what you went about to do.
Phi. But yet deſpaire, we ſee, doth thruſt men on,

Se'ing

Se'ing no way els, t'vndo ere be vndon.

Crat. That same despaire doth likewise let me fall
In that amaze, they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well, well, my Lords, my seruice hath made know'n
The faith I owe my Souereigne, and the State,
Philotas forwardnesse hath euer show'n
Vnto all nations, at how high a rate
I priz'd my King, and at how low my blood,
To do him honour and my country good.

Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you are;
We accuse not here your valour, but your fact,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill subiect in a wicked act;
Although we know, thrust rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, than with duty lead,
You haue done much; yet all your courses proue
You tide still your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honour, when it hath beene meet
You had them layd downe at your Souereignes feet.
God giues to Kings the honour to command,
To subiects all their glory to obay,
Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,
In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.
The King hath recompens'd your seruices
With better loue than you shew thankfulnesse.
By grace he made you greater than you were
By nature he; you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his gift was far more deere
Than all you did, in making you imployd.
But say your seruice hath deseru'd it all,
This one offence hath made it odious all:
And therefore here in vaine you vse that meane,
To plead for life, which you haue cancell'd cleane.

Phi. My Lord, you far mistake me, if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,
From which so I ran with light esteeme,

And

And ſo well haue acquainted me with death:
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare,
It is mine honour that I ſeeke to cleare;
And which, if my diſgraced cauſe would let
The language of my heart be vnderſtood,
Is all which I haue euer ſought to get,
And which, O leaue me now, and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you ſeeke: my life ſtands in your way,
That is your ayme, take it; and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the ſacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings, but only blood, ſuffice,
Yet let me haue ſome thing left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues,
But firſt to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatneſſe giues,
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne.
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The trophees that our blood erects vnto
Their memory, to glorifie their pow'rs,
Let them enioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone;
Let that high ſwelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble ſtreames, that feed them yet their name.
O my deare father, didſt thou bring that ſpirit,
Thoſe hands of vallour, that ſo much haue done
In this great worke of *Aſia*, this to merit,
By doing worthily, to be vndone?
And haſt thou made this purchaſe of thy ſword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy Lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguiſh by thy ſeruice all thy line?
One of thy ſonnes by being too valourous,

But fiue dayes ſince, yet O well, loſt his breath;
Thy deare *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy houſe;
And here now the other at the barre of death,
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worſe caſe,
And is to be confounded with diſgrace;
Thy ſelfe muſt giue th'acquitance of thy blood,
For others debts, to whom thou haſt done good:
Which, if they would a little time afford,
Death would haue taken it without a ſword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate killes in peace, whom Fortune ſpares in warre.
And this is that high grace of Kings we ſeeke,
Whoſe fauour and whoſe wrath conſumes alike.

Eph. Lo here the miſery of Kings, whoſe cauſe
How euer iuſt it be, how euer ſtrong,
Yet in reſpect they may, their greatneſſe drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours, you ſtand vpon
Philotas, ſhall, beſide th'apparency
Which all the world ſees plaine, ere we haue done,
By your owne mouth be made to ſatisfie
The moſt ſtiffe partialiſt that will not ſee.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue ſo falſe (I truſt)
Vnto my heart, to ſhew it ſelfe vniuſt;
And what I here do ſpeake, I know, my Lords,
I ſpeake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be ſayd, I ſay, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who, if it ſhall be true,
Will neuer ſuffer thoſe who haue conſpir'd
Againſt *Ioues* ſonne, t'eſcape without their due:
But will reueale the truth: or if this ſhall
Not ſeeme conuenient, why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell
The ſecret'ſt thought that could imagine ill.

Bel. What need we ſend to know more than we know?
That were to giue you time to acquant your friends
With your eſtate, till ſome combuſtion grow
Within the campe to haſten on your ends,
And that the gold and all the treaſury
Committed to your fathers cuſtody
In *Medea*, now might arme his deſp'rat troups
To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.
What, ſhall we aske of *Ioue*, that which he hath
Reueal'd already? But let's ſend to giue
Thanks, that by him the King hath ſcap't the wrath
Of thee, diſloyall trayter, and doth liue.

Guar. Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend
With our owne hands the traytors paricide.

Alex. Peace *Belon*, ſilence louing ſouldiers.
You ſee, my Lords, out of your iudgements graue,
That all excuſes ſickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus falſe and faithleſſe beene
Muſt find out other gods and other men
Whom to forſweare, and whom he may deceiue;
No words of his can make vs more beleeue
His impudence: and therefore, ſeeing tis late,
We, till morning, do diſmiſſe the Court.

ACTVS. V. CHORVS.

Græcian *and* Perſian.

Perſian.

VVEll, then I ſee there is ſmall difference
Betwixt your ſtate and ours, you ciuill Greeks,
You great contriuers of free gouernments,
Whoſe skill the world from out all countries ſeeks,
Thoſe whom you call your Kings, are but the ſame
As are our Souereigne tyrants of the Eaſt;
I ſee they only differ but in name,

The

The effects they shew, agree, or neere at least.
Your great men here, as our great Satrapaes,
I see layd prostrate are with basest shame,
Vpon the least suspect or iealousies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame;
Only herein they differ, That your Prince
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;
Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The strongest truth: his sword the processe ends
With present death, and makes no more ado:
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hew than that it ought to beare,
Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends:
For more h'offends who by the law offends.
What need hath Alexander *so to strine*
By all these shewes of forme, to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrine
To haue him so adiudg'd? Do what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th'offender, not th'offence, is punisht heere.
And what auailes the fore-condemn'd to speake?
How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.

Græ. *Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we*
Thinke that well done w'ich done by law we see.

Per. *And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,*
And to the compasse of your pow'r extends:
But is it for the maiesty of Kings,
To sit in iudgement thus themselues, with you?

Græ. *To do men iustice, is the thing that brings*
The greatest maiesty on earth to Kings.

Per. *That, by their subalternate ministers*
May be perform'd as well, and with more grace:
For, to command it to be done, infers
More glory, than to do. It doth imbase
Th'opinion of a pow'r t'inuulgar so

That

That sacred presence, which should neuer go,
Neuer be seene, but euen as gods, below,
Like to our Persian King in glorious show;
And who, as starres affixed to their spheare,
May not descend to be from what they are.

Græ. *Where Kings are so like gods, there subiects are not men.*

Per. *Your king begins this course, and what will you be then?*

Græ. *Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine*
To head strong pow'r and lust, I must confesse,
We Græcians haue lost deeply by our gaine,
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse:
For by th'accession of these mighty States,
Which Alexander *wonderously hath got,*
He hath forgot himselfe and vs, and rates
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe (O feeble Asia*) wrought,*
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things,
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings inlarg'd them with our wounds,
And made these sallies of ambition!
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free States which kept their crownes in aw!
They by these large dominions are made more,
But we be come far weaker than before.
What get we now by winning, but wide minds
And weary bodies, with th'expence of blood?
What should ill do, since happy fortune findes
But misery, and is not good though good?
Action begets still action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of orr paines,

That

That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders *ends,*
Who counts the world but ſmall, that call's him great;
And his deſires beyond his pray diſtends,
Like beaſts, that murder more than they can eat?
When ſhall we looke his trauels will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What diſcontentments will there ſtill ariſe
In ſuch a Campe of Kings, to inter-ſhocke
Each others greatneſſe, and what mutinies
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer ſuffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *blood (O worthy man)*
Whoſe body now rent on the torture lies,
Will flow that vaine of freſh conſpiracies,
As ouerflow him will, do what he can:
For cruelty doth not imbetter men,
But them more wary makes than they haue been.

Per. *Are not your great men free from tortures then,*
Muſt they be likewiſe rackt as other men?

Græ. *Treaſon offoords a priuiledge to none,*
Who like offends hath puniſhment all one.

SNENA II.

Polidamas, Soſtratus.

Polidamas.

FRiend *Soſtratus*, come, haue you euer know'n
Such a diſtracted face of Court, as now;
Such a diſtruſtfull eye, as men are grow'n
To feare themſelues and all; and do not know
Where is the ſide that ſhakes not; who lookes beſt
In this foule day, th'oppreſſor or th'oppreſt?
What poſting, what diſpatches, what aduice!

What ſearch, what running, what diſcoueries!
What rumors, what ſuggeſtions, what deuice
To cleere the King, pleaſe people, hold the wiſe,
Retaine the rude, cruſh the ſuſpected ſort
At vnawares, ere they diſcerne th'are hurt!
So much the fall of ſuch a weighty Peere
Doth ſhake the State, and with him tumble downe
All whom his beames of fauours did vpbeare,
All who to reſt vpon his baſe were knowne:
And none, that did but touch vpon his loue,
Are free from feare to periſh with his loue.
My ſelf (whom all the world haue know'n t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intireneſſe of my heart,
And euer in all battels, euery chace
Of danger, fought ſtill next him on that part)
Was ſeazed on this laſt night, late in my bed,
And brought vnto the preſence of the King,
To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head:
But O 'twas for a more abhorred thing!
I muſt redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio's* blood;
His life muſt pay for mine, theſe hands muſt gore
That worthy heart from whom they fought before.
Soſt. What, hath the King commanded ſuch a deed,
To make the hearts of all his ſubiects bleed?
Muſt that old worthy man *Parmenio* die?
Pol. O *Soſtratus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we muſt yeeld vnto neceſſity.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Polidamas, we both haue beene deceiu'd,
In holding friendſhip with that faithleſſe man
Parmenio, who, for all his glozing mine,
Thou ſeeſt hath ſought to cut my thtoat and thine;
And thou muſt worke reuenge for thee and me:
And therefore haſt to *Media* ſpeedily,

Take

Take these two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my sure and trusty seruants there,
The other signed with *Philotas* seale,
As if the same t'his father written were:
Carry them both, effect what I haue sayd,
The one will giue th'accesse, the other ayd.
I tooke the letters, vow'd t'effect the same:
And here I go the instrument of shame.

Sost. But will you charge your honor with this shame?

Pol. I must, or be vndone, with all my name:
For I haue left all th'adamantiue ties
Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart
Chain'd to the word, my brethren and allies,
The hostages to caution for my part:
And for their liues must I dishonour mine;
Els should the King rather haue turn'd this sword
Vpon my heart, than forst it impiously,
(Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord,
Now to be imploy'd in this foule villany.)
Thus must we do who are inthrall'd to Kings,
Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*, O, me thinkes I see
Thee walking in th'artificiall groue
Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue,
Hastes to imbrace me, saying, O my friend,
My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may sit and chat
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamas* since we two met,
How doth my souereigne Lord, how doth my son?
When I vile wretch, whil'st m'answere he attends,
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His speaking ioy, and stabb's him to the heart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy seruice: thou that didst agree

For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,
For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.
Such are the iudgements of the heauenly pow'rs
We others ruines worke, and others ours.
Cho. P. Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes
The course of pow'r; this is a Persian tricke.
This is our way, here publike triall makes
No doubtfull noise, but buries clamor quicke.
Gra. Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rue,
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS.

THis worke is done, the sad Catastrophe
Of this great act of blood is finisht now,
Philotas *ended hath the Tragedy.*
Cho. *Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.*
Nun. *As willing to relate, as you to heare:*
A full-charg'd heart is glad to find an eare.
The Councell being dismiss'd from hence, and gone,
Still Craterus *plies the King, still in his eare,*
Still whispering to him priuatly alone,
Vrging (it seem'd) a quicke dispatch of feare:
For they who speake but priuatly to Kings,
Do seldome speake the best and fittest things.
Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death,
According to the Macedonian course,
But yet that would not satisfie the breath
Of busie rumour, but would argue force:
There must be some confessions made within.
That must abroad more satisfaction win,
Craterus, *with* Cænus, *and* Ephestion,
Do mainly vrge to haue him tortured;
Whereto the King consents, and thereupon
They three are sent to see't accomplished.
Racks, irons, fires, the grisely torturers
And hideously prepar'd before his face.

Philotas' *all vnmou'd, vnchang'd appeares,*
As if he would deaths ouglieſt brow out-face,
And ſcorn'd the worſt of force, and asht them, Why
Then ſtai'd to torture the Kings enemy?
Cho. *That part was acted well, God grant we heare*
No worſe a Scene than this, and all goes cleare:
So ſhould worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted times, ſhould die vpright;
Such hearts Kings may diſſolue, but not defeat.
A great man where he falles he ſhould lie great,
Whoſe ruine, like the ſacred carcaſes
Of ſcattred Temples which ſtill reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no leſſe
Than if they ſtood with all their gallantry.
But on with thy report.
Nun. *Straight were hot irons appli'd to ſere his fleſh,*
Then wreſting racks his comly body ſtraine.
Then iron whips, and then the racke afreſh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe;
Which he endures with ſo reſolu'd a looke,
As if his mind were of another ſide
Than of his body and his ſenſe forſooke
The part of nature, to be wholy tide
To honour, that he would not once conſent
So much as with a ſigh t'his puniſhment.
Cho. *Yet doth he like himſelfe, yet all is well,*
This argument no tyrant can refell;
This plea of reſolution winnes his cauſe
More right than all, more admiration drawes:
For we loue nothing more, than to renowne
Men ſtoutly miſerable, highly downe.
Nun. *But now?*
Cho. *We feare that But. O, if he ought deſcend,*
Leaue here, and let the Tragedy here end.
Let not the leaſt act now of his, at laſt,
Marre all his act of life and glory paſt.

Nun. *I must tell all, and therefore gine me leaue.*
Swoll'n with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierks
Of iron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds, it erks
His soule to see the house so fonle defast,
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane,
And therefore craues he, they would now dismisse
His grieuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.
Streight were his tortures ceast: and after they
Had let him to recouer sense, he sayd,
Now Craterus, *Say what you will haue me say:*
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,
Craterus *in wrath calles presently againe*
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
When, whatsoeuer secret of his heart
Which had beene fore-conceiu'd but in a thought,
What friend soeuer had but tooke his part
In common loue h'accus'd; and so forgot
Himselfe, that now he was more forward to
Confesse, that they to vrge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his spirits vndone,
Or seeing, to hide or vtter, all was one;
Both wayes lay death: and therefore he would vie
Now to be sure to say enough to die,
And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly besought them whom he scorn'd before;
That Alexander (*where he stood, behind*
A Trauers, out of sight) *was heard to speake:*
I neuer thought, a man that had a mind
T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake!
There he confest, that one Hegelochus,
When first the King proclaim'd himselfe Ioues *sonne,*
In cens'd his fathers heart against him thus,
By telling him, That now we were vndone,
If we endur'd, that he, which did disdaine

To haue beene Philips *sonne, should liue and raigne.*
He that aboue the state of man will straine
His stile, and will not be that which we are,
Not only vs contemnes, but doth disdaine
The gods themselues, with whom he would compare.
We haue lost Alexander, *lost (said he)*
The King, and fall'n on pride and vanity;
And we haue made a god of our owne blood,
That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.
Intolerable is this impious deed
To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.
Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus,
Discours'd, my father sends next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs
All he had sayd to him he made him resay,
Supposing, out of wine, the night before,
He might but idly raue. When he againe,
Far more inrag'd, in heat and passion more,
Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a staine,
Coniur'd vs to redeeme the Common-weale,
And do like men, or els as men conceale.
Parmenio *thought, whilst yet* Darius *stood,*
This course was out of season, and thereby
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders *blood*
Would not profit vs, but th'others pow'rs
Might make all th'Orient and all Asia *ours,*
That course we lik't, to that our counsell stands,
Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he said, for Dymnus *plot,*
Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at last could do
So much with him, as he confest that too,
And sayd, that fearing Bactra *would detaine*
The King too long, he hast'ned on his ends,
Lest that his father, Lord of such a traine

And such a wealth, on whom the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death preuent
These his designes, and frustrate his intent.

Cho. *O would we had not heard his latter iarre:*
This all his former straines of worth doth marre.
Before this last his spirits commends,
But now he is vnpitied of his friends.

Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewise brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denies the deed.
Philotas *he auerres it to his face.*
Demetrius *still denies. Then he espide*
A youth, one Calin, *that was standing by,*
Calin, *sayd he, how long wilt thou abide*
Demetrius *vainly to auouch a lie?*
The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
In all his tortures gaue them cause to gesse
Philotas *car'd not now to vtter more*
Than had beene priuy to his practises.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius *ston'd him vnto death:*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conspir'd,*
With grieuous tortures now must lose their breath:
And all that were alled, which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iustice now to die.

Cho. *What, must the punishment arriue beyond*
Th'offence! not with th'offender make an end!

Nun. *They all must die who may be fear'd in time*
To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.
All other punishments end with our breath,
But treason is pursu'd beyond our death.

Cho. *The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe.
When punishment like lightning should appeare
To few men hurt but vnto all mens feare,
Great elephants and lions murder least,
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast.

But

But all is well, if by the mighty fall
Of this great man, the King be safely freed:
But if this Hydra *of ambition shall*
Haue other heads to spring vp in his steed,
Then hath he made but way for them to rise,
Who will assault him with fresh treacheries.
The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,
To admire high hill's, but liue within the plaine.

The Apology.

THE wrong application, and misconceiuing of this Tragedy of *Philotas*, vrges me worthy Readers, to answere for mine innocency, both in the choice of the subiect, and the motiues that long since induced me to write it, which were first the delight I tooke in the History it selfe as it lay, and then the aptnesse, I saw it had to fall easily into act, without interlacing other inuention, then it properly yeelded in the owne circumstances, we were sufficient for the worke, and a lawfull representing of a Tragedy. Besides aboue eight yeares since, meeting with my deare friend D. *Lateware*, (whose memory I reuerence) in his Lords Chamber, and mine, I told him the purpose I had for *Philotas*, who sayd that himselfe had written the same argument, and caused it to be presented in St. *Iohns* Colledge in *Oxford*, where as I after heard, it was worthily and with great applause performed. And though, I sayd, he had therein preuented me, yet I would not desist, whensoeuer my Fortunes would giue me peace,

peace, to try what I could doe in the same subiect, where vnto both hee, and who were present, incouraged me as to an example worthy of note. And liuing in the Country, about foure yeares since, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now most ignorantly resembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in *England*, I began the same, and wrote three Acts thereof, as many to whom I then shewed it can witnesse, purposing to haue had it presented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens sonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Christmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy disorder. But by reason of some occasion then falling out, and being called vpon by my Printer for a new impression of my workes, with some additions to the ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other subiect. Which now lying by mee, and driuen by necessity to make vse of my pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of my lines, which before were neuer heard to speake but in silence, I thought the representing so true a History, in the ancient forme of a Tragedy, could not but haue had an vnreproueable passage with the time, and the better sort of men, seeing with what idle fictions, and grosse follies, the Stage at this day abused mens recreations. And withall taking a subiect that lay (as I thought, so farre from the time, and so remote a stranger from the climate of our present courses, I could not imagine that Enuy or ignorance could possibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatnesse, and the vsuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall subiects of bookes and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plaine, that his fathers greatnesse opened first the way to *Alexanders* suspition and the enuy of the Nobility, and then his owne vanting with dispising the new title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon*. Vpon the King, begat and notion of his dislike of the State; and indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from Heauen, with assu-

assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many, the hearts of the Nobility and people from him; and by *Philotas* owne confession, was that which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King, when he had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares.

And this concealing of the treason reuealed vnto him, howsoeuer he excused it, shewed how much his heart was alienated from his allegiancy. Which being by *Ephestion*, and *Craterus*, two the most graue and worthy Councellors of *Alexander* prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner, as became their neerenesse, and deerenesse with their Lord and Maister, and fitting the safety of the State, in the case of so great an aspirer: Who, had he not beene preuented (howsoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) he had no doubt turned the course of the gouernment vpon his father or himselfe, or else imbroyling it, made it monstrous body with many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. For though the affection of the multitude (whom he did mignion) and who, as I sayd, lookes still vpon mens fortunes not the cause, discerned not his ends, nor peraduenture himselfe, that knew not how large they might be, nor how much his heart would hold, nor of what capacity would be his ambition, if occasion were offered: Yet some more cleere-sighted, as if raysed by a diuine prouidence to put off that State, till the full period of dissolution, (which after followed was come) saw well, to how hie a staine he had set his hopes by his affected carriage. And *Craterus*, who so wisely pursued this businesse is deemed to haue beene one of the most honest men that euer followed *Alexander* in all his actions, and one that was true vnto him euen after his death. And for any resemblance, that thorough the ignorance of the History may be applied to the late Earle of *Essex*. It can hold in no proportion but only in his weaknesses, which I would wish all that loue his memory

mory not to reuiue. And for mine owne parts hauing beene perticularly beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and disobedience to his Souereigne, might by so deepe buried vnderneath the earth, and in so low a tombe from his other parts, that hee might neuer be remembred among the examples of disloyalty in this Kingdome, or paraleld with Forreine Conspirators.

* * *

SAM. DANIEL.

FINIS.

HYMENS TRIVMPH.

A Paſtorall Tragicomædie.

Preſented at the Queenes Court in the *Strand, at her Maieſties magnificent entertainement of the Kings moſt excellent* Maieſty, being at the Nuptials of the Lord *Roxborough.*

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

TO THE MOST EXCEL-lent Maiesty of the Higheſt-borne *Princeſſe*, ANNE *of Denmarke, Queene* of England, Scotland, France, *and Ireland.*

HEre, what your ſacred influence begat
(Moſt lou'd, and moſt reſpected Maieſty)
With humble heart, and hand, I conſecrate
Vnto the glory of your memory:
As being a piece of that ſolemnity,
Which your Magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of thoſe roofes (you rear'd of late)
With fires and chearefull hoſpitality
Whereby, and by your ſplendent Worthines,
Your name ſhall longer liue then ſhall your walls:
For, that faire ſtructure goodneſſe finiſhes,
Beares off all change of times, and neuer falls.
And that is it hath let you in ſo farre
Into the heart of *England* as you are.
And worthily, for neuer yet was Queene
That more a peoples loue haue merited
By all good graces, and by hauing beene
The meanes our State ſtands faſt eſtabliſhe!
And bleſt by your bleſt wombe, who are this day
The higheſt-borne Queene of *Europe*, and alone
Haue brought this land more bleſſings euery way,
Then all the daughters of ſtrange Kings haue done.

For,

For, we by you no claimes, no quarrells haue
  No factions, no betraying of affaires:
You do not spend our blood, nor states, but saue:
  You strength vs by alliance, and your haires.
Not like those fatall marriages of *France*,
  For whom this Kingdome hath so dearely paid,
Which onely our afflictions did aduance:
  And brought vs farre more miseries, then aid.
  Renowned *Denmarke*, that hast furnished
The world with Princes, how much do we owe
  To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
Whereby we are both blest, and honoured?
  Thou didst not so much hurt vs heretofore,
But now thou hast rewarded vs farre more.
  But what do I on this high subiect fall
  Here, in the front of this low Pastorall?
  This a more graue, and spacious roome requires
  To shew your glory, and my deepe desires.

Your Maiesties most

Humble Seruant,

SAM. DANIEL.

THE

The Prologue.

Hymen opposed by *Auarice*, *Enuy*, and *Iealousie*, the disturbers of quiet marriage, *first enters.*

Hymen.

IN this disguise and Pastorall attire,
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,
Or other ensignes of my duty:
I Hymen *am come hither secretly,*
To make Arcadia *see a worke of glory,*
That shall deserue an euerlasting story.
Here, shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant loners that were euer seene,
From out the greatest suffrings of anoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antique sport,
But tender passions, motions soft, and graue,
The still spectaters must expect to haue.
For, these are onely Cynthias *recreations*
Made vnto Phœbus, *and are feminine;*
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildely moone and stirre.
And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of Loue:
And with the power thereof, affections moone
In these faire nymphes, and shepheards round about.
Enuy. *Stay* Hymen, *stay; you shall not haue the day*
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were euer wont,
Oppose you in the matches you addresse,
And vndermine them with disturbances.

Hym.

Hym. *Now, do thy worst, base* Enuy, *thou canst do,*
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.
Auarice. *Then will I,* Hymen, *in despite of thee,*
I will make Parents crosse desires of loue,
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolue
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulnesse.
Hym. *Hence, greedy* Auarice; *I know thou art*
A hagge, that do'st bewitch the mindes of men:
Yet shall thou haue no at all herein.
Ieal. *Then will I,* Hymen, *do thou what thou canst;*
I will steale cllosely into linked hearts;
And shake their veines with cold distrustfulnesse;
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,
With spirits, which their imagination reares,
Hym. *Disquiet* Iealousie, *vile fury, thou*
That art the ougly monster of the mind,
Auant, be gone, thou shalt haue nought to do
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore
Canst enter there, where honour keepes the doore.
And therefore hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And cleane desires: your sight most loathsome is
Vnto so well dispos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,
We must haue nothing in Arcadia, *sowre.*
Enuy. Hymen, *thou canst not chast vs so away,*
For, looke how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.
And we will in the same disguise, as thou,
Mixe vs amongst the shepheards, that we may
Effect our worke the better, being vnknowne;
For, ills shew other faces then their owne.

THE

The Speakers.

Thirsis.
Palæmon, friend to *Thirsis*.
Clarindo, *Silnia* disguised, the beloued of *Thirsis*, supposed to be slaine by wild beasts.
Cloris, a Nymph whom *Clarindo* serued, and in loue with *Thirsis*.
Phillis, in loue with *Clarindo*.
Montanus, in loue with *Phillis*.
Lydia, Nurse to *Phillis*.
Dorcas. } Forresters.
Siluanus. }
Medorus, father to *Siluia*.
Charinus, father to *Thirsis*.
Chorus of Shepheards.

ACTVS.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Thirsis, Palæmon.

SO to be reft of all the ioyes of life,
How is it possible *Palæmon*, I
Should euer more a thought retaine
Of the least comfort vpon earth againe
No, I would hate this heart, that hath receiu'd
So deepe a wound, if it should euer come
To be recur'd, or would permit a roome
To let in any other thing then griefe.
Pal. But *Thirsis* you must tell me what is the cause?
Thi. Thinke but what cause I haue; when hauing pass'd
The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies
Of feares, and hopes, and all the strange assaults
Of passion, that a tender heart could feele
In the attempt, and pursuite of his loue.
And then to be vndone, when all was done,
To perish in the hauen, after all
Those Ocean suffrings, and euen then to haue
My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue.
Pal. Good *Thirsis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell
Thi. Tell thee? alas *Palæmon*, how can I tell
And liue? doest thou not see these fields haue lost
Their glory, since that time *Siluia* was lost?
Siluia, that onely deckt, that onely made
Arcadia shine; *Siluia* who was (ah woe the while)
So miserable rent from off the world.

So rapt away, as that no ſigne of her,
No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes:
Safe onely this poore remnant of her vaile,
All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire;
Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,
The ſad memorialls of her diſmall fate.
Who ſure deuoured was vpon the ſhore
By rauenous beaſts, as ſhe was walking there
Alone, it ſeemes; perhaps in ſeeking me
Or els retir'd to meditate apart
The ſtory of our loues, and heauy ſmart.

Pal. This is no newes, you tell, of *Siluias* death.
That was long ſince: why ſhould you waile her now?

Thi. Long ſince *Palamon?* thinke you any length
Of time can euer haue a powre to make
A heart of fleſh not mourne, not grieue, not pine?
That knows, that feels, that things as much as mine.

Pal. But *Thirſis*, you know how her father meant
To match her with *Alexis*, and a day
To celebrate the nuptials was prefixt.

Thi. True, he had ſuch a purpoſe, but in vaine,
As oh it was beſt knowne vnto vs twaine.
And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares,
That made our meeting ſtealth, our parting teares.
Hence was it, that with many a ſecret wile,
We rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile.
This was the cauſe, oh miſerable cauſe,
That made her by her ſelfe to ſtray alone,
Which els God knows, ſhe neuer ſhould haue done.
For had our liberty as open beene,
As was our loues, *Siluia* had not beene ſeene
VVithout her *Thirſis*, neuer had we gone
But hand in hand, nor euer had miſchance
Tooke vs aſunder; ſhe had alwayes had
My body interpos'd betwixt all harmes

And

And her. But ah we had our liberty
Layd faſt in priſon when our loues were free.
Pal. But how knowſt thou her loue was ſuch to thee?
Thi. How do I know the Sun, the day from night?
Pal. Womens affections do like flaſhes proue,
They oft ſhew paſſion when they feele ſmall loue.
Thi. Ah do not ſo prophane that precious ſexe,
Which I muſt euer reuerence for her ſake,
Who was the glory of her kind; whoſe heart
In all her actions ſo tranſparant was
As I might ſee it cleere and wholy mine,
Alwayes obſeruing truth in one right line.
How oft hath ſhe beene vrg'd by fathers threats,
By friends perſwaſions, and *Alexis* ſighs,
And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,
Yet neuer could be wonne? how oft haue I
Beheld the braueſt heardsmen of theſe plaines,
(As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines
Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart
Warm'd with her beames) to ſeeke to win her loue.
Ah I remember well (and how can I
But euer more remember well) when firſt
Our flame began, when ſcarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we ſate and ſigh'd
And look'd vpon each other, and conceiu'd
Not what we ayld, yet ſomething we did ayle.
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our diſeaſe we could not tell.
Then would we kiſſe, then ſigh, then looke: and thus
In that firſt garden of our ſimpleneſſe
We ſpent our child-hood: but when yeeres began
To reape the fruite of knowledge; ah how then
Would ſhe with grauerlooks, with ſweet ſtern brow
Check my preſumption and my forwardnes,
Yet ſtill would giue me flowers, ſtil would me ſhew

What ſhe would haue me, yet not haue me know.
Pal. Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,
And taken with the ſmalleſt bayte is laid?
Thi. And when in ſport with other company,
Of Nimphes and ſhepheards we haue met abroade
How would ſhe ſteale a looke: and watch mine eye
Which way it went? and when at Barley breake
It came vnto my turne to reſcue her,
With what an earneſt, ſwift, and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run
And farther run then to my hand? her race
Had no ſtop but my boſome where no end.
And when we were to breake againe, how late
And loath her trembling hand wold part with mine,
And with how ſlow a pace would ſhe ſet forth
To meet the 'ncountring party, who contends
T'attaine her, ſcarce affording him her fingers ends?
Pal. Fie *Thirſis*, with what fond remembrances
Doeſt thou theſe idle paſſions entertaine?
For ſhame leaue off to waſt your youth in vaine,
And feede on ſhadowes: make your choice anew.
You other Nimphes ſhall find, no doubt will be
As louely, and as faire; and ſweete as ſhe.
Thi. As faire and ſweete as ſhe? *Palamon* peace:
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life,
What ſweetnes can be found in Images?
Which all Nimphes els beſides her ſeemes to me.
She only was a reall creature, ſhe,
VVhoſe memory muſt take vp all of me.
Should I another loue, then muſt I haue,
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore ſhall be: here is ſhe drawue
At length, and whole, and more, this table is
A ſtory, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liuelieſt colours of my blood;

And

And can there be a roome for others heere?
Should I disfigure ſuch a peece, and blot
The perfectſt wormanſhip that loue euer wrought.
Palamon no, ah no, it coſt too deere,
It muſt remaine intire whilſt life remaines,
The monument of her and of my paines.
Pal. Thou maieſt be ſuch a fond Idolater
To die for loue; though that were very ſtrange.
Loue hath few Saints, but many confeſſors,
And time no doubt will raze out all theſe notes,
And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.
Thi. Yes when there is no ſpring, no tree, no groue
In all *Arcadia* to record our loue:
And tell me where we were (the time we were)
How we did meete together, what we ſaid;
Where we did ioy, and where we ſat diſmai'd.
And then I may forget her, not before.
Till then I muſt remember one ſo deere,
When euery thing I ſee tells me of her.
And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,
My heart adores, you the perpetuall bookes
Whereon when teares permit, mine eyes ſtill looks:
Ah you were with her laſt, and till my laſt
You muſt remaine with me; you were reſeru'd
To tell me ſhe was loſt, but yet alas,
You cannot tell me how: I would you could: (hood,
White ſpotleſſe vaile, cleane, like her woman-
Which whilome couerdſt the moſt louely face
That euer eye beheld. VVas there no meſſage ſent
From her by thee? Ah yes, there ſeemes it was;
Here is a *T* made with her blood, as if
Shee would haue written, *Thirſis*, I am ſlaine
In ſeeking thee; ſure ſo it ſhould haue beene,
And ſo I reade it, and ſhall euer ſo.
And thou ſweet remnant of the faireſt haire,

That

That euer wau'd with winde. Ah thee I found
When her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,
Like te an *O*, the character of woe;
As if to say, *O Thirsis*, I die thine.
This much you tell me yet, dumbe messengers,
Of her last minde; and what you cannot tell
That I must thinke, which is the most extreame
Of wofulnesse, that any heart can thinke.

Pal. There is no dealing with this man, I see,
This humour must be let to spend it selfe
Vnto a lesser substance, ere that we
Can any way apply a remedy.
But I lament his case, and so I know
Do all that see him in this wofull plight:
And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,
For sorrow that is full, hate others sight.

Thir. Come boy, whilst I contemplate these remaines
Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,
Record the dolefull'st song, the sighingst notes,
That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.
Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,
The tone that best befits the griefe I haue.

The Song.

Had sorrow euer fitter place
To act his part,
Then is my heart,
Where it takes vp all the space?
Where is no veine
To entertaine
A thought that weares another face.
Nor will I sorrow euer haue,
Therein to be,
But onely thee,

To

To whom I full possession gaue:
Thou in thy name
Must holde the same,
Vntill thou bring it to the graue.

Pal. So boy, now leaue me to my selfe, that I
May be alone to griefe, entire to misery.

SCEN. II.

Cloris. *Clarindo.*

NOw gentle boy *Clarindo*, hast thou brought
My flockes into the field?
Cla. Mistris I haue.
Clo. And hast thou told them?
Cla. Yes.
Clo. And are there all?
Cla. All.
Clo. And hast thou left them safe my boy?
Cla. Safe.
Clo. Then whilst they feede, *Clarindo*, I must vse
Thy seruice in a serious businesse.
But thou must doe it well my boy.
Cla. The best I can.
Clo. Do'st thou know *Thirsis*?
Cla. Yes.
Clo. But know'st him well?
Cla. I haue good reason to know *Thirsis* well.
Clo. What reason boy?
Cla. I ought haue seene the man.
Clo. Why then he knowes thee too?
Cla. Yes I suppose, vnlesse he hath forgotten me of late.
Clo. But hath he heard thee sing my boy?
Cla. He hath.
Clo. Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.

Well,

Well, vnto him thou must a message do
From thy sad mistres *Cloris*; but thou must
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,
Best choice of language, and best countenance.
I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech
And fashion pleasing to performe the same.
Nor can I haue a fitter messenger
In this imployment then thy selfe my boy.
For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace.
That thou hast much of *Siluia* in thy face:
Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,
Sure, he will giue thee audience willinglie.
And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out
Thy message; for he still (though she be dead)
Holds sparkles of her vnextinguished.
And that is death to me: for though sometimes
Siluia and I most deere companions were,
Yet when I saw he did so much preferre
Her before me, I deadly hated her;
And was not sorry for her death, and yet
Was sorry she should come to such a death.
But to the purpose goe to *Thirsis*, boy:
Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be
The messenger of her distressed teares:
Who languishes for him, and neuer shall
Haue comfort more, vnlesse he giue it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, ther's something else.
Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe
My modesty, and to put on that part
Which appertaines to him, that is to wooe:
And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,
Which no man else could haue had powre to doe.
And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe
Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,
I cannot liue.

Cla. All this I'le tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay boy, there is yet more:
Tell him, it will no honour be to him,
When euer it ſhall come to be made knowne,
That he hath beene her death that was his owne.
And how his loue hath fatall beene to two
Diſtreſſed Nymphes.

Cla. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay boy, wilt thou ſay nothing elſe?
As of thy ſelfe, to waken vp his loue?
Thou mayſt ſay ſomething which I may not ſay,
And tell him how thou holdſt me full as faire,
Yea and more faire, more louely, more compleate
Then euer *Siluia* was. More wiſe, more ſtai'd,
How ſhee was but a light and wauering maid.

Cla. Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot ſay.

Clo. What ſayſt thou boy?

Cla. Nothing, but that I will
Endeauour all I can to worke his loue.

Clo. Doe good my boy: but thou muſt yet adde more,
As from thy ſelfe, and ſay, what an vnkind
And barbarous part it is to ſuffer thus
So beauteous and ſo rare a Nymph to pine
And periſh for his loue; and ſuch a one,
As if ſhee would haue ſtoop'd to others flame,
Hath had the gallantſt heardſmen of theſe fields
Fall at her feete: all which ſhe hath deſpiſ'd,
Hauing her heart before by thee ſurpriz'd.
And now doth nothing elſe, but ſit and mourne:
Speake *Thirſis*, weepe *Thirſis*, ſigh *Thirſis*, and
Sleepe *Thirſis* when ſhe ſleepes, which is but rare,
Beſides, good boy thou muſt not ſticke to ſweare,
Thou oft hah ſeene me ſowne, and ſinke to ground
In theſe deepe paſſions, wherein I abound.
For ſomething thou maiſt ſay beyond the truth,
By reaſon of my loue, and of thy youth.

Doe

Doe, good *Clarindo* ſweare, and vow thus much.
But do'ſt thou now remember all I ſay,
Do'ſt thou forget no parcell of my ſpeech,
Shall I repeate the ſame againe to thee?
Or els wilt thou rehearſe it vnto mee?
That I may know thou haſt it perfect, boy.

Cla. It ſhall not need: be ſure I will report,
What you enioyne me, in moſt earneſt ſort.

Clo. Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,
Auaile me little: for I doubt his heart
Is repoſſeſſed with another loue.

Cla. Another loue? Who may that be, I pray?

Clo. With *Amarillis*, I haue heard: for they
Are thought, will in the end make vp a match.

Cla. With *Amarillis*? Well, yet will I goe,
And try his humour whether it be ſo?

Clo. Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou muſt not faile
To worke effectually for my auaile.
And doe not ſtay, returne with ſpeed good boy,
My paſſions are to great, t'indure delay.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Clarindo ſolus.

THirſis in loue with *Amarillis*? then
In what a caſe am I? what doth auaile,
This altred habite, that belies my Sexe?
Whar boots it t'haue eſcap'd from Pirats hands
And with ſuch wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,
If I returne to fall on worſer ills?
In loue with *Amarillis*? is that ſo?
Is *Siluia* then forgot? that hath endur'd
So much for him? doe all theſe miſeries
(Cauſ'd by his meanes) deſerue no better hire?
VVas it the greateſt comfort of my life,

To

To haue return'd, that I might comfort him?
And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eyes
Take neuer rest, after I was arriu'd
Till I had seene him, though vnknowne to him?
Being hidden thus, and couer'd with disguise
And masculine attire, to temporize
Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be past,
VVhich shortly as I heare will be: and which
VVould free me wholly from my fathers feare:
VVho if he knew I were return'd, would yet
Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there.
Which would be more then all my suffrings were.
Indeed me thought when I beheld the face
Of my deere *Thirsis*, I beheld a face
Confounded all with passion, which did much
Afflict my heart: but yet I little thought
It could haue beene for any others loue.
I did suppose the memory of me,
And of my rapture, had possest him so,
As made him shew that countenance of woe.
And much adoe had I then to forbeare
From casting me into his armes, and yeild
What comfort my poore selfe could yeild but that
I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,
But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,
Vnlesse I could come wholly his, and cleer'd
From all those former dangers which we fear'd:
Which now a little stay (though any stay
Be death to me) would wholly take away.
And therefore I resolu'd my selfe to beare
This burthen of our sufferings yet a while,
And to become a seruant in this guise,
To her I would haue scorned otherwise:
And be at all commands, to goe, and come,
To trudge into the fields, early, and late.
Which though I know, it misbecomes my state:

Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,
Not *Phillis* whom I serue: but since I serue,
I will doe what I doe most faithfully.
But *Thirsis*, is it possible that thou
Shouldst so forget me, and forgoe thy vow?
Or is it but a flying vaine report,
That slanders thine affection in this sort?
It may be so, and God grant it may be so:
I shall soone finde if thou be false or no:
But ah here comes my Fury, I must flie.

ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

Phillis. Clarindo.

AH cruell youth, whither away so fast?
Cla. Good *Phillis* do not stay me, I haue hast.
Phi. What hast shoudst thou haue but to comfort me,
Who hath no other comfort but in thee?
Cla. Alas thou do'st but trouble me in vaine,
I cannot helpe thee: t' is not in my powre.
Phil. Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou
Hadst any thing of manlines, thou wouldst.
Cla. But if I haue not, what doth it auaile
In this sort to torment thy selfe and me?
And therefore pre-thee *Phillis* let me goe.
Phil. Ah whither canst thou go, where thou shalt be
More deerely lou'd and cherisht then with me?
Cla. But that my purpose cannot satisfie,
I must be gone, there is no remedie.
Phi. O cruell youth, will thy heart nothing moue?
Shew me yet pittie, if thou shew not loue.
Cla. Beleeue me *Phillis* I do pittie thee;
And more, lament thy error, so farewell.
Phi. And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? hast thou
Thus disappointed my desires, and let

My

My ſhame t'afflict me worſer then my loue?
Now in what caſe am I, that neither can
Recall my modeſtie, nor thee againe?
Ah were it now to do againe, my paſſions ſhould
Haue ſmothred me to death, before I would
Haue ſhew'd the ſmalleſt ſparkle of my flame.
But it is done, and I am now vndone.
Ah hadſt thou beene a man, and had that part
Of vnderſtanding of a womans heart,
My words had beene vnborne, onely mine eies
Had beene a tongue enough to one were wiſe.
But this it is, to loue a boy, whoſe yeares.
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my teares:
But this diſgrace I iuſtly haue deſeru'd.

SCEN. V.

Lidia. Phillis.

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly ſeru'd.
Haue you diſdain'd the gallanſt Forreſtrs,
And braueſt heardſmen all *Arcadia* hath,
And now in loue with one is not a man?
Aſſure your ſelfe this is a iuſt reuenge
Loue takes, for your miſpriſion of his powre.
I told you often there would come a time,
When you would ſure be plagu'd for ſuch a crime:
But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.
Is this you, who would wonder any nimphes
Could euer be ſo fooliſh as to loue?
Who is ſo fooliſh now? *Phil.* Peace *Lidia*, peace,
Adde not more griefe t'a heart that hath too much,
Do not inſult vpon her miſery,
VVhoſe flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle
Thou ſeeſt I am vndone, caught in the toyle

Of an intangling mischiefe: tell me how
I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

Lid. That doth require more time, we wil apart
Consult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
And you shall finde, I, yet, will set you free.

Exeunt.

The song of the first Chorus.

Loue is a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting growes,
Most barren with best vsing.
Why so?
More we enioy it, more it dyes,
If not enioy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.
Loue is a torment of the minde,
A tempest euerlasting;
And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enioy it, more it dies,
If not enioyd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Siluanus. Dorcas. Montanus.

IN what a meane regard are we now held,
We actiue and laborious forresters?
Who though our liuing rurall be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,
And well esteem'd in all good companies:
Nor would the daintiest nymphs that vallyes haunt
Or fields inhabite, euer haue despis'd

Out

Our ſiluane ſongs, nor yet our plaine diſcourſe;
But gracefully accepted of our skill,
And often of our loues, when they haue ſeene
How faithfull and how conſtant we haue beene.

Dor. It's true *Siluanus*, but you ſee the times
Are altred now, and they ſo dainty growne,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed ſo
Of thoſe vnſinowed amorous heardſmen, who
By reaſon of their rich and mighty flockes,
Supply their pleaſures with that plenteouſneſſe,
As they diſdaine our plainneſſe, and do ſcorne
Our company, as men rude and ill borne.

Sil. Well, ſo they doe; but *Dorcas* if you marke
How oft they doe miſcarry in their loue,
And how diſloyall theſe fine heardſmen prooue;
You ſhall perceiue how their abound ant ſtore
Payes not their expectation, nor deſires.
Witneſſe theſe groues wherein they oft deplore
The miſerable paſſions they ſuſtaine;
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde,
They finde their loues to be; which we, who are
The eyes, and eares of woods, oft ſee and heare,
For hither to theſe groues they muſt reſort,
And here one wayles apart the vſage hard
Of her diſordred, wilde, and wilfull mate:
There mournes another her vnhappy ſtate,
Held euer in reſtraint, and in ſuſpect:
Another to her truſty confident,
Laments how ſhe is matcht to ſuch a one
As cannot giue a woman her content.
Another grieues how ſhee hath got a foole,
Whoſe bed, although ſhe loath, ſhe muſt endure.
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes
Which they accompt would bring all happineſſe;
Moſt wealthely are plagu'd, with rich diſtreſſe.

Dor. And ſo they are, but yet this was not wont

To be the fashion here; there was a time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diseas'd
With these corrupted humours reigning now,
That choise was made of vertue and desert,
Without respect of any other endes:
When loue was onely master of their hearts,
And rul'd alone: when simple thoughts produc'd
Plaine honest deedes, and euery one contends
To haue his fame to follow his deserts,
And not his shewes; to be the same he was,
Not seem'd to be: and then were no such parts
Of false deceiuings plaid, as now we see.
But after that accursed greedinesse
Of wealth began to enter and possesse
The hearts of men, integritie was lost,
And with it they themselues, for neuer more;
Came they to be in their owne powre againe.
That Tyrant vanquisht them, made them all slaues,
That brought base seruitude into the world,
Which else had neuer bin; that onely made
Them to endure all whatsoeuer weights
Powre could deuise to lay vp their necke.
For rather then they would not haue, they would not be
But miserable. So that no deuice
Needes else to keepe them vnder, they themselues
Will beare farre more then they are made, themselues
VVill adde vnto their fetters, rather then
They would not be, or held to be great men.
Sil. Then *Doreas*, how much more are we to prize
Our meane estate, which they so much despise?
Considering that we doe enioy thereby,
The dearest thing in nature, *Liberty*.
And are not tortur'd with those hopes and feares,
Th'affliction layd on superfluities,
VVhich make them to obscure, and serue the times:
But are content with what the earth, the woods

And

And riuers neere doe readily afforde
And therewithall furnish our homely borde.
Those vnbought cates please our vnlearned throats
That vnderstand not dainties, euen as well
As all their delicates, which doe but stuffe
And not sustaine the stomacke: and indeede
As wel obseruing belly doth make much
For liberty; for hee that can but liue,
Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free
Without the verge of any sou'rainty.
And is a Lord at home, commands the day
As his till night, and then reposes him
At his owne houres, thinkes on no stratagem
But how to take his game, hath no designe
To crosse next day; no plots to vndermine.

Dor. But why *Montanus* do you looke so sad?
What is the cause your minde is not as free
As your estate? what, haue you had of late
Some coy repulse of your disdainfull nymph,
To whom loue hath subdu'd you? who indeede
Our onely master is, and no Lord else
But he, hath any power to vexe as here;
Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I must confesse, when now you two
Found me in yonder thicket, I had lost
My selfe, by hauing seene that which I would
I had not had these eyes to see; and iudge
If I great reason haue not to complaine:
You see I am a man, though not so gay
And delicate clad, as are your fine
And amorous dainty heardsmen; yet a man,
And that not base, not vn-allyde to *Pan*;
And of a spirit doth not degenerate
From my robustious manly ancestours,
Being neuer foild in any wrastling game,
But still haue borne away the chiefest prize

In euery braue and actiue exercise.
Yet uot withstanding that disdainfull mayd,
Prowd *Phillis*, doth despise me and my loue,
And will not daigne so much as here me speake,
But doth abiure, forsooth, the thought of loue.
Yet shall I tell you (yet asham'd to tell;)
This coy vnlouing soule, I saw ere while
Soliciting a youth, a smooth fac'd boy,
Whom in her armes she held (as seem'd to me,
Being closely busht a prety distance off,)
Against his will; and with strange passion vrg'd
His stay, who seem'd, struggled to get away,
And yet she staid him, yet intreates his stay.
At which strange sight, imagine I that stood
Spectatour, how confoundedly I stood,
And hardly could forbeare from running in
To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,
Those her imbraces cast away in sight:
But staying to behold the end, I staid
Too long; the boy gets loose, her selfe retires,
And you came in; but if I liue, that boy
Shall dearely pay for his misfortune, that
He was beloued of her, of whom I would
Haue none on earth beloued, but my selfe.
Dor. That were to bite the stone, a thing vniust,
To punish him for her conceiued lust.
Mon. Tush, many in this world we see are caught,
And suffer for misfortune, not their fault.
Sil. But that would not become your manlines,
Montanus, it were shame for valiant men.
To doe vnworthily.
Mon. Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage
Irregular be made, it must worke like effects.
Dor. These are but billowes, tumbling after stormes,
They last not long, come let some exercise
Diuert that humour, and conuert your thoughts

To

To know your ſelfe; ſcorne her who ſcorneth you;
Idolatrize not ſo that Sexe, but hold
A man of ſtrawe more then a wife of gold.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lidia. Phillis.

YOu muſt not *Phillis*, be ſo ſenſible
Of theſe ſmall touches which your paſſion makes
Phi. Small touches *Lidia*, do you count them ſmall?
Can there vnto a woman worſe befall
Then hath to me? what? haue not I loſt all
That is moſt deare to vs, loue and my fame?
Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name
That is ſo precious as to match with theſe?
Lid. Now filly girle, how fondly do you talke?
How haue you loſt your fame; what for a few
Ill fauour'd louing words, vttred in ieaſt
Vnto a fooliſh youth? Cannot you ſay
You did but to make triall how you could,
If ſuch a peeuiſh qualme of paſſion ſhould
(As neuer ſhall) oppreſſe your tender heart,
Frame your conceit to ſpeake, to looke, to ſigh
Like to a heart-ſtrooke louer; and that you
Perceiuing him to be a baſhfull youth,
Thought to put ſpirit in him, and make you ſport.
Phi. Ah *Lidia*, but he ſaw I did not ſport,
He ſaw my teares, and more, what ſhall I ſay?
He ſaw too much, and that which neuer man
Shall euer ſee againe whil'ſt I haue breath.
Lid. Are you ſo ſimple as you make your ſelfe?
What did he ſee? a counterfeited ſhew
Of paſſion, which you may, if you were wiſe,
Make him as eaſily to vnbeleeue,

As what he neuer saw; and thinke his eyes
Conspir'd his vnderstanding to deceiue.
How many women, thinke you, being espide
In neerer-touching cases by mischance,
Haue yet not onely fac'd their louers downe
For what they saw, but brought them to beleeue
They had not seene the thing which they had seene,
Yea and so sweare it too; and to condemne
Themselues? such meanes can wit deuise
To make mens mindes vncredit their owne eies.
And therefore let not such a toy as this
Disease your thoughts: and for your losse of loue,
It is as much as nothing. I would turne
A passion vpon that should ouerturne
It cleane, and that is wrath; one heate
Expels another. I would make my thoughts of skorne
To be in height so much aboue my loue,
As they should ease and please me more by farre.
I would disdaine to cast a looke that way
Where he should stand, vnlesse it were in skorne,
Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke
Him all disgrace that possibly I could.
Phi. That *Lidia* can I neuer doe, let him
Do what he will to me: report my shame,
And vaunt his fortune, and my weaknesse blame.
Lid. Nay as for that, he shall be so well charmd
Ere I haue done, as you shall feare no tales.
Phi. Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,
How blessed should I be: But see where comes
My great tormentor, that rude Forrester.
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his sight
Next to the ill I suffer: let vs flie,
We shall be troubled with him wofully.
Lid. Content you *Phillis*, stay and heare him speake:
We may make vse of him more then you thinke.
Phil. What vse can of so grosse a peece be made?

Lid.

Lid. The better vse be sure, for being grosse,
Your subtler spirits full of their finesses,
Serue their owne turnes in others businesses.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Montanus. Lidia. Phillis.

WHat pleasure can I take to chase wild beasts,
When I my selfe am chac'd more egarly
By mine owne passions, and can finde no rest?
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,
Attend those sports. I cannot be from hence,
Where I receiu'd my hurt, here must I tread
The maze of my perplexed miserie.
And here see where shee is the cause of all?
And now, what shall I doe? what shall I say?
How shall I looke? how stand? which vtter first?
My loue or wrath? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to say?
Phil. See *Lidia* see, how sauagely hee lookes,
Good let vs goe, I neuer shall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* stay
And giue him yet the hearing, in respect
Hee loues you, otherwise you shew your selfe
A sauage more then hee. *Phil.* Well, if I heare,
I will not answere him a word, you shall reply,
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.
Lid. For that we shall, *Phillis*, doe well enough
When he begins, who seemes is very long
To giue the onset, sure the man is much
Perplexed, or he studies what to say.
Phil. Good *Lidia* see how he hath trickt himselfe,
Now sure this gay fresh suite as seemes to mee
Hangs like green Iuy on a rotten tree.

Lid.

Lid. Some beasts do weare gray beards beside your goates:
And beare within him, this suit bewraies yong thoughts.

Mon. Ah was it not enough to be oppreſt
With that confounding paſſion of my loue
And her diſdaine, but that I muſt be torne
With wrath and enuy too, and haue no veine
Free from the racke of ſufferings, that I can
Nor ſpeake nor thinke but moſt diſtractedly?
How ſhall I now begin, that haue no way.
To let out any paſſion by it ſelfe,
But that they all will thruſt together ſo
As none will be expreſſed as they ought?
But ſomething I muſt ſay now I am here.
And be it what it will, loue, enuie, wrath,
Or all together in a comberment,
My words muſt be like me, perplext and rent,
And ſo I'le to her. *Phi. Lidia*, ſee he comes.

Lid. He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth ſhew
More trouble in his face by farre, then loue.

Mon. Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for ſuch a one,
Valeſſe you kinder were, or better then
I know you are: how much I haue endur'd
For you, although you ſcorne to know, I feele,
And did imagine, that in being a man
Who might deſerue regard, I ſhould haue bin
Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I ſee
Your ſeeming and your being diſagree.

Phil. What *Lidia*, doth he brawle? what meanes he thus
To ſpeake and looke in this ſtrange ſort on me.

Mon. Well modeſt *Phillis*, neuer looke ſo coy,
Theſe eyes beheld you dallying with a boy.

Phil. Me with a boy, *Montanus*? when? where? how?

Mon. To day, here, in moſt laſciuious ſort.

Lid. Ah, ha, he ſawe you *Phillis*, when
This morning you did ſtriue with *Cloris* boy
To haue your Garland, which he ſnatcht away,

And

And kept it from you by ſtrong force and might:
And you againe laid hold vpon the ſame,
And held it faſt vntill with much adoe
He wrung it from your hands, and got away.
And this is that great matter which he ſaw.
Now fye *Montanus* fye, are you ſo groſſe,
T'imagine ſuch a worthy Nymph as ſhee
Would be in loue with ſuch a youth as he?
Why now you haue vndone your credit quite,
You neuer can make her amends for this
So impious a ſurmiſe, nor euer can
Shee, as ſhee reaſon hath, but muſt deſpiſe
Your groſſeneſſe; who ſhould rather haue come in
And righted her, then ſuffer ſuch a one
To offer an indignity ſo vile,
And you ſtand prying in a buſh the while.
Mon. What do I heare? what, am I not my ſelfe?
How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?
Firſt ſeeing *Phillis* face, and now her fact,
Or elſe the fact I ſaw, I did not ſee?
And ſince thou haſt my vnderſtanding wrong'd,
And traytour-like giuen falſe intelligence,
Whereby my iudgement comes to paſſe amiſſe.
And yet I thinke my ſence was in the right:
And yet in this amaze I cannot tell,
But howſoere, I in an errour am,
In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.
And therefore *Phillis*, at thy feet I fall,
And pardon craue for this my groſſe ſurmiſe.
Lid. But this, *Montanus*, will not now ſuffiſe,
You quite haue loſt her, and your hopes and all.
Mon. Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,
And let her but command me any thing
That is within the power of man to do,
And you ſhall finde *Montanus* will performe
More then a Gyant, and will ſtead her more

Then

Then all the Heardſmen in *Arcadia* can.
Lid, Shee will command you nothing; but I wiſh
You would a little terrifie that boy
As he may neuer dare to vſe her name
But in all reuerence as is fit for her.
But doe not you examine him a word;
For that were neither for your dignity,
Nor hers, that ſuch a boy as he ſhould ſtand
And iuſtifie himſelfe in ſuch a caſe,
Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.
And herein you ſome ſeruice ſhall performe,
As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.
Mon. Alas, this is a worke ſo farre, ſo low
Beneath my worth, as I account it none,
Were it t'incounter ſome fierce mountaine beaſt
Or Monſters, it were ſomething fitting mee.
But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,
Aſſure you *Lidia*: as I liue I will.
Phil. But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,
For that were neither grace for you nor mee.
Mon. That as my rage will tollerate muſt be.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Cloris. *Clarindo.*

HEere comes my long expected meſſenger,
God grant the newes hee bring may make amends
For his long ſtay; and ſure, I hope it will.
Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie
In his returning then in going hence.
Cla. Well, all is well; no *Amarillis* hath
Supplanted *Siluias* loue in *Thirſis* heart,
Nor any ſhall: but ſee where *Cloris* lookes
For what I ſhall not bring her at this time.
Clo. *Clarindo* thought my longing would be faine

Diſpatch'd

Dispatch'd at once, and heare my doome pronounc'd
All in a word of either life or death,
Yet doe not tell it but by circumstance.
Tell me the manner vvhere, and how thou foundst
My *Thirsis*, what hee said, how look'd, how far'd,
How he receiu'd my message, vsed thee;
And all in briefe, but yet be sure tell all,
Cla. All will I tell, as neere as I can tell.
First after tedious searching vp and downe,
I found him all alone, like a hurt Deare,
Got vnder couer in a shadie groue,
Hard by a little christall purling spring,
Which but one sullen note of murmur held;
And where no Sunne could see him, where no eye
Might ouerlooke his louely primacy.
There in a path of his owne making, trode
Bare as a common way, yet led no way
Beyond the turnes he made (which were but short)
With armes a crosse, his hat downe on his eyes
(As if those shades yeelded not shade ynough,
To darken them) he walkes with often stops,
Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.
And when he heard me comming, for his eares
Were quicker watches then his eyes, it seem'd;
Hee suddenly lookes vp, staies suddenly,
And with a brow that told how much the sight
Of any interrupter troubled him,
Beheld me, without speaking any word,
As if expecting what I had to say.
I finding him in this confus'd dismay,
Who heretofore had seene him otherwise:
I must confesse, (for tell you all I must,)
A trembling passion ouerwhelmd my breast,
So that I likewise stood confus'd and dumbe,
And onely lookt on him, as he on me.
In this strange posture like two statues we

Remaind

Remaind a while; but with this difference ſet:
He bluſht, and I look'd pale; my face did ſhew
Ioy to ſee him, his trouble to be ſeene.
At length bethinking me for what I came,
What part I had to act, I rowzd my ſpirits;
And ſet my ſelfe to ſpeake; although I wiſht
He would haue firſt begun; and yet before
A word would iſſue, twiſe I bowd my knee,
Twice kiſt my hand; my action ſo much was
More ready then my tongue: at laſt I told
Whoſe meſſenger I was, and how I came
To intimate the ſadde diſtreſſed caſe
Of an afflicted Nymph, whoſe onely helpe
Remaind in him: he when he heard the name
Of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and ſhrinkes,
As if he grieued that you ſhould grieue for him.
Clo. No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,
Which he deſpiſes, is he ſo peruers
And wayward ſtill? ah then I ſee no hope.
Clarindo, would to God thou hadſt not gone,
I could be, but as now, I am vndone.
Cla. Haue patience Miſtres, and but heare the reſt.
When I perceiu'd his ſuffrings, with the touch
And ſodaine ſtop it gaue him, preſently
I layd on all the waights that motion might
Procure, and him beſought, adiur'd, invok'd,
By all the rights of Nature, pietie,
And manlines, to heare my meſſage out.
Told him how much the matter did import
Your ſafety and his fame. How he was bound
In all humanity to right the ſame.
Clo. That vvas vvell done my boy, vvhat ſaid he then?
Cla. Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue,
To heare me, vvhen I faild not to relate
All vvhat I had in charge; and all he heares,

And

And lookes directly on me all the vvhile.
Clo. I doubt he noted thee more then thy vvords,
But now *Clarindo*, vvhat vvas his reply?
Cla. Thus. Tell faire *Cloris*, my good boy, how that
I am not ſo diſnatured a man,
Or ſo ill borne, to diſeſteeme her loue,
Or not to grieue, (as I protect I doe)
That ſhe ſhould ſo afflict her ſelfe for mee.
But. *Clo.* Ah now comes that bitter vword of But
Which makes all nothing, that vvas ſaid before.
That ſmooths and vvounds, that ſtroakes and daſhes more
Then flat denyals, or a plaine diſgrace.
But tell me yet vvhat followed on that *But*?
Cla. Tell her (ſaid hee) that I deſire ſhee would
Redeeme her ſelfe at any price ſhee could,
And neuer let her thinke on mee, vvho am
But euen the barke, and outſide of a man,
That trades not vvith the liuing, neither can
Nor euer vvill keepe other company.
Then vvith the dead. My *Siluias* memory
Is all that I muſt euer liue vvithall.
With that his teares, vvhich likewiſe forced mine,
Set me againe vpon another racke
Of paſſion ſo, that of my ſelfe I ſought
To comfort him the beſt I could deuiſe.
And I beſought him that it vvould not be
Tranſported thus. But know that vvith the dead
He ſhould no more conuerſe: and how his loue
Was liuing, that vvould giue him all content,
And vvas all his intire, and pure, and vviſht
To liue no longer then ſhee ſhould be ſo.
When more I vvould haue ſaid, he ſhooke his head
And vvild me ſpeake no further at that time,
But leaue him to himſelfe, and to returne
Againe anone, and he vvould tell me more;
Commending me for hauing done the part

Both

Both of a true and mouing messenger.
And so I tooke my leaue, and came my vvay.
Clo. Returne againe? no, to what end,
If hee be conceited, and so fond
To entertaine a shadow; I haue done,
And vvish, that I had neuer done so much.
Shall I descend below my selfe, to send
To one is not himselfe? Let him alone
With his dead Image: you shall goe no more.
Haue I here fram'd vvith all the art I could
This Garland deckt vvith all the various flowres,
Arcadia yeeld, in hope hee vvould send backe
Some comfort, that I might therwith haue crown'd
His loue, and vvitness'd mine, in thendles round
Of this faire ring, the Character of faith?
But now he shall haue none of it, I rather vvill
Rend it in peeces, and dishatter all
Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.
But yet thou saist hee vvild thee to returne,
And he vvould tell thee more.
Cla. Yes so hee saide.
Clo. Perhaps thy vvords might yet so vvorke vvith him
As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,
And then I should doe vvrong to keepe thee backe.
Well thou shalt goe, and carry him from mee
This Garland, vvorke it vvhat effect it vvill.
But yet I know it vvill doe nothing. Stay
Thou shalt not goe, for sure hee said but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his idolatrie, in vvorshipping,
A nothing, but his selfe made images.
But yet he may be vvearied with those thoughts
As hauing worne them long, and end they must:
And this my message comming in fit time,
And moouingly deliuered, may take hold:
He said thou wert a moouing messenger.

Clarindo,

Clarindo, did he not?

Cla. Yes so he sayd.

Clo. Well, thou shalt goe; and yet if any thought
Of me should moue him, he knowes well my minde
(If not too well,) and where he may me finde.
Thou shalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I
Disgrace me more with importunity:
And yet if such a motion should take fire,
And finde no matter ready, it would out,
And opportunities must not be slackt
Clarindo, thou shalt go, and as thou goest,
Looke to my flocke, and so God speed thee well.

SCEN. V.

Clarindo, alias Siluia solus.

VVEll, this imployment makes for my auaile,
For hereby haue I meanes to see my loue;
Who likewise sees me, though he sees me not;
Nor do I see him as I would I did.
But I must by some meanes or other make
Him know I liue; and yet not so as he
May know that I am I, for feare we might
Miscary in our ioyes by ouer haste.
But it is more then time his suffrings were
Releeu'd in some close sort; and that can I deuise
No way to doe, but by relating how
I heard of an escape a nymph did make
From pirats lately, and was safe return'd.
And so to tell some story that containes
Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;
And wish him to expect the like euent;
For I perceiue him very well content
To heare me speake; and sure he hath some note,
Although so darkly drawne, as that his eyes

Cannot expresly reade it; yet it showes
Him something, which he rather feeles, then knowes.

The song of the second Chorus.

Desire that is of things vngot,
See what trauaile it procureth,
And how much the minde endureth,
To gaine what yet it gaineth not:
For neuer was it paid,
The charge defraide,
According to the price of thought.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charinus, the father of *Thirsis*. *Palamon.*

PAlamon, you me thinkes might something worke
With *Thirsis* my aggrieued sonne, and sound
His humour what it is: and why he thus
Afflicts himselfe in solitarinesse.
You two were wont to be most inward friends,
And glad I was to see it; knowing you
To be a man well tempred, fit to sort
With his raw youth; can you do nothing now,
To win him from this vile captiuity
Of passion, that withholdes him from the world?
Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oftentimes,
As one that suffred for his grieuances,
Assayd to finde a way into the cause
Of his so strange dismay; and by all meanes
Aduis'd him make redemption of himselfe,
And come to life againe, and be a man
With men: but all serues not. I finde him lockt
Fast to his will, alleadge I what I can.
Char. But will he not impart to you the cause?

Pal.

Pal. The cause is loue; but it is such a loue,
As is not to be had. *Cha.* Not to be had?
Palæmon, if his loue be regular,
Is there in all *Arcadia* any she,
Whom his ability, his shape, and worth
May not attaine, he being my onely sonne?
Pal. She is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,
Nor in the world, and yet he deerely loues.
Cha. How may that be, *Palæmon?* tell me plaine.
Pal. Thus plainly; he's in loue with a dead woman
And that so farre, as with the thought of her
Which hath shut out all other, he alone
Liues, and abhorres to be, or seene, or knowne,
Cha. What was this creature could possesse him so?
Pal. Faire *Silnia*, old *Medorus* daughter, who
Was two yeares past reported to be slaine
By sauage beasts vpon our Country shore.
Cha. Is that his griefe? alas, I rather thought
It appertain'd vnto anothers part
To wayle her death: *Alexis* should doe that
To whom her father had disposed her,
And she esteemed onely to be his.
Why should my sonne afflict him more for her,
Then doth *Alexis*, who this day doth wed
Faire *Galatea*, and forgets the dead?
And here the shepheards come to celebrate
His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment,
Which doth increase my cares, considering
The comforts other parents do receiue:
And therefore good *Palæmon* worke all meanes
You can to win him from his peeuish will,
And draw him to these shewes, to companies,
That others pleasures may inkindle his,
And tell him what a sinne he doth commit,
To waste his youth in solitarinesse,
And take a course to end vs all in him.

Pal. Assure your selfe *Charinus*, as I haue
So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,
To saue him; for me thinkes it pitty were,
So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,
That ought to be preserued at my cost.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Charinus. Medorus.

M*Edorus* come, we two must sit, and mourne
Whilst others reuell: We are not for sports,
Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more
Our miseries, in being both depriu'd,
The comforts of our issue, which might haue
(And was as like to haue) made our hearts
As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

Med. Indeed *Charinus*, I for my part haue
Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,
For they should haue beene mine. This day I should
Haue seene my daughter *Siluia* how she would
Haue womand it; these rites had beene her grace,
And she had sat in *Galateas* place.
And now had warm'd my heart to see my blood
Preseru'd in her; had she not beene so rapt
And rent from off rhe liuing as she was.
But your case is not pararell with mine,
You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,
And may one day to you like comforts giue.

Cha. Indeed I haue a sonne; but yet to say he liues,
I cannot; for who liues not to the world,
Nor to himselfe, cannot be sayd to liue:
For euer since that you your daughter lost;
I lost my sonne: for from that day he hath
Imbrak'd in shades and solitarinesse,
Shut himselfe vp from light or company

Of

Of any liuing :and as now I heard,
By good *Palæmon*, vowes ſtill ſo to doe.
Med. And did your ſonne, my daughter loue ſo deare?
Now good *Charinus*, I muſt grieue the more,
If more my heart could ſuffer then it doth;
For now I feele the horrour of my deede,
In hauing croſt the worthieſt match on earth.
Now I perceiue why *Siluia* did refuſe
To marry with *Alexis*, hauing made
A worthier choice; which oh had I had grace
To haue foreſeene, perhaps this diſmall chance
Neuer had beene, and now they both had had
Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.
But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large
And ſpacious ſheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine,
Whereof *Alexis* was poſſeſt, made me,
As worldlings doe, deſire to marry grounds,
And not affections, which haue other bounds.
How oft haue I with threats, with promiſes,
With all perſwaſions, ſought to win her minde
To fancy him, yet all would not preuaile?
How oft hath ſhe againe vpon her knees
With teares beſought me; Oh deare father mine
Doe not inforce me to accept a man
I cannot fancy: rather take from me,
The life you gaue me, then afflict it ſo.
Yet all this would not alter mine intent,
This was the man ſhe muſt affect or none.
But ah what ſinne was this to torture ſo
A heart forevow'd vnto a better choice,
Where goodneſſe met in one the ſelfe ſame point,
And vertues anſwer'd in an equall ioynt?
Sure, ſure, *Charinus*, for this ſinne of mine
The gods bereaft me of my child, and would
Not haueher be, to be without her heart,
Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus we ſee mans wretchedneſſe
That learnes this errours but by their ſucceſſe,
And when there is no remedie; and now
VVe can but wiſh it had beene otherwiſe.
Med. And in that wiſh *Charinus* we are rackt;
But I remember now I often haue
Had ſhadowes in my ſleepe that figures bare
Of ſome ſuch liking twixt your childe and mine.
And this laſt night a pleaſing dreame I had
(Though dreames of ioy makes wakers minds more ſad)
Me thought my daughter *Siluia* was return'd
In moſt ſtrange faſhion, and vpon her knees
Craues my good will for *Thirſis*, otherwiſe
She would be gone againe and ſeene no more.
I at the ſight of my deare childe, was rapt
VVith that exceſſe of ioy, as gaue no time
Either for me to anſwere her requeſt,
Or leaue for ſleepe to figure out the reſt,
Cha. Alas *Medorus*, dreames are vapours, which
Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night
And vaniſh with the morning; are but made
Afflictions vnto man, to th'end he might
Not reſt in reſt, but toile both day and night.
But ſee here comes my ſolitarie ſonne:
Let vs ſtand cloſe *Modorus* out of ſight,
And note how he behaues himſelfe in this
Affliction, and diſtreſſed, caſe of his.

SCEN. III.

Thirſis ſolus.

THis is the day, the day, the lamentable day
Of my deſtruction, which the Sun hath twice
Returnd vnto my griefe, which keepe one courſe
Continually with it in motion like.

But

But that they neuer ſet: this day doth claime
Th'eſpeciall tribute of my ſighes and teares,
Though euery day I duely pay my teares
Vnto that ſoule which this day left the world.
And yet I know not why? me thoughts the Sun
Aroſe this day with farre more cheerefull raies
With brighter beames, then vſually it did
As if it would bring ſomething of releaſe
Vnto my cares, or elſe my ſpirit hath had
Some manner of intelligence with hope
Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet:
And that might cauſe mine eie with quicker-ſence,
To note th'appearing of the eie of heauen;
But ſomething ſure I feele which doth beare vp
The weight of ſorrow eaſier then before.

SCEN. IV.

Palamon. Thirſis.

VVHat *Thirſis* ſtill in paſſion? ſtill one man?
For ſhame ſhew not your ſelfe ſo weakely ſet,
So feebly ioynted that you cannot beare
The fortunes of the world like other men.
Beleeue me *Thirſis* you much wrong your worth:
This is to be no man, to haue no powers.
Paſſions are womens parts, actions ours.
I was in hope t'haue found you otherwiſe.
Thir. How? otherwiſe *Palamon?* do not you
Hold it to be a moſt heroicke thing
To act one man, and do that part exact?
Can there be in the world more worthineſſe
Then to be conſtant? is there any thing
Shewes more a man? What, would you haue me change?
That were to haue me baſe, that were indeed
To ſhew a feeble heart, and weakely ſet.

No no *Palæmon*, I ſhould thinke my ſelfe
The moſt vnworthy man of men, ſhould I
But let a thought into this heart of mine
That might diſturbe or ſhake my conſtancy.
And thinke *Palæmon* I haue combates too,
To be the man I am, being built of fleſh,
And hauing round about me traytors too
That ſeeke to vndermine my powres, and ſteale
Into my weakeneſſes, but that I keepe
Continuall watch and ward vpon my ſelfe,
Leaſt I ſhould be ſurpriz'd at vnawares
And taken from my vowes with other ſnares.
And euen now at this inſtant I confeſſe,
Palæmon, I doe feele a certaine touch
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine;
Leaſt it ſhould be ſome ſpie, ſent as a traine
To make diſcouery of what ſtrength I am.
Pal. Ah worthy *Thirſis*, entertaine that ſpirit
What euer elſe thou doe: ſet all the doores
Of thine affections open thereunto.
Thir. *Palæmon* no. Comfort and I haue beene
So long time ſtrangers, as that now I feare
To let it in, I know not how t' acquaint
My ſelfe therewith, being vſed to conuerſe
With other humours, that affect me beſt.
Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company
VVhereto I muſt of force my ſelfe apply.
Pal. But *Thirſis* thinke that this muſt haue an end,
And more it would approoue your worth to make
The ſame your worke, then time ſhould make it his.
Thir. End ſure it muſt *Palæmon*, but with me:
For ſo I by the Oracle was told
That very day wherein I loſt the day
And light of comfort that can neuer riſe
Againe to me: when I the ſaddeſt man
That euer breath'd before thoſe Altars fell,

And

And there besought to know what was become
Of my deare *Siluia*, whether dead, or how
Reaft from the world: but that I could not learne.
Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:
Goe youth, reserue thy selfe, the day will come
Thou shalt be happy, and returne againe.
But when shall be the day demanded I,
The day thou dyest, replide the Oracle.
So that you see, it will not be in these
But in th'Elizian fields, where I shall ioy,
The day of death must bring me happinesse.
Pal. You may mistake the meaning of those words
Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.
Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not
Vnto your friends desires: reserue your selfe
For better dayes, and thinke the Oracle
Is not vntrue, although not vnderstood.
But howsoeuer, let it not be said
That *Thirsis* being a man of so rare parts,
So vnderstanding and discreete, should pine in loue
And languish for a silly woman thus:
To be the fable of the vulgar, made
A scorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.
Thir. In loue *Palæmon*? know you what you say?
Doe you esteeme it light to be in loue?
How haue I beene mistaken in the choice
Of such a friend, as I held you to be,
That seemes not, or else doth not vnderstand
The noblest portion of humanity,
The worthiest peece of nature set in man?
Ah know that when you mention loue, you name
A sacred mistery, a Deity,
Not vnderstood of creatures built of mudde,
But of the purest and refined clay
Whereto th'eternall fires their spirits conuey.
And for a woman, which you prize so low,

Like

Like men that doe forget whence they are men;
Know her to be th'especiall creatue, made
By the Creator of the complement
Of this great Architect the world; to hold
The same together, which would otherwise
Fall all asunder: and is natures chiefe
Vicegerent vpon earth-supplies her state.
And doe you hold it weakenesse then to loue?
And loue so excellent a miracle
As is a woman, ah then let mee
Still be so weake, still let me loue and pine!
In contemplation of that cleane, cleare soule,
That made mine see that nothing in the world
Is so supreamely beautifull as it.
Thinke not it was those colours white and red
Laid but on flesh, that could affect me so.
But something else, which thought holds vnder locke
And hath no key of words to open it.
They are the smallest peeces of the minde
That passe this narrow organ of the voyce.
The great remaine behinde in that vast orbe
Of th'apprehension, and are neuer borne.
And therefore if your iudge cannot reach
Vnto the vnderstanding of my Case,
You doe not well to put your selfe into
My Iury, to condemne me as you doe.
Let th'ignorant out of their dulnesse laugh
At these my sufferings, I will pitty them
To haue beene so ill borne, so miscompos'd
As not to know vvhat thing it is to loue.
And I to great *Apollo* here appeale
The soueraigne of the Muses, and of all
Well tun'd affections, and to *Cinthia* bright,
And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulnesse;
Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames
Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts

Of

Of all the world, to ſee their mutuall loues;
They can iudge what worthineſſe there is
In worthy loue. Therefore *Palæmon* peace,
Vnleſſe you did know better what it were.
And this be ſure, when as that fire goes out
In man, he is the miſerableſt thing
On earth, his day-light ſets, and is all darke
And dull within; no motions of delight,
But all oppreſt, lies ſtruggling with the weight
Of worldly cares: and this olde *Damon* ſaies,
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.
Pal. Well *Thirſis*, well, how euer you do guilde
Your paſſions, to indeere them to your ſelfe,
You neuer ſhall induce me to beleeue,
That ſicknesses can be of ſuch effect.
And ſo farewell, vntill you ſhall be well.

SCEN. V.

Medorus. Carinus.

O Gods, *Carinus*, what a man is this?
Who euer heard of ſuch a conſtancy?
Had I but knowne him in enioying him,
As now I doe, too late in looſing him,
How bleſt had beene mine age? but ah I was
Vnworthy of ſo great a bleſſedneſſe.
Cha. You ſee, *Medorus*, how no counſell can
Preuaile to turne the current of his his will,
To make it run in any other courſe
Then what it doth; ſo that I ſee it muſt
Eſteeme him irreuocably loſt.
But harke, the ſhepheards feſtiuals begin,
Let vs from hence, where ſadneſſe were a ſin.

Here

Here was presented a rurall marriage, conducted with this Song

From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord vnto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead:
Wishing Hymen *to affoord*
All the pleasures that he can,
Twixt a woman and a man.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Thirsis Solus.

I Thought these simple woods, these gentle trees
Would, in regard I am their daily guest,
And harbour vnderneath their shady roofes,
Nor haue consented to delude my griefes;
And mocke my miseries with false reports:
But now I see they will afflict me too.
For as I came by yonder spreading Beech
Which often hath the Secretary beene
To my sad thoughts, while I haue rested me
(If loue had euer rest) vnder his gentle shade,
I found incaru'd, and faire incaru'd, these words:
Thy Siluia, Thirsis, *liues; and is return'd.*
Ah me, that any hand would thus adde scorne
Vnto affliction; and a hand so faire
As this may seeme to be; which were more fit,
Me thinkes, for good, then to doe injurie;
For sure no vertue should be ill imploy'd.
And which is more; the name of *Siluia* was
Caru'd in in the selfe same kind of Character
Which she aliue did vse, and wherewithall
Subscrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it best;
Which shewes the fraud the more, and more the wrong.

Therefore

Therefore you Stars of that high Court of Heauen,
Which doe reueale deceits, and punish them,
Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand
To couzin my desires, escape the doome.
Nor let these riots of intrusion, made
Vpon my lownesse, by strange company
Afflict me thus, but let me haue some rest.
Come then, refresher of all liuing things,
Soft sleepe, come gently, and take truce with these
Oppressours, but come simple and alone.
Without these Images of fantasie,
Which hurt me more then thou canst do me good:
Let me not sleepe, vnlesse I could sleepe all.

SCEN. III.

Palamon. Thirsis.

ALas, he here hath laid him downe to rest,
It were now sinne his quiet to molest;
And God forbid I should; I will retire
And leaue him, for I know his griefes require
This poore relieuement of a little sleepe.
Thir. What spirit here haunts me? what no time free?
Ah, is it you *Palamon*? would to God
You would forbeare me but a little while:
You shew your care of me too, much in this
Vnseasonable loue, skarce kindnesse is.
Pal. Good *Thirsis*, I am sorry I should giue
The least occasion of disease to you;
I will be gone and leaue you to your rest.
Thir. Doe good *Palamon*, go your way, farewell;
And yet *Palamon* stay, perhaps you may
By charmes you haue, cause sleepe to close mine eyes;
For you were wont, I doe remember well,
To sing me Sonnets, which in passion I

Composed

Composed in my happier dayes, when as
Her beames inflam'd my spirits, which now are set.
And if you can remember it, I pray
Sing me the song, which thus begins: Eyes hide my loue,
Which I did write vpon the earnest charge
Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

Eyes hide my loue, and doe not shew
To any but to her my notes,
Who onely doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we passe our secret thoughts:
Belie your lookes in others sight;
And wrong your selues to doe her right.

Pal. So now hee sleepes, or else doth seeme to sleepe;
But howsoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

Clarindo. Thirsis.

SEe where he lies, whom I so long to see;
Ah my deare *Thirsis*, take thy quiet rest,
I know thou needst it, sleepe thy fill, sweet loue
Let nothing trouble thee; be calme oh Windes,
Be still you heards, chirp not so loud sweet birds,
Lest you should wake my loue: thou gentle banke
That thus are blest to beare so deare a weight,
Be soft vnto those dainty lymmes of his,
Plie tender grasse, and render sweet refresh
Vnto his weary senses, whilst he rests.
Oh could I now but put of this disguise,
With those respects that fetter my desire
How closely would I neighbour that sweet side?

But ſtay, he ſtirres; I feare my heart hath brought
My feete too neare, and I haue wakened him.
Thir. It will not be, ſleepe is no friend of mine,
Or ſuch a friend, as leaues a man, vvhen moſt
He needes him. See a new aſſault: vvho now:
Ah tis the boy that vvere vvith me erewhiles,
That gentle boy; I am content to ſpeake
With him, he ſpeakes ſo pretily, ſo ſweet,
And vvith ſo good reſpectiue modeſty:
And much reſembles one I knew once vvell:
Come hither gentle boy, vvhat haſt thou there?
Cla. A token ſent you from the Nymph I ſerue.
Thi. Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy head.
Cla. The gods forbid, that I, a ſeruant, ſhould
Weare on my head, that vvhich my Miſtreſſe hath
Prepar'd for yours: Sir, I beſeech you vrge
No more a thing ſo ill becomming me.
Thi. Nay ſure I thinke, it better vvill become
Thy head then mine; and therefore boy, thou muſt
Needes put it on.
Cla. I truſt your lowneſſe hath not ſo
Vnciuil'd you, to force a meſſenger
To doe againſt good manners, and his vvill.
Thi. No, good my boy, but I intreate thee now
Let me but put it on, hold ſtill thy head,
It ſhall not be thy act, but onely mine:
Let it alone good boy, for if thou ſaw'ſt
How vvell it did become thee, ſure thou vvouldſt.
Now, canſt thou ſing my boy ſome gentle ſong?
Cla. I cannot ſing, but I could vveepe.
Thi. Weepe, vvhy?
Cla. Becauſe I am not as I wiſh to be.
Thi. Why ſo are none, be not diſpleas'd for this;
And if you cannot ſing, tell me ſome tale
To paſſe the time.
Cla. That can I doe, did I but know what kinde

Of

Of tale you lik't.
Thi. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too ſad,
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.
Cla. Then ſuch a tale I haue, and a true tale,
Beleeue me Sir, although not written yet
In any booke, but ſure it will, I know
Some gentle ſhepheard, moou'd with paſſion, muſt
Record it to the vworld, and vvell it vvill
Become the vworld to vnderſtand the ſame.
And this it is: There vvas ſometimes a Nymph,
Iſulia nam'd, and an *Ardadian* borne;
Faire can I not auouch ſhee vvas, but chaſt,
And honeſt ſure, as the euen vvill prooue;
Whoſe mother dying, left her very young
Vnto her fathers charge, vvho carefully
Did breed her vp, vntill ſhee came to yeares
Of vvomanhood, and then prouides a match
Both rich, and young, and fit enough for her.
But ſhee, vvho to another ſhepheard had
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one
Her heart eſteem'd more vvorthy of her loue,
Could not by all her fathers meanes be vvrought
To leaue her choice; and to forget her vow.
Thi. No more could my deare *Siluia* be from me.
Cla. Which cauſed much affliction to them both,
Thi. And ſo the ſelfe ſame cauſe did vnto vs.
Cla. This Nymph one day, ſurcharg'd vvith loue & griefe,
Which commonly (the more the pitty) dwell
As Inmates both together, vvalking forth
With other Maydes to fiſh vpon the ſhoare;
Eſtrayes apart, and leaues her company;
To entertaine her ſelfe vvith her owne thoughts:
And vvanders on ſo farre, and out of ſight,
As ſhee at length vvas ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By Pyrats, vvho lay lurking vnderneath
Thoſe hollow rocks, expecting there ſome prize.
And

And notwithſtanding all her pitious cryes,
Intreaty, teares, and prayers, thoſe fierce men
Rent haire, and vaile, and carried her by force
Into their ſhip, vvhich in a little Creeke
Hard by, at Anckor lay, and preſently hoys'd ſaile,
And ſo away. *Thi.* Rent haire and vaile? and ſo
Both haire and vaile of *Silnia*, I found rent,
Which heere I keepe with mee. But now alas
What did ſhee? what became of her my boy?
Cla. When ſhee was thus inſhipp'd, and woefully
Had caſt her eyes about to view that hell
Of horrour, whereunto ſhee was ſo ſuddenly
Implung'd, ſhee ſpies a woman ſitting with a child
Sucking her breaſt, which was the Captaines wife.
To her ſhee creepes, downe at her feet ſhee lyes;
O woman, if that name of woman may
Moue you to pitty, pitty a poore maid,
The moſt diſtreſſed ſoule that euer breath'd.
And ſaue me from the hands of theſe fierce men,
Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,
Deare woman now: and I will be to you
The faithfull'ſt ſlaue that euer Miſtreſſe ſeru'd;
Neuer poore ſoule ſhall be more dutifull,
To doe what euer you command, then I.
No toile will I refuſe; ſo that I may
Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,
Which is all I will euer ſeeke. For know
It is not feare of death layes me thus low,
But of that ſtaine will make my death to bluſh.
Thi. What would not all this moue a womans heart?
Cla. All this would nothing moue the womans heart,
Whom yet ſhee would not leaue, but ſtill beſought;
Oh woman, by that Infant at your breaſt,
And by the paines it coſt you in the birth,
Saue me, as euer you deſire to haue
Your babe to ioy and proſper in the world.

Which will the better prosper sure, if you
Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid.
Then kisses shee her feet, then kisses too
The Infants feet, and oh sweet babe (said shee)
Could'st thou but to thy mother speake for me,
And craue her to haue pitty on my case;
Thou might'st perhaps preuaile with her so much
Although I cannot; child, ah could'st thou speake.
The Infant, whether by her touching it
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weepe,
Lookes earnestly vpon her, and then lookes
Vpon the mother, then on her againe,
And then it cryes, and then on either lookes:
Which shee perceiuing, blessed child, said shee,
Although thou canst not speake, yet do'st thou cry
Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy child
Deare mother, it's for me it cryes,
It's all the speech it hath: accept those cryes,
Saue me at his request from being defilde;
Let pitty mooue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.
The woman, though by birth and custome rude,
Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee
But peircible, did feele at length the point
Of pitty, enter so, as out gusht teares
(Not vsuall to sterne eyes) and shee besought
Her husband to bestow on her that prize.
With safegard of her body at her will.
The Captaine seeing his wife, the childe, the nymph,
All crying to him in this pitious sort;
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
His wiues request, and seales his grant with teares;
And so they wept all foure for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eyes;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.
Thi. In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it
Mooues me likewise, thou doost so feelingly

Report

Report the ſame, as if thou hadſt beene by.
But I imagine now how this poore nymph
When ſhee receiu'd that doome, was comforted?
Cla. Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then
This graunt to her. For all her miſery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort ſhee receiu'd.
By being thus ſaued from impurity:
And from the womans feet ſhee would not part,
Nor truſt her hand to be without ſome hold
Of her, or of the child, ſo long as ſhee remain'd
Within the ſhip, which in few dayes arriues
At *Alexandria*, whence theſe Pirats were;
And there this woefull maide for two yeares ſpace
Did ſerue, and truly ſerue this Captaines wife,
Who would not looſe the benefit of her
Attendance for her profit otherwiſe.
But daring not in ſuch a place as that
To truſt her ſelfe in womans habite, crau'd
That ſhe might be appareld like a boy,
And ſo ſhee was, and as a boy ſhee ſeru'd.
Thi. And two yeares tis, ſince I my *Siluia* loſt.
Cla. At two yeares end, her Miſtreſſe ſends her forth
Vnto the Port for ſome commodities,
Which whilſt ſhee ſought for, going vp and down
Shee heard ſome Merchant men of *Corinth* talke,
Who ſpake that language the *Arcadians* did,
And were next neighbours of one continent.
To them all wrapt with paſſion, down ſhe kneeles,
Tels them ſhee was a poore diſtreſſed boy,
Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke
And made a ſlaue in *Egypt*, and beſought
Then, as the fathers were of children, or
Did hold their natiue countrey deare, they would
Take pitty on her, and relieue her youth
From that ſad ſeruitude wherein ſhee liu'd:

For vvhich ſhee hop'd that ſhee had friends aliue
vvould thanke them one day, and reward them too;
If not, yet that ſhee knew the Heauens vvould doe.
The Merchants moou'd vvith pitty of her caſe,
Being ready to depart, tooke her vvith them,
And landed her vpon her countrey coaſt.
Where vvhen ſhee found her ſelfe, ſhee proſtrate falls,
Kiſſes the ground, thankes giues vnto the gods,
Thankes them vvho had beene her deliuerers.

And on ſhee trudges through the deſart woods,
Climes ouer craggy rockes, and mountaines ſteepe,
Wades thorough riuers, ſtruggles thorough bogs,
Suſtained onely by the force of loue;
Vntill ſhee came vnto the natiue plaines,
Vnto the fields, vvhere firſt ſhee drew his breath.

There lifts ſhee vp her eyes, ſalutes the ayre,
Salutes the trees, the buſhes, flowres, and all:
And oh deare *Sirthis*, heere I am, ſaid ſhee,
Heere, notwithſtanding all my miſeries.
I am the ſame I was to thee; a pure,
A chaſt, and ſpotleſſe maide: oh that I may
Finde thee the man, thou didſt profeſſe to be.

Thi. Or elſe no man, for boy who truly loues,
Muſt euer ſo; that dye will neuer out:
And who but would loue truly ſuch a ſoule?

Cla. But now, the better to haue notice how
The ſtate of things then ſtood, and not in haſte
To caſt her ſelfe on new incumbrances,
Shee kept her habite ſtill, and put her ſelfe
To ſerue a nymph, of whom ſhee had made choice
Till time vvere fitting to reueale her ſelfe.

Thi. This may be *Siluias* caſe; this may be ſhee;
But it is not: let mee conſider vvell:
The teller, and the circumſtance agree.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Montanus. Thirsis. Chorus.

AH sirrha, haue I found you? are you heere
You princock boy? & with your garland on?
Doth this attire become your peeuish head?
Come, I must teach you better manners, boy.
He stabs Clarindo, *and rashes off his garland.*
So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and heere
I bring the Trophey to confirme the same.
Thi. Ah monster man, vile wretch, what hast thou done?
Alas, in what a strait am I ingaged heere?
If I pursue reuenge, I leaue to saue.
Helpe, helpe, you gentle swaines, if any now be neare,
Helpe, helpe: ah harke, euen Eccho helpes me cry helpe.
Cho. What meanes this outcry? sure some sauage beast
Disturbs our heards, or else some Wolfe hath seaz'd
Vpon a Lambe. *Thi.* A worse thing then a Wolfe,
More bloody then a beast, hath murthered here
A gentler creature then a Lambe: therefore
Good swaines pursue, pursue the homicide.
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath stabd
This silly creature heere, at vnawares.
Cho. Montanus? why, we met him but euen now,
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himselfe;
We will attach that villaine presently:
Come sirs, make haste, and let vs after him.

SCEN. IIII.

Palæmon, Thirsis.

ALas, what accident is here falne out?
My deare friend *Thirsis*, how comes this to passe?
Thi. That monster man *Montanus*, heere hath stab'd

A harmlesse youth, in message sent to me.
Now good *Palamon* helpe me hold him vp,
And see if that we can recouer him.
Pal. It may be *Thirsis*, more his feare then hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will haste and send
For *Lamia*, who with oyntments, oyles and herbes
If any helpe remaine, will helpe him sure.
Thi. Do good *Palamon*, make what hast you may
Seeke out for helpe, and be not long away.
Alas sweet boy, that thou should'st euer haue
So hard misfortune, comming vnto me,
And end thy tale with this sad tragedy;
That tale which well resembled *Siluias* case,
Which thou resemblest; for such browes had she.
Such a proportion'd face, and such a necke.
What haue we here, the mole of *Siluia* too?
What and her breasts? what? and her haire? what all?
All *Siluia*? yes, all *Siluia*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd againe to me?
Art thou thy selfe, that strange deliuered nymph?
And didst thou come to tell me thine escape
From death to die before me? had I not
Enough to doe, to wayle reported harmes
But thou must come to bleed within my armes?
Was not one death sufficient for my griefes
But that thou must die twice? why thou wert dead
To me before. Why? must thou dye againe?
Ah, better had it beene still to be lost
Then thus to haue beene found; yet better found
Though thus, then so lost as was thought before.
For howsoeuer, now I haue thee yet
Though in the saddest fashion that may be.
Yet *Siluia* now I haue thee, and will I
No more for euer part with thee againe:
And we this benefit shall haue thereby
Though fate would not permit vs both to haue

One

One bed, yet *Siluia* we ſhall haue one graue.
And that is ſomething, and much more then I
Expected euer could haue come to paſſe.
And ſure the gods but onely ſent thee thus
To fetch me; and to take me hence with thee;
And *Siluia* ſo thou ſhalt. I ready am
T'accompany thy ſoule, and that with ſpeed.
The ſtrings I feele, are all diſſolu'd, that hold
This woefull heart, reſeru'd it ſeemes for this,
And well reſeru'd, for this ſo deare an end.

SCEN. V.

Cloris. Palæmon.

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound
Faſt to an Oake, as rugged as himſelfe.
And there he ſtares and gapes in th'ayre, and raues
Like a wilde beaſt that's taken in the toyle:
And ſo he ſhall remaine, till time we ſee
What will become of this his ſauage act.
Cheere *Thirſis*, *Lamia* will come preſently
And bring the beſt preſeruatiues ſhe hath.
What now? Who lyes diſcouered heere? Ay me,
A woman dead? Is this that boy transform'd?
Why, this is *Siluia*. O good *Thirſis* how
Comes this to paſſe? Friend *Thirſis*, *Thirſis* ſpeake.
Good *Thirſis* tell me. Out alas he ſownes,
As well as ſhe, and both ſeeme gone alike.
Come gentle heardſmen, come and carry them
To yonder ſheepe-cote quickly, that we may
(If poſſible) recouer them againe.
If not performe thoſe rites that appertaine
Vnto ſo rare a couple. Come my friends, make haſt.

The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. *Were euer chast and honest hearts*
Expos'd vnto so great distresses?
Ans. *Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,*
Most commonly haue worst successes.
Great fortunes follow not the best,
It's vertue that is most distrest.

Then fortune why doe we admire
The glory of thy great excesses?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy worke and not their worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their good:
But t'haue their illes more vnderstood.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Chorus. Palamon.

DId euer yet *Arcadia* heare before
Of two so worthy louers, as we find
Thirsis and *Siluia* were? or euer had
Cleare truth, and simple constant honesty,
So lamentable an euent as this?
But heere comes foorth *Palamon*, we shall now
Learne all of him, what hath beene done within.
Pal. Goe *Pollio*, summon all th' *Arcadia* youth
Heere, round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all delights they can
This ioyfull houre, that hath restor'd to vs
The worthiest paire of hearts that euer were.
Will them to shew the height of musiques art,
And all the straines of cunning they can shew:
That we may make these rockes and hilles about,

Ring

Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.
And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged parents of this worthy paire,
To come with speed, whose ioy, good soules, wil be
More then their speed; and yet their speed I know,
Will be beyond th'allowance of their yeares,
When they shall vnderstand this happy newes.
And summon likewise all the traine of nymphes
That glorifie our plaines, and all that can
Giue honour to this day.
Goe *Pollio* hast away, and as you go
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude sauage swaine:
And though he be vnworthy to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath beene in his dayes
Held a good fellow, howsoeuer now
His rage and loue transported him in this.
Cho. Palamon, we are glad to see you thus
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes.
Pal. Good newes my friends, and I will tell it you,
Siluia and *Thirsis* being to my cottage brought,
The skilfull *Lamia* comes and searcht the wound
Which *Siluia* had receiu'd of this rude swaine,
And finding it not deadly, she applide
Those remedies she knew of best effect.
And binds it vp, and powres into her mouth
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the spirits:
And so much wrought, as she at length perceiu'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay oppreſt.
With like endeauours we on *Thirsis* worke,
And ministred like Cordials vnto him:
At length we might heare *Siluia* fetch a groane,
And therewithall *Thirsis* perceiu'd to moue,
Then *Thirsis* fet a groane, and *Siluia* mou'd
As if their liues were made both of one peece.
Whereat we ioyd, and then remou'd and set
Each before other and held vp their heads,

And

And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and ſtroak'd their cheekes:
Wherewith firſt *Siluia* caſt vp her dimme eyes,
And preſently did *Thirſis* lift vp his.
And then againe they both together ſigh'd,
And each on other fixt an vnſeeing eye:
For yet t'was ſcarſe the twylight of their new
Returning day, out of the night of death.
And though they ſaw, they did not yet perceiue
Each other, and yet both turn'd to one point
As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.
At length we might perceiue, as life began
T'appeare; and make the morning in their eyes,
Their beames were cleerer, and their opener lookes
Did ſhew as if they tooke ſome little note
Of each the other: yet not ſo as they
Could thorowly diſcerne who themſelues were.
And then we tooke and ioyn'd their hands in one
And held them ſo a while, vntill we ſealt
How euen each others touch, the motion gaue
Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung
Their hands together, and ſo held them lockt,
Lookt ſtill vpon each other, but no words at all.
Then we call'd out to *Thirſis Thirſis* looke,
It is thy *Siluia* thou here holdſt, ſhe is
Return'd, reuiu'd and ſafe. *Siluia*, behold thou haſt
Thy *Thirſis*, and ſhalt euer haue him thine.
Then did we ſet them both vpon their feete
And there they ſtood in act, euen as before
Looking vpon each other, hand in hand:
At laſt we ſaw a bluſhing red appeare
In both their cheekes, which ſenſe ſent as a lampe
To light their vnderſtanding. And forthwith
The teares guſht forth their eyes, which hindred them
A while from ſeeing each other, till they had
Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd
From out a fearefull dreame, they ſtand and doubt
Whether

Whether they were awake indeed, or elſe
Still in a dreame, diſtruſting their owne eyes.
Their long indured miſeries, would not
Let them beleeue their ſudden happineſſe,
Although they ſaw it: till with much adoe
They had confirm'd their credit, and had kiſt
Each other and imbrac'd, and kiſt againe,
And yet ſtill dumbe: their ioy now ſeem'd to be
Too buſie with their thoughts, t'allow them words.
And then they walkt a little, then ſtood ſtill,
Then walkt againe, and ſtill held other faſt
As if they fear'd, they ſhould be loſt againe.
And when at laſt they ſpake, it was but thus,
O *Silnia*, and O *Thirſis*, and there ſtopt.
We, leſt our ſight and preſence (being there
So many) hinder might the paſſage of
Their modeſt, ſimple, and vnpractis'd loue,
Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left
Whoſe ſpirit, and that ſufficient skill ſhe hath
Will ſerue no doubt, to ſee they ſhall doe well.
Cho. Well may they do deere couple, who haue thus
Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulneſſe.

SCEN. II.

Phillis. Lidia. Cloris.

VVHat ſhall we now do *Lidia?* now am I
Vtterly ſham'd: this youth turn'd woman is.
Clarindo, *Siluia* is become; how now?
Can I for euer looke on her againe?
Or come in any company for ſhame?
Now muſt I needs be made a common ieaſt
And laughing ſtocke to euery one that ſhall
But heare how groſſely I behau'd my ſelfe.
Lid. Faith *Phillis* as it is falne out, your caſe

Is very crazy, and to make it whole
There is no way but euen to laugh it out,
And ſet as good a face, as you can doe
Vpon the matter, and ſay thus: How you
Knew well enough it was no man whom you
Affected ſo, who neuer could loue man
Nor euer would, and that by meere inſtinct
And ſimpathy of Sexe, you fancied him.
So put it off, and turne it to a ieaſt,
Phi. That ſhall I neuer do, but euer bluſh
Either, to thinke what ſhe will thinke of me,
Who did bewray my ſelfe ſo fooliſhly.
Lid. Are you here *Cloris*, you are bleſt to day
For being miſtres vnto ſuch a boy:
You may reioyce that euer this fell out.
Clo. Reioyce? ah *Lidia*, neuer was there nymph
Had more occaſion to be ſad then I,
For I am quite vndone and ſham'd hereby.
For I imploy'd this my ſuppoſed boy
In meſſage vnto *Thirſis*, whom I lou'd
I muſt confeſſe, more dearely then my life:
And told him all the ſecrets of my heart.
And therefore with what face can euer I
Looke vpon them that know thus much by me?
No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirſis* courſe:
Hide me for euer in theſe deſert woods,
And neuer come in company againe;
They ſhall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.
Lid. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I as you.
And howſoeuer felt my ſelfe within,
Yet would I ſeeme be otherwiſe without.
Cannot you ſay, that you knew well enough
How it was *Siluia* that you intertain'd,
Although you would not ſeeme to take ſuch note;
And thereupon imploy'd her in that ſort
To *Thirſis*, knowing who it was would giue

To

To him the greatest comfort vpon earth.
And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuse
These simple slips, and know that they shall still
Haue crosses with their piles, who thus do play
Their fortunes with their loues, as you two did
But you must frame your countenance thereto
And looke with other faces then your owne.
As many else do here, who in their parts
Set shining lookes vpon their cloudy hearts.
And let vs mixe vs with this company
That here appeares with mirth and iollity.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

Who euer saw so faire a sight,
Loue and vertue met aright:
And that wonder Constancy,
Like a Comet to the eye
Seldome euer seene so bright?
Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.

Looke Louers looke, with passion see.
If that any such there bee:
As there cannot but be such
Who doe feele that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

Vlysses *and the* Syren.

Syren

COme worthy Greeke *Vlysses* come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The Windes and Seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free
Here may we sit and view their toyle
That trauaile in the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Vlyss. Faire Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leaue such toiles as these.
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vlysses, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name,
Tis honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And rests on others fame.
Begotten onely to molest,
Our peace and to beguile.
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And giue vs vp to toyle.

Vlyss. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report.

Yet

Yet manlineſſe would ſcorne to weare,
The time in idle ſport,
For toyle doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy,
And eaſe findes tediouſnes as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syr. Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diuerſly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And eaſe may haue variety,
As well as action may.

Vlyſſ. But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe royles and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in eaſe,
And with the thought of actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaues a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cauſe,
That's out of cuſtome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes,
Then euer Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our ſports are without blood,
The world we ſee by warlike wights
Receiues more hurt then good.

Vlyſſ. But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of vnreſt:

And

And these great Spirits of high desire
Seeme borne to turne them best.
To purge the mischiefes that increase,
And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syr. Well, well *Vlysses* then I see,
I shall not haue thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there,
I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne,
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndone.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

A Paſtorall Trage-Comedie preſented *to her Maieſty and her* Ladies, by the Vniuerſity of Oxford *in Chriſts Church, in* Auguſt. 1605.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

The Names of the Actors.

Melibæus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergastus. }
Colax, a corrupted traueller.
Techne, a subtle wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. } the louers of *Cloris.*
Carinus. }
Cloris.
Palamon. } Iealous Louers.
Silvia. }
Mirtillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in loue with *Carinus.*
Daphne, abused by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quack-saluer.
Lineus, a Petty-fogger.
Montanus. the father of *Amyntas.*
Acrysius, the father of *Cloris.*

To

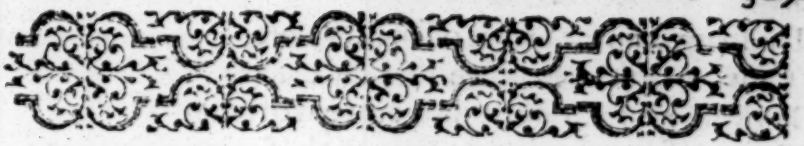
To the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

THat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent
To shew the best they could that might delight
Your royall minde did lately represent
Renown'd Empresse to your Princely sight:
Is now the offring of their humblenesse,
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to blesse
So poore presentments, and to grace the same:
And though it be in th'humblest ranke of words,
And in the lowest region of our speach,
Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords
With rurall passions which vse not to reach
Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred:
And best become a claustrall exercise,
Where men shut out retyr'd, and sequestred
From publike fashion, seeme to sympathize
With innocent, and plaine simplicity:
And liuing here vnder the awfull hand
Of discipline, and strict obseruancy,
Learne but our weakenesses to vnderstand,
And therefore dare not enterprize to show
In lowder stile the hidden mysteries,
And arts of Thrones, which none that are below
Tho Sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truely stew: though men may straine
Conceipt aboue the pitch where it should stand,
And forme more monstrous figures then containe
A possibility, and goe beyond.

The nature of thoſe managements ſo farre,
As oft their common decency they marre:
Whereby the populaſſe (in whom ſuch skill
Is needleſſe) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turne all to a taſt of ill
What euer power ſhall do, or might intend:
And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing ſimple, and ſincerely done:
Yet the eye of practiſe, looking downe from hie
Vpon ſuch ouer-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error t'error it doth flote,
As from an vnknowne Ocean into a Gulfe:
And how though th'Woolfe, would counterfeit the Goate;
Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.
And therefore in the view of ſtate t'haue ſhow'd
A counterfeit of ſtate had beene to light
A candle to the Sunne, and ſo beſtow'd
Our paines to bring our dimneſſe vnto light.
For maieſty and power, can nothing ſee
Without it ſelfe, that can ſight-worthy be.
And therefore durſt not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring;
Which if at their firſt opening they did pleaſe,
It was enough, they ſerue but for a ſpring,
The firſt ſent is the beſt in things as theſe:
A muſicke of this nature on the ground,
Is euer wont to vaniſh with the ſound.
But yet your royall goodneſſe may raiſe new,
Grace but the Muſes they will honour you.

Chi non fa, non falla.

The



THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

HOw is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Country, faire *Arcadia*, so much chang'd
From what it was, that was thou knowest of late,
The gentle region of plaine honesty,
The modest seat of vndisguised truth,
Inhabited with simple innocence
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

Mel. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuersall a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complaining of disloyalty,
Among'st your yonger Nymphes, nor euer found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either side.
We neuer had in any age before
So many spotlesse Nymphes, so much distain'd
VVith blacke report, and wrongfull infamy,
That few escape the tongue of malice free.

Erg. And me thinkes too, our very aire is chang'd,
Our wholesome climate growne more maladies

The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we may thinke so, then they did before)
The windes of Autumne, now are sayd to bring
More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring:
And all of vs feele new infirmities,
New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath either lost the nature, or we ours.
Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Montanus and *Acrysius* interstriue
How farre their seuerall Sheep-walkes should extend,
And cannot be agreed to what we can:
As if some vnderworking hand strake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And fostred their contention and their hate.
Erg. And me thinkes too, the beauty of our Nymphes
Is not the same as it was wont to be.
That Rosie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,
To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare:
Or else their shame doth make them alwayes blush
For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,
And eitheir Nature's false, or that vntrue.
Mel. Besides their various habits grow so strange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwayes differing from themselues so farre,
As if they skorn'd to be the same they are.
And all of vs are so transform'd, that we
Discerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre,
Our ancient Pastorall habits are despis'd,
And all is strange, hearts, clothes, and all disguis'd,
Erg. Indeed vnto our griefe we may perceiue,
The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot finde the occasion of this change:

But

But let vs with more wary eye obſerue
Whence the contagion of theſe cuſtomes riſe,
That haue infected thus our honeſt plaines,
With cunning diſcord, idle vanity,
Deceiptfull wrong, and cauſleſſe infamy,
That by th'aſſiſtance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at firſt, may labour to preuent
The further courſe of miſchiefes, and reſtore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergaſtus*, and euen here will be
A place conuenient for ſo fit a worke:
For here our Nymphs, and heardſmen on this greene,
Do vſually reſort, and in this Groue
We may obſerue them beſt, and be vnſeene.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Colax. Techne.

COme my deare *Techne*, thou and I muſt plot
More cunning proiects yet, more ſtrange deſignes
Amongſt theſe ſimple groſſe *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plaines,
Nor yet can apprehend the ſubtle traines
We lay, to mocke their rurall ignorance.
But ſee, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs cloſe conuay
Our ſelues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouer heare their paſſionate diſcourſe.

Tech. Colax, this place well ſuch a purpoſe fits,
Let vs ſit cloſe, and faith, it ſhall goe hard,
Vnleſſe we make ſome profit by their wits.

Carnius. Amyntas.

Car. Now found *Amyntas*, how cam'ſt thou poſſeſt
With ſuch a vaine preſumption, as thou art,

To thinke that *Cloris* ſhould affect thee beſt,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?
Am. And how *Carinus* canſt thou be ſo mad,
T'imagine *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by ſo many ſignes as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me?
Car. What are thoſe ſignes by which you come to caſt,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?
Am. More certaine ſignes, then thou canſt euer ſhew.
Car. But they are more then ſignes, that I can ſhew,
Am. Why let each then produce the beſt I can
To proue which may be thought the likelieſt man.
Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.
Am. And I am well contented to begin.
Firſt if by chance, whil'ſt ſhe at Barley-breake
With other Nymphes, do but perceiue me come,
Streight lookes her cheeke with ſuch a Roſie red,
As giues the ſetting Sunne vnto the Weſt
When morrow tempeſts are prefigured.
Car. Euen ſo that hew prognoſticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the ſtormy windes of ſighes.
Am. And if I finde her with her fellow Nymphes
Gathering of ſtowers by ſome ſweet Riuers ſide,
At my approach ſhe ſtraight way ſtands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets ſlide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.
Car. So doth the ſilly ſheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.
Am. And if ſhe meet but with my dog ſhe takes
And ſtrokes him on the head playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the backe,
And ſayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.
Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.
Am. Whilſt at a Chryſtall ſpring the other day,
She waſht her louely face, and ſeeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainty hand,

And

And with a downe-caſt looke beſprinckles me.

Car. That ſhewes that ſhee vvould gladly quench in thee
The fire of loue,or elſe like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddeſſe, vvhen ſhe caſt
Diſdainefull vvater on *Acteons* face.

Am. As *Siluia* one day, ſate vvith her alone,
Binding of certaine choice ſelected hearbes
To her left arme againſt bewitching ſpels,
(And I at the inſtant comming) ſhee perceiu'd
Her pulſe vvith farre more violence to beat
(As ſhe'after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt vvhen natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer doth ſurpriſe our powers.

Am. And euen but yeſternight,ſhe going before
With other maides,and ſeeing me following her,
Lees fall this dainty Noſegay,hauing firſt
Beſtow'd a kiſſe thereon to th'end I might
Receiue it ſo,and with it doe the like.

Car. Poore withred fauours,they might teach the know,
That ſhee eſteemes thee,and thy loue as light
As thoſe dead flowers,ſhee vvore but for a ſhow,
The day before,and caſt away at night.

Am. Now friend *Carinus*,thou that muttereſt ſo
At theſe plaine ſpeaking figures of her loue,
Tell by vvhat ſigne thou doeſt her fauours proue?

Car. Now,ſilly man,doeſt thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauours of my loue?

Am. Was't not a pack agreed twixt thee & me?

Cor. A pact to make thee tell thy ſecrecy.

Am. And haſt thou then betrayd my eaſie truſt,
And dallied with my open ſimpleneſſe?

Car. And fitly art thou ſeru'd.that ſo wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours,of a gentle Nymph;
And this is that vvhich makees vs feele that dearth
Of grace, t'haue kindnes at ſo hie a rate.
This makes them vvary how they doe beſtow

The

The leaſt regard of common curteſie,
When ſuch as you, poore, credulous deuout,
And humble ſoules, make all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely doe conuert
All ſhadowes to the figure of your hopes.

Am. Carinus now thou doeſt me double wrong,
Firſt to deride my eaſie confidence,
And then vpbrayd my truſt, as if my tongue
Had heere prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellencie,
In telling of her mercies, or had fin'd
In vttering th'honour of a modeſt grace
Beſtowing comfort, in ſo iuſt a caſe.

Ca. Why man, thou haſt no way deſeru'd her loue.

Am. Deſert I cannot vrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.

Ca. But you know how I ſau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, vvho had elſe vndone
Her honour vtterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne ſoueraigne in her thought.

Am. But how that free, and vnſubdued heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beare the impoſition of a due
I doe not ſee, ſince loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region of our will.
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
Muſt plead compaſſion, and a faithfull heart.

Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilſt I will get thy loue,
For you kinde ſoules doe ſeldome gracefull proue.

Am. The more vnkind they, who ſhould better way
Our honeſt vowes, and loue for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will,
And for the wrong they doe, they ſpeed as ill.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

Col. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who ſhall poſſeſſe a prey that's yet vngot.
But *Techne*, I muſt by thy helpe foreſtall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilſt they ſhall
Purſue the Ayre, I muſt ſurpriſe their gaine.
And fitly now thou, maiſt occaſion take
By theſe aduantages diſcouered here,
T'impreſſe in *Choris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe diſlike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholly vnto me.

Tec. Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forſake,
For whom you traueld ſo, and made me take
Such labour to intice her to your loue?

Col. Tuſh *Techne* we deſire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer ſtay
With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.

Tec. And vvhy? *Dorinda* is as faire as ſhe.

Col. That I confeſſe, but yet that payes not me,
For *Cloris* is another, and tis that,
And onely that, vvhich *Techne* I deſire.
Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beauty that doth giue an edge
To our deſires, and more vve vvill conceiue
In that vve haue not them in that vve haue.
And I haue heard, abroad vvhere beſt experience,
And vvit is learnd, that all the faireſt choyce
Of vvoemen in the vworld, ſerue but to make
One perfect beauty, vvhereof each brings part.
One hath a pleaſing ſmile, and nothing elſe:
Another but ſome ſilly Mole to grace
Th'are of a diſproportion'd face;
Another pleaſes not but vvhen ſhe ſpeakes,

And

And ſome in ſilence onely graceſull are:
Some till they laugh, we ſee, ſeeme to be faire,
Some haue their bodies good, their geſtures ill,
Some pleaſe in Motion, ſome in ſitting ſtill,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe faire that nothing louely are.
So that we ſee how beauty doth conſiſt
Of diuers peeces, and yet all at ract
And therefore vnto all my loue aſpires,
As beauty varies, ſo doth my deſires.
Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not ſo much wrong
Vnto a Nymph, now when thou haſt ſubdu'd
And won her heart, and knowſt ſhe holdſt thee deare.
Col. Tuſh wrong is as men thinke it, and I ſee
It keepes the world the beſt in exerciſe
That elſe would languiſh, and haue nought to doe.
Diſcord in parts, makes harmon in the whole.
And ſome muſt laugh, whilſt other ſome condole.
And ſo it be not of the ſide we are.
Let others beare it, what neede we to care.
And now *Dorinda* ſomething hath to doe,
Now, ſhe may ſit, and thinke, and vexe and plot,
For eaſe, and ioyning of her full delight
Would but haue dull'd her ſpirits, and marrd her quite.
Tec. Alas, yet I muſt pitty her poore ſoule
In this diſtreſſe, I being on my ſelfe
Of the frayle corporation, and doe know
That ſhe will take it very grieuouſly.
And yet in troth ſh'is ſeru'd but well inow,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honeſt loue,
And truſt ſtrong proteſtations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdy clothes.
Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* ſhall not waile alone,
She ſhall haue others to conſort her mone:
Fot ſince my laſt returne from *Telos* Court
I haue made twenty of their coyeſt Nymphs

Turne

Turne louers, with a few protesting words
And some choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palamon*, to suspect the faith
Of his chast *Siluia*, and chast *Siluia* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Those fetters which so heauily were laid
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But customary bands, not naturall.
And I thinke *Techne* thou hast done thy part,
Here in this gentle region of kind hearts,
Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriu'st.
Tec. Indeed whilst I in *Corinth* doe remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were so many of my trade, that sold
Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuisors of new fashions and strange wyers
Bedbrokers, Night-wormes, and Impressitors
That though I knew these arts as well as they
Yet being so many we could get small pay.
Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is sent for, *Techne* onely shewes
New strange deuises to the choycest Nymphes:
And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those trickes,
As they will not forget againe in hast.
I haue so opened their vnapt conceits
Vnto that vnderstanding of themselues,
As they will shew in time they were well taught.
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.
Col. Ah well done *Techne*. Thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they must haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techne*, doe not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adue.
Tec. *Colax* I will not, and the rather too,

For that I beare a little leaning loue
To sweet *Amyntas*, for me thinkes he seemes
The loueliest Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeelds
And I would gladly intercept his loue.

SCEN. IIII.

Melibaus. Ergastus.

SO this is well, Here's one discouery made;
Here are the heads of that distemperature,
From whence these strange debanishments of our Nymphes
And vile deluding of our Shepheards springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lusts
As wide as is his will, and left his will
Without all bonds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne desires fulfill,
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection that vndoes
His countrey goodnesse, and impoysons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite at home.
Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that natiue honesty,
Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.
For here I doe remember him a child,
The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
T'aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceited surlinesse,
With an insinuating impudence.

Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad
Where I would God he had remained still,

With

With those loose-liuing wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie, had made her outmost proofe.
From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.
And for this other viper which you saw,
I doe remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our younger maides to dresse, and trie our Flaxe,
And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
And such like skill being skill enough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of other science, different farre
From that plaine Art of honest huswifery,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Cities round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
T'abuse our Nymphes, and as it seemes desires,
To sute their mindes, as light as their attires,
But we shall soone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that she descry
The true symptoma of this malady,
And by this ouerture thus made we trust
We shortly shall discouer all the rest.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Silvia. Cloris.

O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
Sate and beene merry, in this shady Groue.
Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Nosegayes, laught at loue,
And other passions, whilst my selfe was free,
From that intollerable misery,
Whereto affection now inuassels me.
Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy

To

To ſee, or to be ſeene, with mortall eye,
Now ſorrow muſt be all my company.
Clo. Why *Siluia*, whence ſhould all this griefe ariſe?
Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that ſuffice.
Clo. Tell me ſweet *Siluia*, how comes that to paſſe?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
Free, from that miſerable plague of loue,
Keepe thee ſo ſtill, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleeue me this,
They are the moſt vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleeue
Their proteſtations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceit, none meanes the thing he ſweares.
Truſt a mans faith? nay rather will I goe
And giue my ſelfe a prey to ſauage beaſts,
For all they ſeeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They goe and triumph on the ſpoile the'haue won.
Truſt men, or take compaſſion when they grieue,
O *Cloris* to cheriſh and relieue
The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,
Will ſting vs to the heart in recompence,
And O no maruell tho the Satyre ſhund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the ſame breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palamons* othes
Would haue prou'd falſe? who would haue iudgd the face
That promis'd ſo much faith, and honeſty?
Had beene the viſor but of treachery?
Clo. Is't poſſible *Palamon* ſhould b'vntrue?
Sil. Tis poſſible, *Palamon* is vntrue.
Clo. If it be ſo, deare *Siluia*, I thinke then
That thou ſaiſt truth, there is no truſt in men,
For I proteſt I neuer ſaw a face
That promis'd better of a heart then his,

And

And if he faile, whose faith then constant is?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didst but know how long,
And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue,
What vowes he vs'd, what othes, what teares among,
What shewes he made, his constancy to prooue,
You would admire: and then againe to see
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out, and would by no meanes vrged be,
To shew the least affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (O now too well)
I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that easily was got.
Clo. Silvia, indeed and I haue heard so too.
Sil. And therefore I would try him, and not seeme
His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
At length one day, here in this selfe-same place,
(Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue
To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrged me most earnestly:
O *Silvia*, said he, since nor oath, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the powers to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue;
I must try some way else to shew the same,
And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
Thy vvayward error, and my constant truth:
When thou maist sigh, and say in griefe of minde,
Palamon lou'd, and *Silvia* vvas vnkinde.
With that vvringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares vvould hardly let him looke,
Yet such a looke did through his teares make way,
Hs shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.
And vp towards yonder craggy rocke he goes,
His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
With such a mournfull pace, as shewd his woes

Way'd heauier then his passions could abide:
Faine vvould I haue recald him backe; but shame,
And modestie could not bring forth his name:
And faine vvould I haue followed, yet me thought
It did not fit the honour of a maide
To follow one, yet still I sent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
At length vvhen he vvas gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how vvith infolded armes.
And lookes vp bent to heauen, he stands and turnes
His vvofull face vnto the other side,
Whereas that hideous fearefull downfall is:
And seem'd as if he vvould haue throwne him off:
And as I thought, vvas now vpon the point:
When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
But pitty breaking all those bands of shame,
That held me back; I shrikd, and ran God knowes,
With all the speede my feeble feete could make,
And clammering vp at length (vvith much adoe)
Breathlesse I got and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and vvas not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him backe:
But could not speake one vword, no more did he,
Sense seem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
And one before I vvent, and led him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine,
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We sate vs downe, my arme about his necke,
Which *Ioue* thou know'st held neuer man before:
There onely did my teares conferre vvith his,
Words we had none, it vvas inough to thinke,
For passion vvas too busie now vvithin,
And had no time to come abroad in speech.
And though I vvould haue spoken, yet me thought
I should not, but my silence told him this,

That

That told too much, that all I was was his.

Clo. Well *Siluia*, I haue heard so sad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we must be expos'd
Vnto the mercy of vnconstant men.
But what said then *Palamon* in the ende?

Sil. Oh what he said, and what deepe vowes he made?
When ioy and griefe, had let his senses loose.
Witnsse O gentle tree vnder whose shade,
We sate the while; witnesse if euer maide
Had more assurances by oathes of man.
And well may you beare witnesse of this deede,
For in a thousand of your barkes he hath
Incaru'd my name, and vnder wrote his vowes,
Which will remaine so long as you beare bowes.
But *Cloris*, learne this lesson well of mee;
Take heed of pitty, pitty was the cause
Of my confusion, pitty hath vndone
Thousands of gentle natures, in our sexe,
For pitty is sworne seruant vnto loue,
And this be sure, where euer it begin
To make the way, it lets your maister in.

Clo. But what assurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you suspect him without cause,

Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause,
He who beheld him wrong me in these woods,
And heard him courting *Nisa*, and protest
As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treachery,

Clo. Pray who was that? tell me good *Siluia*, tell.

Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report vntruths to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy parts,
He told me all, and more then I will shew
I would I knew not halfe of that I know,
Ah had he none but *Nisa* that base trull,

The ſcorne and ieſt of all *Arcadia* now
To ſerue his luſts, and falſifie his vow?
Ah had it yet beene any elſe, the touch
Of my diſgrace, had neuer beene ſo much
But to left for ſuch a one as ſhe,
The ſtale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me ſo much loath
My ſelfe, loath theſe woods, and euen hate the day,
As I muſt hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
I cannot ſtay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.
Clo. Siluia adue, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pitty ſhowes,

SCENE II.

Cloris. Techne.

LOue? nay, I'me taught for louing whilſt I liue,
Siluia, thy counſell hath lockt vp my heart
So faſt from loue, as let from ſigh, and grieue,
And pine, and waile who vvill, I for my part
Will pitty none of all this race of men.
I ſee vvhat ſhowes ſoeuer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus haue dide of this diſeaſe
That euer I could heare, I ſee all do
Recouer ſoone, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may indure, they are of ſtronger power,
Better their hearts ſhould ake, then they break ours.
Well had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,

Out

Out of all question, I had shortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compassion too;
That tender pitty that betrayes vs thus.
For something I began to feele, me thought,
To moue within me, when as I beheld
Amyntas walke, so sadly, and so pale,
And euer were I went, still in my way,
His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee.
Which well I saw, but would not seeme to see.
But now he hath his arrent, let him goe,
Pitty shall neuer cure that heart of his
T'vndoe mine owne, the griefe is best where tis.

Tec. What *Claris* all alone, now fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so faire a face,
And that fresh youth to be without your loue?

Clo. Loue *Techne*? I haue here as many loues
As I intend to haue whilst I haue breath.

Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with me,
For I know two at least possessors be
Of your kinde fauours as themselues doe boast.

Clo. Bost of my fauours, no man rightly can.
And otherwise, let them doe what they can.

Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant Nosegay to *Amyntas* giue?

Clo. I neuer gaue him Nosegay in my life.

Tec. Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much
For he produc'd it there in open sight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first,
Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him,
And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue
What passion you would vse, when he was by,
How you would iest with him, and wantonly
Cast water in his face, call his dogge yours,
And shew him your affections by your eye.
And then *Carinus* on the other side
He vaunts that since he had redeemed you

Out of the Satyres hands, he could command
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them proteſt
Giue out of you how truly you know beſt.
Clo. Techne, their idle talke, ſhall not vexe me
I know the ground I ſtand on, and how free
My heart, and I, inioy our libretty,
And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreted
My lookes according to his owne conceit,
He hath miſtooke the text, and he ſhall finde
Great difference, twixt his commend, & my minde.
And for his Noſegay it ſhall make me take
More care after how I ſcatter flowers:
Let him preſerue it well, and let him make
Much of his gaines he gets no more of ours.
But thus had I beene ſeru'd, had I reueal'd
The leaſt regard of common courteſie
To ſuch as theſe: but I doe thanke the gods
I haue reſeru'd me, from that vanitie:
For euer I ſuſpected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now ſettles me.
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thankes, the payment for his paine,
And that he ſhall, and ought in woman hood.
And as for loue, let him goe looke on her
That ſits, and grieues, and languiſhes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
And ſought his loue, with many a wofull teare.
And well deſerues a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* ſonne, and ſtands
Much on his wealth, and his abilitie,
She is witty, faire, and full of modeſtie.
And were ſhe of my minde, ſhe rather would
Pull out her eyes, than that ſhe would be ſeene,
To offer vp ſo deare a ſacrifice

To

To his wilde youth, that ſcornes her in that wiſe.
Tec. *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of theſe home-bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue, nor ſhew it right.
Who would be troubled with groſſe ignorance,
That vnderſtands not truely how to loue?
No *Cloris*, if thou didſt but know, how well
Thou art eſteem'd, of one that knowes indeed
How to obſerue thy worth, and his owne wayes
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With ſecrecy, and wit, in all aſſayes,
Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man,
Clo. What is this creature then you praiſe a man?
Tec. A man? yes *Cloris*, what ſhould he be elſe?
Clo. Nought elſe, it is enough he be a man.
Tec. Yea and ſo rare a man as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud ſhe bred
A perſon of ſo admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath ſeene abrod,
Brings thoſe perfections that doe truly moue,
A gallant ſpirit, and vnderſtanding loue.
O if you did but know how ſweet it were,
To come vnto the bed of of worthineſſe,
Of knowledge, of conceits, where ſtrange delights
With ſtrange diſcourſes ſtill ſhall entertaine
Your pleaſed thoughts, with freſh varietie,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,
For euer more betweene the vnskilfull armes
Of one of theſe rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
Who would but ſeeme a trunke without a minde;
As one that neuer ſaw but theſe poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his ſheepe, and ſet his fold
Pipe on an Oaten Reede, ſome Rundelayes,
And daunce a Morrice on the holy dayes.
And ſo ſhould you be alwayes ſweetly ſped

With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant ſpirit you ſhould
Be ſure to ouerpaſſe that tedioufneſſe,
And that ſociety which cloyes this life,
With ſuch a variable cheerefulneſſe,
As you will bleſſe the time t'haue beene his wife.

Clo. What hath this man you thus commend a name?

Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name?
His name is *Colax*, and is one I ſweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and many times God knowes,
Hath he with tender paſſion, talkt of you?
And ſaid; Well, there is one vvithin theſe vvoods
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphes
Mine eyes haue euer ſeene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceede them all.
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, vvhere I liu'd, nor all the Starres
Of *Greece* beſide, could ſtarkle in my heart,
The fire of any heate but onely ſhee.
Then vvould he ſtay, and ſigh; and then againe
Ah vvhat great pitty ſuch a creature ſhould
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whoſe body doth deſerue to be imbrac'd,
By the moſt mighty Monarch vpon earth.
Ah that ſhe knew her vvorth, and how vnfit
That priuate woods ſhould hide that face, that wit.
Thus hath he often ſaid, and this I ſay,
Obſerue him vvhen you vvill, you ſhall not ſee
From his hye fore-head to his ſlender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.

Clo, Techne, me thinkes, the praiſes that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You ſay, 'tvvere good you kept him for your ſelfe.

Tec. I muſt not loue impoſſibilities,
Cloris, he vvere a moſt fit man for you.

Clo. For

Clo. For me, alas *Techne* yon moue too late.
Tec. Why haue you past your promise t'any yet?
Clo. Yes sure, my promise is already past.
Tec. And if it be, I trust you are so wise
T'vnpasse the same againe for your owne good.
Clo. No that I may not when it is once past.
Tec. No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours
That is so piersiue, can conceiue how that
Our promise must not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reason that the tongue,
Tie the whole body to eternall wrong.
Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commissioner allowd
By reason, and the will, for the whole state,
Which warrants all it shall negotiate.
Tec. But prithee tell me to what rusticke Swaine
You pass'd your word to cast away your selfe?
Clo. No I haue past my word to saue my selfe
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart
Vntill I see more faith then yet I see,
None of them all shall triumph ouer me.
Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwise tis well,
We shall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the most conceipted tyre,
The rarest dressing euer Nymph put on,
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and besides tis stale.
Clo. Stale why? I haue not worne it scarce a moneth.
Tec. A moneth, why you must change them twise a day
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid,
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or else it is your haste
To come abroad so soone into the Ayre.
But I must teach you to amend these faults,
And ere I shall haue done with you, I thinke,

I ſhall make ſome of theſe inamored youthes
To hang themſelues, or elſe runne madde for loue,
But goe let's trie this dreſſing I haue brought.

SCEN. III.

Palamon. Mirtillus.

MIrtillus did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promiſe to be thine?
Mir. Palamon no, ſhe neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope ſhe would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had ſecur'd her of my conſtant truth,
Vnder ſo many ſpecialties,
As that although ſhe did not grant againe,
With any ſhew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did ſhee euer ſeeme to entertaine
My affections, and my ſeruices t'approoue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane.
(Ill fare that meane) ſhe grew to that diſpight,
As ſhe not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But alſo ſcorn'd to haue me in her ſight.
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that ſhe will not be belou'd.
Pal. If this be all th'occaſion of thy griefe,
Mirtillus, thou art then in better caſe
Then I ſuppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cauſe too, being in the ſtate thou art,
For if thou didſt but heare the Hiſtory
Of my diſtreſſe, and what part I haue ſhar'd
Of ſad affliction, thou wilt then ſoone ſee
There is no miſery vnleſſe compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all theſe hills, and plaines,
Theſe holts, and woods and euery Chriſtall ſpring.

Can

Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Palamon loued *Siluia*, and how long.
And when consum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care,
Euen at the point to sacrifice my life
Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine:
And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
And witnessed with many a louely kisse,
That I thought sure I had attain'd my blisse.
And yet (aie me) I got not what I got,
Siluia I haue, and yet I haue her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palamon* pray thee tell?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold
Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamy.
But yet it will abroad, her impudence
Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame
So full, as all the world shall know the same.

Mir. Why what is *Siluia* false, or is she gone?

Pal. *Siluia* is false and I am quite vndone.

Mil. Ah out alas who euer would haue thought,
That modest looke, so innocent a face,
So chast a blush, that shame-fast countenance,
Could euer haue told how to wantonise?
Ah what shall we poore louers hope for now
Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much adoe must be vndone?

Pal. Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who
Is now the man, her choice hath lighted on,
How would'st thou wonder, for that passes all,
That I abhoore to tell, yet tell I shall;
For all that would will shortly know't too well:

It

It is base *Thirsis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euer milk-maid in *Arcadia* skornes:
Thyrsis is now the man with vvhome she walkes
Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrsis is all in all, and none but he,
With him she dallies vnder euery tree,
Trust women? ah *Mirtillus*, rather trust
The Summer windes, th'Oceans constancy,
For all their substance is but leuity:
Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:
Let them lay on vvhat couerture they will
Vpon themselues, of modesty and shame,
They cannot hide the woman with the same,
Trust women? ah *Mirtillus* rather trust
The false deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceipt and guile:
What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,
Their beauty fain'd, their stature fain'd, their pace,
Their iesture, motion, and their grace is fain'd:
And if that all be fain'd without, vvhat then
Shall we suppose can be sincere within?
For if they doe but vveepe, or sing, or smile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile;
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Consists but in the out-side of a face,
O loue and beauty, how are you ordain'd
Like vnto fire, vvhose flames farre off delight,
But if you be imbrac'd consume vs quite?
Why cannot vve make at a lower rate
A purchase of you, but that we must giue
The treasure of our hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought so dearely for all that?
O *Silnia* if thou needs wouldst haue beene gone,
Thou should'st haue taken all away of thee;
And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt haue carried hence the portracture
VVhich thou haſt left behind within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,
That puts me ſtill in minde of what thou wert,
VVhilſt thou wert honeſt, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place.
VVhere I ſhall ſet my carefull foote, conferre
VVith it of thee, and euermore be told,
That here ſate *Siluia* vnderneath this tree,
And here ſhe walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme,
There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me.
Here by the murmurs of this ruſling ſpring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my boſome ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhewd me comforts when I pinde:
As if in euery place her foote had ſtept,
If had left *Siluia* in a print behind.
But yet, O theſe were *Siluias* images,
Then whilſt her heart held faire, and ſhe was chaſte,
Now is her face all ſullied with her fact,
And why are not thoſe former prints defac'd?
VVhy ſhou'd ſhe hold, ſtill in the forme ſhe was,
Being now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhe was?
O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Siluia* here, vvhen ſhe will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palæmon*, tell vvhat proofes haſt thou
Of her diſloyality, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heauy paſſions, and to grieue ſo much?

Pal. *Mirtillus*, proofes, that are alas too plaine;
For *Colax* one thou knowſt can well obſerue
And iudge of loue, a man both ſtaid, and wiſe,
A gentle heardſman, out of loue, and care
He had of me, came and reported all:
And how he ſaw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods.
Beſides ſhe hath of late with ſullaine lookes,

That

That ſhew'd diſliking, ſhunn'd my company,
Kept her a looſe, and novv I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the vvay.
But *Siluia* though thou go and hide thy face,
Thou canſt not hide thy ſhame, and thy diſgrace,
No ſecret thicket, groue, nor yet cloſe grot,
Can couer ſhame, and that immodeſt blot.
Ah didſt thou lend thy hand in kind remorſe,
To ſaue me from one death, to giue m'a worſe?
Had it not yet beene better I had died,
By the vnſpotted honeſt cruelty,
Then now by thy diſgraced infamy?
That ſo I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaſte *Siluia* in my heart,
And not haue had theſe notions, to ingraue
A ſtained *Siluia* there, as now thou art?
Ah yes, it hath beene better farre, I prooue,
T'haue periſht for thy loue, then vvith thy loue.
Mir. Ah good *Palæmon* ceaſe theſe ſad complaints,
And moderate thy paſſions, thou ſhalt ſee
She may returne, and theſe reports be found
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.
Pal. *Mirtillus* I perceiue my tedious tale,
Begins to be diſtaſtefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to ſome deſert vale,
To ſome cloſe groue to waile, where none ſhall heare
But beaſts, and trees, whoſe ſenſe I ſhall not tyre.
VVith length of mone, for length is my deſire.
And therefore gentle Sheepheard, now adieu,
And truſt not women, for they are vntrue.
Mir. Adue *Palæmon*, and thy ſad diſtreſſe,
Shall make me weigh *Dorindas* loſſe the leſſe:
For if I ſhould be hers, and ſhe prooue ſo,
Better to be mine owne and let her go.

SCENA

SCEN. IV.

Ergastus. Melibœus.

NOw *Melibœus*; who would haue suppos'd
That had not seene these impious passages,
That euer monstrous wretch could haue expos'd,
To honest hearts to these extremity,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
First in, their easie confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought,
Honest, discreet, of great experience.
Whereby we see open-fast villanie
Without a maske, no mischiefe could haue done,
It was the couerture of honesty,
That laid the snare, whereby they were vndone,
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wise dishonesty:
When as our weake credulity is rackt
By that opinion of sufficiency,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practise to beguile.
And note but how these cankers alwayes seaze
The choyest fruits with their infections,
How they are still ordained to disease,
The natures of the best complections.
Mel. Tis true. And what an instrument hath he there got,
To be the Agent of his villany?
How truely she negotiats, and doth plot,
To vndermine fraile imbecillity.
How strong, these spirits combine them in a knot,
To circumvent plaine open honesty?
And what a creature there is no conuerse
With feeble maydes, whose vveaknes soone is led

VVith

VVith toyes, and new disguises, to reuerse
The course wherein by custome they vvere bred;
And when that fitnesse too her trade affoords,
To trafficke with the secrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections vvith faire words.
VVhich vvomen straight to women vvill impart?
And then to see how soone example vvill
Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire?
How soone, it vvill inkindle others ill,
Like *Neptha* that takes fire by sight of fire?
So that vnlesse we runne vvith all the speed
VVe can, to quench this new arising flame
O vanity, and lust, it will proceed
T'vndoe vs, ere vve shall perceiue the same:
How farre already is the mischiefe runne,
Before vve scarse perceiu'd it was begunne?

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Alcon. Lincus.

VVHat my friend *Lincus?* now in troth tell me,
Lin. VVell met good *Alcon*, this fals happily
That we two thus incoumer all alone,
VVho had not any conference scarse this moneth.
Al. In troth I long'd to heare how you proceed,
In your new practise, here among these swaines,
For you and I must grace each others arte;
Though you knew me, vvhen I in *Patras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore Phisitions man,
And I knew you a Pronotories boy.
That wrote Indentures at the towne-house-doore.
Yet are you here, now a great man of law,
And I a graue Phisition full of skill,
And here we two are held the only men.
But how thriue you in your new practise now?

Lin.

Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to ſpeake,
For theſe poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are ſoone contented each man with his owne,
As they deſire no more, nor will be drawne
To any conteſtation, nor indeed
Is there any frame compos'd, whereby
Contention may proceed in practicke forme?
For if they had this forme once to contend.
Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and councell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And ſo might I be ſure to doe ſome good:
But hauing here no matter whereupon
To furniſh reall actions, as elſe where;
No tenures, but a conſtumary hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, without indiuiduitie;
No purchaſings, no contracts, no comerſe,
No politique commands, no ſeruices,
No generall aſſemblies but to feaſt,
And to delight themſelues with freſh paſtimes,
How can I hope that euer I ſhall thriue?

Alc. Iſt poſſible that a ſocietie
Can with ſo little noyſe, and ſweat ſubſiſt?

Lin. It ſeemes it may before men haue transform'd
Their ſtate of nature in ſo many ſhapes
Of their owne managements, and are caſt out
Into confuſion, by their knowledges.
And either I muſt packe me hence, or elſe
Muſt labour wholly to diſſolue the frame,
And compoſition, of their ſtrange built ſtate.
Which now I ſeeke to doe, by drawing them
To appr'hend of theſe proprieties
Of *mine and thine* and teach them to incroch
And get them ſtates apart, and priuate ſhares.
And this I haue already ſet a worke

If it vvill take, for I haue met with two
The apteſt ſpirits the countrey yeelds, I know,
Montanus and *Acrypſius*, vvho are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerſe,
And both inclinable to Auarice
And if their quarrell hold, as tis begun
I doe not doubt but all the reſt vvill on.
And if the vvorſt ſhould fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And ſway their ſtrifes, I vvould get vvell by that.
Alc. Tis maruell that their long and eaſie peace
That foſters plenty, and giues nought to doe,
Should not vvith them beget contention too,
As vvell as other vvhere vve ſee it doth.
Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft laies traps t'inrich himſelfe with wiles,
And men make prey of men, and riſe by ſpoiles.
This rather ſeemes a quiet then a peace,
For this poore corner of *Arcadia* here,
This little angle of the vvorld you ſee,
Which hath ſhut out of doore, all t'earth beſide,
And are bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks;
Haue had no intertrading with the reſt,
Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or deſire, that weighes them not,
They liue as if ſtill in the golden age,
When as the world was in this pupillage.
But for mine owne part, *Alcon* I proteſt
I enuy them that they thus make themſelues,
An euerlaſting holy day of reſt,
Whiles others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they ſhould be of the world,
And if that other ſtarres ſhould doe ſo too
As God forbid, what ſhould we Lawyers doe?
But I hope ſhortly yet; we ſhall haue here

As many of vs as are other where:
And we ſhall ſweat, and chafe, and talke as loud,
Brawle our ſelues hoarſe, as well as they doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud,
And then 'twill be a world, and not before.
But how doſt thou with thy profeſſion frame?
Alc. No man can wiſh a better place then this
To practiſe in my arte, for here they will
Be ſicke for company, they are ſo kinde,
I haue now twenty Pacients at this time,
That know not vvhat they ayle, no more doe I,
And they haue Phyſicke all accordingly.
Firſt *Phillis* got running at Barley-breake
A little cold, vvhich I vvith certaine drugs
I miniſtred, vvas thought to remedie,
Doris ſaw that, how *Phillis* Phyſicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, ſhe neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her blood,)
Doris would needs be ſicke too, and take ſome.
Melina ſeeing that, ſhe would the like,
And ſo ſhe had the very ſame receit,
For ſo ſaith troth I haue no more but that
And one poore pill I vſe for greater cures.
But this is onely ſweet and delicate,
Fit for young women, and is like th'hearbe Iohn,
Doth neither good nor hurt, but that's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth
And it is that Phyſitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceit, and ſtrong beliefe:*
Beſides I am a ſtranger come from farr
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
For who now but th' *Arabian* or the *Iew*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

Lin. Tis true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got,
Th'Elixit of opinion hath got all,
And h'is th'man that turnes his brasse to gold.
Then can I talke of *Gallen*, *Auerrois*,
Hypocratis, *Rasis*, and *Auicon*
And booke I neuer read, and vse strange speach
Of Symptons, Crysis, and the Critique dayes.
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophilegmatismes,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes,
With all the hideous tearmes Arte can deuise,
T'amuse weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my tricke, I ouerwhelme
My practise too, with darknes, and strange words,
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles,
Acceptilations, actions, recissorie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domesticke matter in a forraine phrase.

Alc. Then am I as abstruse and mysticall,
In Carecteer, and giuing my receit,
Obseruing th'odde number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My simples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then doe I shew the rare ingredients
I vse for some great cures, when need requires,
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,
The left side of a Moles, the Foxes heart,
The right foote of a Tortuse, Dragons blood,
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names
Are physicke of themselues, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,
Beyoung the Ocean, and the Sunne at least,
Or else it hath no vertue Physicall,
These home-bred simples doe no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wot,
Or something else that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a tricke,

That

That will perpetually ſo feede their rheumes,
And entertaine their idle vveakeneſſes,
As nothing in the vvorld could doe the like,
for lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter vvith a Sea-man, new arriu'd
Of *Alexandria*, vvho from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Iſland of *Nicoſia*, vvhere it growes:
Infus'd I thinke in ſome peſtiferous iuice.
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our ſpirits)
Or elſe ſteep'd in the fuming ſap, it ſelfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he ſuckes
Out of a little hollow inſtrument
Of calcinated clay, the ſmoake thereof:
Which either he conuayes out of his noſe,
Or downe into his ſtomacke vvith a vvhiffe.
And this he ſaid a vvondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to dry vp all other meaner rhumes,
Which vvhen I ſaw, I ſtraight vway thought how vvell
This new fantaſticall deuiſe vvould pleaſe
The fooliſh people here growne humorous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vſe the ſame.

Lin. And it is eaſie to bring in the vſe
Of any thing, though neuer ſo abſurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuſe,
And th'humour of corruption once is ſtird.

Alc. Tis true, and now to ſee with what a ſtrange
And gluttonous deſire, th'exhauſt the ſame
How infinite, and how inſatiably,
They doe deuoure th'intoxicating fume,
You vvould admire, as if their ſpirits thereby
Were taken, and inchanted, or transformd,

By some infused philter in the drug.
For vvhereas heretofore they vvonted vvere,
At all their meetings, and their festiualls,
To passe the time in telling vvitty tales,
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,
Now doe they nothing else, but sit and sucke,
And spit, and slauer, all the time they sit.
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my selfe,
And thinke that this wil one day make some worke
For me or others, bnt I feare it vvill
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But sure the time's to come when they looke backe
On this, vvill vvonder vvith themselues to thinke
That men of sense could euer be so mad,
To sucke so grosse a vapour, that consumes
Their spirits, sends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the blood, and in a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient, peace.

Al. *Linthus* there doth indeed, therefore away,
Leaue me alone, for I must not resume
My surely, graue, and Doctorall aspect.
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrong'd
Her loue *Menalcus*, and plaid fast and loose
With *Colax*, vvho reuealed the whole to me.

SCEN. II.

Daphne. Alcon.

GOod Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue
Your counsell to aduise me for my health,
For I suppose, in troath, I am not well,
Me thinkes I should be sicke, yet cannot tell:
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Phisicke willingly,

Alc. Welcome, faire Nymph, come let me try your pulse.

I can.

I cannot blame you t'hold your selfe not well.
Something amisse quoth you, here's all amisse,
Th'whole Fabricke of your selfe distempred is,
The Systole, and Dyastole of your pulse,
Doe shew your passions most hysterical,
It seemes yoo haue not very carefull beene,
T'obserue the prophilactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend vnto the Theraphenticall;
That so we may preuent the syndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexixharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie:
It seemes faire nimph you dream much in the night
Dap. Doctor I doe indeed, *Alc.* I know you doe,
Y'are troubled much with thought.
Dap. I am indeed, *Alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heauinesse about your heart.
Dap. Now truly so I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue.
You wake oft in the night. *Dap.* In troath I doe.
Alc. All this I know you doe.
And this vnlesse by physicke you preuent,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end,
And therefore you must first euacuate
All those Colaxicall hote humour which
Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate
Your blood by some Menalchian Cordials,
Which you must take, & you shal straight find ease,
And in the morning I will visit you.
Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that she said,
Did comfort wonderfully, and cheere her heart.
Alc. Faire nimph, you must, if you wil vse my art,
Let me alone, to giue vvhat I thinke good,
I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie,
And so, I thinke, I know what will fit you. *Exit.*

Despine sola.

O what a wondrous skill man is this?
Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought
Any man liuing, could haue told so right
A womans griefe in all points as he hath?
Why this is strange that by my very pulse,
He should know all I ayle, as well as I.
Beside I feare he sees too much in mee,
More then I would that any man should see.
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he spake so learned and so strange)
He said I had misruld my body much,
As if he meant that in some wanton sort,
I had abus'd my body with some man:
O how should he know that? what is my pulse
Become the intelligencer of my shame?
Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Sure so he said, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or else something very like,
And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Colax*, that vile Diuell,
Who is indeed the cause of all my griefe,
For which I now seeke Physicke, but O what
Can Physicke doe to cure that hideous wound
My lusts haue giuen my Conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is diseas'd within
And not my body now, that's it doth so
Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,
As keepes me waking, that is it presents
Those onely formes of terror that affright
My broken sleepes, that layes vpon my heart
This heauy loade that weighes it downe with griefe;
And no disease beside, for which there is
No cure I see at all, nor no redresse.

Didst

Didſt thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,
How that thoſe vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of cuſtome, and could not lay on
Thoſe manicles on nature, vvhich ſhould keepe
Her freedome priſoner by our dome of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lye
To thy foule heart and tels my grieued ſoule,
I haue done vvrong, to falſifie that vow
I firſt to my deare loue *Menalcas* made.
And ſayes th'aſſurance and the faith is giuen
By band on earth, the ſame is ſeal'd in Heauen.
And therefore now *Menalcas* can theſe eyes
That now abhorre to looke vpon my ſelfe,
Dare euer view that vvronged face of thine,
Who haſt relide on this falſe heart of mine?

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

Iſt poſſibl ſweete *Techne*, what you ſay,
That *Cloris* is ſo witty, and ſo coy?
Tec. *T*is as I tell you *Colax*, ſh'is as coy
And hath as ſhrewd a ſpirit, as quicke conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.
Col. *T*hen there's ſome glory in attaining her,
Here now I ſhall be ſure t'haue ſomething yet
Beſides dull beauty, I ſhall lay vvith wit.
For theſe faire creatures, haue ſuch feeble ſpirits,
And are ſo languiſhing, as giue no edge
*T*o appetite, and loue, but ſtuffes pelight.
Tec. Well if you get her, then you ſhall be ſure
*T*o haue your vviſh; and yet perhaps that ſtore,
You find in her, may checke your longing more
*T*hen all their wants, whom you haue tride before.
Col. How? if I get her, what doe you ſuppoſe,

I ſhall not get her, that were very ſtrange.
Tec. Yes ſir, ſhe may be got, but yet I know
Sh'will put you to the triall of your wit.
Col. Let me alone, could I find ſeaſon fit
To talke with her in priuate, ſhe vvere mine.
Tec. That ſeaſon may you now haue very well.
For *Colax*, ſhe hath promis'd faithfully
This euening late to meete me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vnderneath the hill,
Where I muſt fit her vvith a new attyre
Where vvith ſh's farre in loue, and th'other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers houſe,
Whether I went vvith her to deale for you)
The old *Acryſius* was himſelfe at home.
VVhich did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntill this euening, that we might alone
There out of ſight, more cloſely do the ſame:
Where while ſhe ſtayes (for I will make her ſtay
For me a while) you at your pleaſure may
Haue th'opportunity vvhich you deſire.
Col. O *Techne* thou haſt bleſt me, if I now
On this aduantage conquer not her mind,
Let me be loathed of all vvoman-kind.
And preſently will I go ſute my ſelfe
As brauely as I can, go ſet my lookes
Arme my diſcourſe, frame ſpeaches paſſionate
And action both, fit for ſo great a worke,
Techne a thouſand thankes and ſo adieu. *Ex.*
Tec. Well *Colax*, ſhe may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perſwade my ſelfe ſhe is as like,
As any ſubtile vvench was euery borne,
To giue as wiſe a man as you the skorne:
But ſee where one whoſe faith hath better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
Like fortunes out-caſt, full of heauines.
Ah poore *Amyntas*, vvould thou knewſt how much
Thou

Thou art esteem'd, although not vvhere thou wouldst,
Yet vvhere thou should haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah see how I, who sets for others loue,
Am tooke my selfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his heart another where?
But I vvill labour to diuert the streame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
From that coy *Cloris*, to the liberty
Of his owne heart, vvith hope to make him mine.

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Amyntas.

NOw fie *Amyntas*, why should you thus grieue
For a most foolish vvay-ward girle, that scornes
Your honest loue, and laughes at all you doe;
For shame *Amyntas* let her go as sh'is.
You see her vaine, and how peruersly set,
Tis fond to follow vvhat we cannot get.

Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,
Yet will I euer follow vvhilst I breath,
And if I perish by the vvay, yet shall
My death be pleasing that for her I die.
And one day she may hap to come that way,
(And be it, O her way) where I shall lye,
And with her proud disdainefull foote she may
Tread on my tombe, and say, loe where he lies,
The tryumph, and the conquest of mine eyes.
And though I loose my selfe, and loose my teares,
It shall be glory yet that I was hers.
VVhat haue I done of late, should make her thus
My presence with that strange disdaine to flye,
As if she did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou hast no cause therefore,

Vnlesse

Vnlesse it be for louing more, and more.
Why thou wert vvont to lend me yet an eare,
And though thou wouldst not helpe, yet wouldst thou heare

Tec. Perhaps she thinkes thy heat will be allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well
Not to be seene there vvhere she vvill not aide.

Am. Alas she knowes no hand but her can quench
That heat in me, and therefore doth she vvrong
To fire my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not aide, yet might she ease
My carefull soule, if she vvould but stand by
And only looke vpon me while I die.

Tec. Well well *Amyntas*, little doest thou know
With vvhom that cunning vvanton sorts her selfe.
Whil'st thus thou mourn'st, and vvith that secrets wiles
She vworkes, to meet her louer in the vwoods,
With whom in groues, and caues she dailying sits,
And mockes thy passions and thy dolefull fits,

Am. No *Techne*, no I know that cannot be,
And therefore do not vvrong her modesty,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke backe, and thinke on my desert.

Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Erycinas* groue,
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right oppofite vnto the hollow caue
That lookes into the vally, thou shalt see
That honesty, and that great modesty.

Am. If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall
See nothing else vvith her, but modesty.

Tec. Yes something els will grieue your heart to see:
But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
Are not the first that thus haue bin deceiu'd,

With

With faire appearing out-sides, and mistooke
A wanton heart, by a chast seeming looke.
But I coniure you by the loue you beare
Vnto those eyes which make you (as you are
Th'example of compassion to the world)
Sit close and be not seene in any case.

Am. Well *Techrie*, if I shall see *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go and any where to looke on her.
And *Cloris* know, I do not go to see,
Any thing else of thee, but only thee.

Tec. Well go and thinke yet of her honest care,
VVho giues the note of such a shamefull deed,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou shalt be free,
VVho more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

NOw what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone assault,
To make her to offend without her fault.

Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
Would raise the tempests of disturbances
Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
VVith artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne selues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then those we make.
And as if all that science ought could giue

Vnto

Vnto our bliſſe, but onely ſhewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.
And euermore we ſee how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increaſe,
When skilfull, men begin, how good men ceaſe.
And therefore how much better do vve liue,
With quiet ignorance, then vve ſhould do
With turbulent and euer vworking skill,
Which makes vs not to liue, but labour ſtill.

Mel. And ſee that other vaine fantaſticke ſpirit,
Who vvould corrupt our bodies too likewiſe,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be,
As troubleſome as ſickneſſe, to deuiſe,
That no part of vs euer ſhould be free;
Both forraging our credulity,
Take ſtill th'aduantage of our weakeneſſes;
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In ſtrange attires, to make it ſeeme the leſſe.

ACTVS. IV. SCENA. I.

Techne. Amyntas.

A *Myntas* muſt come backe I know this vvay,
And here it will be beſt for me to ſtay,
And here, indeed he comes, poore man I ſee
All quite diſmayd: and now ile worke on him.
Come, vvho tels troth *Amyntas*, vvho deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?

Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and do not interrupt
The griefe that hath no leaſure to attend
Ought but it ſelfe, and hath ſhut vp vvith it
All other ſenſe in priuate cloſe within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke.

Tec. Thinke? whereon ſhould you think? y'haue thought (enough
And too too much, on ſuch a one as ſhe,

Whom

Whom now you ſee y'haue tride her honeſty:
And let her goe proud girle accordingly,
There's none of theſe young vvanton things that know
How t'vſe a man, or how to make their choyſe,
Or anſwere mens affections as they ought.
And if y'will thinke, thinke ſh'is not worth a thought.

Am. Good *Techne*, leaue me for thy ſpeech and ſight
Beare both that diſproportion to my griefe,
As that they trouble, trouble, and confound
Confuſion in my ſorrowes, vvhich doth loath
That ſound of words, that anſweres not the tone
Of my diſprayers in th'accents of like mone.
And now hath ſorrow no vvorſe plague I ſee,
Then free and vnpartaking company,
Who are not in the faſhion of our vvoes,
And whoſe affection do not looke likewiſe
Of that complection as our miſeries?
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or elſe leaue
To ſpeake, or if thou ſpeake let it not be
To me, or elſe let me, not anſwere thee.

Tec. Well I ſay nothing, you know vvhat y'haue ſeene,

Am. Tis true, I do confeſſe that I haue ſeene
The vvorſt the world can ſhew me, and the worſt
That can be euer ſeene vvith mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
My heart had any intereſt in this life;
To be diſrent and tome from of my hopes,
That nothing now is leaſt, why I ſhould liue:
That oſtage I had giuen the world, which was
The hope of her, that held me to hold truce
With it, and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and diſſolue
That league of blood that ties me to my ſelfe.
For *Cloris* now hath thy immodeſty
Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to dye:

Which

VVhich otherwise I could not left it might
Haue beene some staine and some disgrace to thee.
Ah was it not enough for this poore heart
T'indure the burden of her proud disdaine?
That weigh'd it to the earth but it must
Be crusht thus vvith th'oppression of her staine?
The first vvound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanely made, it festred not,
But this now giuen, comes by a poysoned shot,
Against all lawes of honor that are pure,
And rankles deadly is vvithout all cure.
Ah how she blusht vvhen as she issued forth
VVith her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might she blush at such a deed,
And with how vvild a looke she casts about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathsome sinne
Now comming thus into the open sight,
VVith terror did her guiltinesse affright;
And vp she treades the hill vvith such a pace,
As if she gladly would haue out gone shame,
Which yet for all her hasting after came.
And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villaine vse my name, and she returne
The same againe in very earnest sort,
Which could be for no good I know to me,
But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, left it might stuffe the same.
But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare.
I neuer more shall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complaints, nor more obserue thy waies;
And O I would thy heart could be as free
From sinne and shame, as thou shalt be from me.
I could (and I haue reason so to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath surpriz'd my loue, and robb'd thy shame,

And

And make his blood th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feete, that thou might'ſt ſee the ſame
To expiate, for this vniuſtice done,
But that the fact examin'd would diſplay
Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it ſoftly in her eare,
And be thou ſure no liuing creature heare,
That her immodeſty hath loſt this day;
Two the moſt honeſt guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my blood.

Tec. Now I may ſpeake I truſt you ſpeake to me.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee ſtay a while,
And tell her too, though ſhe ſpares not her ſhame,
My death ſhall ſhew, that I reſpect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may.

Am. O *Techne* no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though ſhe deſpiſed him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long,
To thinke on her diſhonour, and his wrong,
Now *Techne* I haue done, and ſo farewell.

Tec. But ſtay *Amyntas*, now muſt I begin.

Am. I cannot ſtay *Techne*, let goe your hold,
It is in vaine I ſay, I muſt be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.
Ah he is gone, and in that fury gone,
As ſure he vvill in this extremity
Of his diſpaire, do violence to himſelfe:
And therefore now vvhat helpe ſhall I deuiſe
To ſtay his ruine? ſure there is no meanes
But to call *Cloris*, and perſwade with her
To follovv him, and to preuent his death;
For though this practiſe vvas for mine owne good
Yet my deceipts vſe not to ſtretch to blood.

But now I know not vvhere I should finde out
That cruell mayde, but I must cast about.

SCEN. II.

Amarillis. Dorinda.

D*Orinda*, you are yet in happy case,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,
And on his rockey heart that wrackes my youth
With stormes of sorrowes, and contemnes my ttuth;
'Tis I that am shut out from all delight
This vvorld can yeeld a mayd, that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd:
Cruell *Charinus* sknornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.

Do. Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Then I vvould be: plenty doth make me poore,
For now my heart, as if deuided stands
Betwixt two passions, loue, and pitty both,
That draw it either way vvith that maine force,
As that I know not vvhich to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midd'st, holds m'in suspence,
Lest I lose both by mine improuidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda?* you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to possesse your heart, and loue a lone,
Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do. I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse
From vvhom I cannot any thing conceale,
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deseru'd of me,
And how long time his woefull sute hath laine,

Depending

Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confesse, pitty hath beene
Th'Atturny euermore that stands and pleades
Before my heart, the iustice of his cause,
And saies he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.
But now the maister sou'raigne Lord of hearts.
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who must haue all according to his will,
Whom pitty onely vshers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he sayes no,
And vvill that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardsman full of skill and arte?
And all experience of loues mysteries,
To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen
The earnest of my loue; but since that time
I neuer saw the man, vvhich makes me much
To wonder that his dealing should be such:
For either loue, hath (in respect that I
Despised haue the true and honest faith,
Of one that lou'd me with sincerity,)
Made me the spoyle of falshood and contempt,
Or else perhaps the same is done to trye
My resolution, and my constancy.
But yet I feare the worst, and feare I may,
Lest he now hauing got the victory,
Cares for no more: and seeing he knowes my loue
Turnes towards him, he turnes his backe to me.
So that I know not vvhat vvere best resolue,
Either to stand vnto the doubtfull faith
Of one that hath so dangerously begun,
Or else returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who vvill perhaps when mine begins, haue done:
So that inwrapt in this distracted toyle
I vexe, and know not vvhat to do the vvhile.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke sure

Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are most happy not to be belou'd.

SCEN. III.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

NOw here betweene you two, kind louing soules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue must be all the scope of your discourse,
Alas poore hearts, I vvonder how you can
In this deceiptfull vvorld thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh vvhen they haue done, and prooue vntrue.
Am. Well *Cloris* vvell, reioyce that you are free
You may be toucht one day as vvell as we.
Clo. Indeed and I had like to this last night,
Had I not lookt vvith such an angry eye,
And frown'd so sowre, that I made loue afeard,
There vvas a fellow needes forsooth would haue
My heart from me vvhether I would or not,
And had as great aduantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue,
Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris* how came you there?
Clo. Truely *Dorinda* I vvill tell you how:
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
Of *Techne*, vvho would trie her wit on me,
For she had promis'd me, to meete me there
At such an houre, and thither bring vvith her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should trie on:
Thither vvent I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technes* company,
In rushes fleering *Colax* after me.
Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace

And

And ſtrained ſpeach, offring to ſeaze on me,
Out ruſht I from him, as indeed amaz'd
At his ſo ſodaine and vnexpected ſight.
And after followes he, vowes, ſweares, proteſts
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he ſpend his life.

Do. Alas, and what am I forgotten then?
Why theſe were euen the words he ſpake to me.

Clo. And then inueighes againſt *Amyntas* loue,
Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges,
And all ſo idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,
For ſo much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with ſuch a pace and neuer ſtayd
To giue regard to any thing he ſayd:
As at the laſt I ſcarſe had left him breath
Sufficient to forſweare himſelfe withall.

Do. Ah what hath then my ſilly ignorance done
To be deceiu'd, and mockt by ſuch a one?

Clo. And when I had recouered vp the hill,
I fairely ran away and left my man
In midd'ſt of his coniuring periuries;
All empty to returne with mighty loſſe
Of breath and labour, hauing caſt away
Much fooliſh paines in tricking vp himſelfe
For this exploit, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuour'd before he came,
I, I, too, miſt my dreſſing by this meanes.
But I admire how any woman can?
Be ſo vnwiſe to like of ſuch a man,
For I proteſt I ſee nought elſe but froth,
And ſhallow impudence, affected grace,
And ſome few idle practiſe complement:
And all the thing he is without he is,
For affection ſtriues but to appeare,

And neuer is of Substance, or Sincere.
And yet this dare of falshood hath beguil'd
A thousand foolish vvenches in his dayes.

Do. The more vvretch he, and more hard hap was theirs.

Clo. Why do you sigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
VVith any of these passages of mine?

Do. No truly not of yours, but I haue cause
In my particular that makes me sigh.

Clo. Well vvell come one to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuise some sport to passe the time.

Am. Faith I haue no great list to any sport.

Do. Nor I in troth 'tis fartheſt from my minde.

Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeate our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue.

Am. And now you speake of dreames, in troth last night
I vvas much troubled with a fearefull dreame.

Do. And truely *Amarillis* so was I.

Clo. And now I do remember too, I had
A foolish idle dreame, and this it was:
Me thought the faireſt of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the best of all his flocke,
VVas singled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hot pursuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for succour, and about me ran,
As if it beg'd my ayde to haue his life,
Which I long time deferr'd, and still lookt on,
And would not rescue it, vntill at length
I saw it euen quite wourried out of breath,
And panting at my feete and could no more:
And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cherisht it with me, and brought it backe
Home to *Montanus*, who vvas glad to see
The poore recouer'd creature thus restor'd;
And I my selfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,
That by my hand so good a deed vvas wrought,
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?

Am.

Am. Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt
A fearefull vvoolfe rusht forth from out a brake,
*A*nd towards me makes with open hideous aiwes.
From whom I ranne with all the speed I could,
T'escape my danger, and t'ouertake
One vvhom I saw before, that might lend ayde
To me distrest, but he me thought did runne
As fast from me, as I did from the beast
I cride to him (but all in vaine) to stay;
The more I cride, the more he ranne away;
*A*nd after I, and after me the woolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my despaire before, my death behind:
Yet ranne I still, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to slacke his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my strength
*A*nd ranne, as if desire had wing'd my heeles,
*A*nd in the end me thought recouer'd him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it seem'd
To ouertake a man, then did I him,
By whom I scapte the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as presently I awak'd,
Toucht with that sudaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not beene vs'd vnto of late:
I found my selfe all in a moyst faint sweate,
VVhich that affrighting horrour did beget,
*A*nd though I were deliu'red of my feare,
*A*nd felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
That yet you shall haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.

Clo. *A*nd now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't,

Do. I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
*A*nd weary of my worke, reposing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers side,

A ſubtile Serpent lurking in the graſſe,
Came ſecretly, and ſeiz'd on my breaſt,
Which though I ſaw, I had no power to ſtirre,
But lay me ſtill, till he had eate away
Into my boſome whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carrying the ſame away,
Returnes me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuiug preſently aroſe,
And after it moſt wofully I went,
To ſee if I could finde my heart againe,
*A*nd vp and downe, I ſought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good lucke to dreame of Snakes,
One ſhall be ſure t'heare anger after it.

Do. *A*nd ſo it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

COme you are talking here in iollity,
Whilſt I haue ſought you *Cloris* all about:
Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Clo. What is the newes? what haue we now to doo.
Haue you another Caue to ſend me too?

Tec. *A*h talke no more of that but come away,
*A*s euer you will ſaue the wofull life
Of a diſtreſſed man that dies for you.

Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you ſent to me
Into the Caue, faint now vvith his repulſe?

Tec. I ſent him not you would ſo wiſely goe,
In open ſight, as men might ſee you goe,
*A*nd trace you thither all the way you went.
But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man
You ought to ſaue: *Amyntas* is the man
Your cruelty, and rigor hath vndone:

O quickly come, or it vvill be too late;
For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely,
To see both you and *Colax*, as you came
Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily
You are possest by him; which so confounds
His spirits, and sinkes his heart, that sure h'is runne
T'vndoe himselfe, and O I feare 'tis done.

Clo. If it be done my help will come too late,
And I may stay, and saue that labour here.

Am. Ah *Cloris* haste away if it be so,
And doe not if thou hast a heart of flesh,
And of a woman, stay and trifle time,
Goe runne, and saue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dies, his blood is shed for thee,
And what a horror this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guilty conscience, when
Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt find
This deed instampt in bloody Characters,
Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts.
Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by the death.
Besides wide Fame, will trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou shalt be with all posterity,
Amongst th'examples held of cruelty,
And haue this sauage deed of thine be made
A sullen subiect for a Tragedy,
Intitled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May serue to be an euerlasting shame;
And therefore go preuent so foule a staine.

Do. Ah go, go *Cloris*, haste away with speede.

Clo. Why whether should I go? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he do this deed.
It is his error, and no fault of mine.
Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,
In most strange fury, and most desperate speed.

Still

Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed?
Clo. Why had not you staid, and perswaded him?
Tec. I could not stay him by no meanes I vs'd,
Though all the meanes I could deuise I vs'd.
Clo. VVell I will go, poore man to seeke him out,
Though I can do him else no other good.
I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, should be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my dreame may chance now come to passe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed
Montanus sonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues so well, and by my gracious deed,
He may escape the danger he was in.
VVhich if I do, and thereby do inthrall
My selfe, to free and others misery,
Then will I sit and sigh, and talke of loue
As well as you, and haue your company.
For something I do feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing else but feare;
Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue.
VVell *Techne*, come, I would not haue him yet
To perish, poore *Amyntas* in this fit.
Ama. VVell *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I see
Before you come, vnlesse you make more hast.
Ah cruell maide, she little knowes the griefe
Of such a heart that's desperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderstands she her owne happinesse,
To haue so true a louer as he is.
And yet I see sh'is toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiue her colour come and goe,
And though in pride she would haue hid her woe,
Yet I saw sorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou hast (like to the Bee that stinging dies,
And in anothers wound left his owne life)

Transpierced

Transpierced by the death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldst touch by no desert,
And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiu'd
Her cruelty, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.
After the affliction thou hast suffred long,
Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may
Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant louer ouercome with griefe.
Presents vnto my guilty memory
The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And O I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not vvell, I saw him not
Scarse these three dayes, I meruaile vvhere he is
And yet vvhat need I meruaile, vvho haue thus
Chac'd him from me vvith frownes and vsage vile,
And fondly left the substance of his faith,
To catch the shadow of deceipt and guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be such a one?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vnwise.
What shall I doe sweet *Amarillis* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
VVhen all extremities must mend, or end.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

Melibaus. Ergastus.

VVEll, come *Ergastus*, we haue seene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare
Against this Hydra of confusion now
Which still presents new hideous heads of feare:
And euery houre we see begets new broyles,
And intricates our youth in desperate toyles,
And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great and generall hunting day
In *Eremanthus*, serue for this good deed:
And when we meete (as all of vs shall meet
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
We will aduise our Shepheards to intermit
That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chase out these wilde mischiefes that do lurke,
And worse infect, then th'*Ermanthian* Boare,
Or all Beasts else, which onely spoile our fields,
Whilst these which are of more prodigious kinds,
Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day lost may lose
More by example, then we shall reget
In thousands, for when men shall once disclose
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly is driuen, but easily is lead.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

AH gentle *Lælaps*, pretty louing dogge,
Where hast thou left thy maister, where is he,

That

That great commander ouer thee and me?
Thou wert not wont be farre off from his feete,
And O no more would I, were he so pleas'd;
But would as well as thou goe follow him,
Through brakes and thickets, ouer cliffes and rocks
So long as I had life to follow him,
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h'is vs'd to looke on thee,
Thou canst be clapt, and strookt with that faire hand
That thrusts away my heart, and beates it backe
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he flye me yet I must after still.
But here he comes me thought he was not farre.

Car: What meane you *Amarillis* in this sort
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake:
I do not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,
And kilst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine.
Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
How that I am his maisters creature too,
And kindely comes himselfe and fawnes on me
To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinkes thus euer trouble me.

Am. What it is troublesome to be belou'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had done like *Cloris*, skornd your sute,
And spurn'd your passions in disdainefull sort,
I had beene woo'd, and sought, and highly priz'd,
But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,
Saue by discouering mine, I am despis'd
As if you would not haue the thing you sought,
Vnlesse you knew, it were not to be got.
And now because I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,

And

And tell thee I am thine, and tell the right.
And doe not sure my lookes, nor cloth my words
In other colours, then my thoughts do vveare,
But doe thee right in all, thou skomest me
As if thou didst not loue sincerity
Neuer did Crystall more apparantly
Present the colour it contain'd with in
Then haue these eyes, these teares, this tongue of mine
Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I am thine.

Car. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fits the honour of a mayd.

Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breast
With that stronge temper of resisting proofe,
But that by treason of my weake complection, I
Am made thus easie to the violent shot
Of passion, and th'affection I should not:
Me thinkes yet you out of your strength and power,
Should not disdaine that weakenes, but should thinke
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus against my kinde,
T'vnlocke my thoughts, and to let out my minde,
When I should rather die and burst with loue,
Then once to let my tongue to say, I loue
And if your worthy parts be of that power
To vanquish nature, and I must be wonne
Do not disdaine the worke vvhen you haue done,
For in contemning me you do dispise
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.

Car. Now vvhat adoe is here with idle talke?
And to no purpose, for you know I haue
Ingag'd long since my heart, my loue and all
To *Cloris*, vvho must haue the same and shall.

Am. Why there is no such oddes twixt her and me
I am a Nymph, tis knowne as well as she.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
But that I loue, and she doth thee disdaine.

No

No other reason can induce thy minde,
But onely that which should diuert thy minde,
I will attend thy flockes better then she,
And dresse thy Bower more sweet, more daintily,
And cheerish thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
And all fresh dainties that the season sutes;
I haue more skill in hearbes, then she, by farre,
I know which nourish, which restoring are:
And I will finde *Dictamnus* for thy Goates,
And seeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetrisoll to cheerish vp their Dammes,
And this I know, I haue a better voyce
Then she, though she perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is best; I haue the faithfull'st heart,
Besides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
And she begins to manifest it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue? that were most strange,
When he hath gotten that you shall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

SCEN. II.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

VVEll met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And spoil'd himselfe, and lies in that weake case,
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am sorry t'heare so much:
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, vvherein my life
Hath chiefest claime, I doe not wish his death:
But by vvhat chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell?

Mir. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.
As *Tytirus*, *Menalcas*, and my selfe

Were

Were placing of our toyles(against anon
That We shall hunt) below within the streight,
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycaus* mount,
We might perceeue vnder a ragged clife,
In that most vncouch desart, all alone
Distrest'd *Amyntas* lying on the ground,
With his sad face, turn'd close vnto the rock,
As if he loathed to see more of the world,
Then that poore space, which was twixt him and it
His right hand stretch a long vpon his side,
His left he makes the pillar to support
His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, vvhere he likewise
Had plac'd his Sheep hooke, and his Knife, wherewith
He had incaru'd an woful Elegy,
To shew th'occasion of his misery.
His dogge *Melampus* sitting by his side,
As if he were partaker of his vvoe:
By vvhich we knew t'was he, and to him went,
And after vve had call'd, and shooke him vp,
And found him not to answere, nor to stirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground.
But could not make him stand by any meanes;
And sincking downe againe, we searcht to see
If he had any vvound, or blow, or wrinch,
But none could finde: at last by chance we spide
A little horne which he had flung aside,
Whereby we gest he had some poyson tooke.
And thereupon vve sent out presently
To fetch *Vrania*, vvhose great skill in hearbes
Is such, as if there any meanes will be,
As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Must serue to bring him to himselfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Vrania* hath bin knowne t'haue done
Most desperate cures, and peradventure may

Restore

Restore him yet, and I doe wish she may.

Mir. But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and standing by with griefe,
(As we might well, to see so sad a sight)
(And such an worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris and *Techne*, with what speed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haste, as it concernd her more.
And nearer as she came, she faster went,
As if she did desire to haue beene there
Before her feete, too slow for her swift feare.
And comming to the place, she suddenly
Stopt, starts, and shrikt, and hauing made such haste
T'haue something done, now could she nothing do,
Perhaps our presence might perplex her too,
As being asham'd that any eye should see
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was seene till now.

Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was seene now.

Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Doue* and *Modestie*
With seu'rall Ensignes, stroue within her cheekes
Which should be Lord that day, and charged hard
Vpon each other, with their fresh supplies
Of different colours, that still came, and went,
And much disturb'd her, but at length dissolu'd
Into affection, downe she casts her selfe
Vpon his senseless body, where she saw
The mercy she had brought was come too late:
And to him calles O deare *Amyntas*, speake,
Looke on me, sweete *Amyntas*, it is I
That calles thee, I it is, that holds thee here,
Within those armes thou haste esteem'd so deare.

And though that loue were yet so young in her
As that it knew not how to speake, or what,
And that she neuer had that passion prou'd,

Being first a louer ere she knew she lou'd,
Yet what she could not vtter, she supplide,
With her poore busie hands that rubb'd his face,
Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,
And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceast.

Ama. Alas the least of this regard before,
Might haue helpt all, then when 'twas in her power
T'haue sau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde,
Now for all this, her mercy is vnkinde;
The good that's out of season, is not good.
There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
And the compassion that's not vnderstood.

Mir. But yet at length, as if those dainty hands,
Had had a power to haue awakened death,
We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes,
Which had stood fixt all the whole time before,
And fastens them directly vpon her:
Which when she saw, it strook her with that force,
As that it pierc'd through all the spirits she had,
Made all the powers and parts of her shrinke vp,
With that convulsion of remorse and griefe,
As out she shrik'd, O deare, O my deare heart,
Then shrikes againe, and then againe cryes out.
For now that looke of his did shake her more,
Then death or any thing had done before,
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart,
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue,
And his sad suffrings, all his griefes, and feare,
And now in th'end what he had done for her.
And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
As all the world of words could neuer doe.
Ah what a silly messenger is Speech,
To be imploi'd in that great Embassie
Of our affection in respect of th'eye?
Ah 'tis the silent rhetoricke of a looke,

That

That works the league betwixt the ſtates of hearts,
Not words I ſee, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke ſo melts her into teares,
As that ſhe powr'd them down like thunder drops,
Or elſe did Nature taking pitty now
Of her diſtreſſe, imploy them in that ſtore,
To ſerue as vailes, and to be interpoſde
Betwixt her griefe and her, t'impeach her ſight,
From that full view of ſorrow thus diſcloſde.
And now with this came in *Vrania* there,
With other vvomen, to imploy their beſt
To ſaue his life, if b'any meanes they can.
And ſo vve came our vvay, being ſent for now
About ſome conference for our hunting ſports,
And vvith vs *Techne* comes, vvho is ſuppoſde,
T'haue beene a ſpeciall cauſe of much of this.

Car. Alas this ſad report doth grieue me much,
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
So dearely lou'd him as I finde ſhe doth,
For by this act of hers I plainly ſee,
There will be neuer any hope for me.

Ama. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
VVilt ſtand but to thy vword, as thou haſt ſaid.

Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had bene there,
T'haue ſeene but *Cloris* act this vvofull part;
It may be, it might haue deter'd her heart
From crueltie, ſo long as ſhe had liu'd.

Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue ſome feeling of my miſery,
But for *Dorinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.

Mir. Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true.
But loe where come our chiefeſt heardſmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we ſhall know more newes.

SCEN. III.

Melibaus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Pistophœnax.

YOu gentle Shepheards and Inhabitors
Of these remote, and solitary parts
Of *Montaynous Arcadia*, shut vp here
Within these Rockes, these vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noyse of tumult, and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued still the same and one
In all successions from antiquitie;
Whil'st all the states on earth besides haue made
A thousand reuolutions, and haue rowl'd
From change to change, and neuer yet found rest,
Nor euer bettered their estates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all:
Left that we leaue not to posteritie,
Th' *Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.
For none of you I know, whose iudgement's graue
Can ought discerne, but sees how much we are
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were
And vvhat distempers daily doe arise
Amongst our people, neuer felt before,
At vvhich I know you maruell, as indeed
You well may maruel, whence they should proceed
And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,
Vntill we set our selues more vvarily
To search it out, vvhich by good hap vve haue,
And found the authors of this vvickednesse.
Which diuels attyr'd here in the shape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end

You may take speedy order to suppresse
Our growing follies, and their impiousnesse.
Erg. Indeed these odious wretches which you see,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our rest,
These new and vnknowne mischiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of scandulous report.
Of vile deluding chaste and honest loues,
Of vndeseru'd suspitious desperate griefes,
And all the sadnesse we haue seene of late.
And first this man, this *Lincus* here you see,
Montanus you, and you *Arysius* know,
With what deceit, and with what cunning arte,
He entertaind your strifes abusd you both,
By first perswading you that you had right
In your demands, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rights, as men
Had meanes, or power, or will to purchase them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his desires.
Mon. We doe confesse our errour, that we were
Too easily perswaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore,
Acry. And we desire the memory thereof
May die with vs, that it be neuer knowne
Our feeble age hath such example showne,
Erg. And now this other strange impostor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceit withall,
Seekes how to set vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our selues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our mindes first sicke,
Before our bodies, and perswade our health
It is not well, that he may hane thereby
Both it and sicknesse euer vnder cure.

And forraine drugs brings to distemper's here
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.
Mel. But here are two the most pernitious spirits
The world I thinke did euer yet produce.
Colax and *Techne*, two such instruments
Of Wantonnesse, of Lust and treachery,
As are of power t'intice and to debaush
The vniuersall state of honesty.
Erg. But *Techne* who is that stands there by you.
What is your company increast of late?
Tec. Truely it is a very honest man
A friend of mine that comes to see me here.
Erg. He cannot then but be an honest man
If he be one of your acquaintance sure.
Mel. This man I found with them now since you went
Maintaining hote dispute with *Titerus*
About the rites and misteries of *Pan*.
Erg. H'is like to be of their associats then.
Erg. *Techne*, what is this secret friend of yours?
Tec. For-sooth he is a very holy man.
Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?
Tec. Truely his name Sir is *Pistophanax*.
Erg. What is he maskt, or is that face his owne?
Tec. He is not maskt, tis his complexion sure.
Erg. *Techne* we cannot credite thy report.
Let one trie whether it be so or not,
O see a most deformed ugly face,
Wherewith if openly he should appeare,!
He would deterre all men from comming neere.
And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on
This pleasing visor of apparency,
T' intice and to delude the world withall;
So that you see with what strange ingniers,
The proiect of our ruine is forecast.
How they implanted haue their battery here,
Against all the maine pillors of our state,

Our

Our Rites, our Custome, Nature, Honesty.
T'imbroyle, and to consound vs vtterly,
Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill
Doth ciuilize let vs be barbarous still.

Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,
(Besides this last exploit they vvrought vpon,
Amyntas vvho, poore youth, lies now full weake:
Vnder *Vranias* cure, vvhose skill we heare
Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)
We haue sent out abroad into the vvoods,
For *Siluia* and *Palamon* two chast soules
Whom they haue tortur'd so vvith iealousie,
Of each the other, as they made them runne
A part, to languish seuerally alone;
And we haue sent for diuers others too,
Whose hearts haue felt what impious craft can do.
And here they come, and now you shall know all.

SCEN. IV.

Palamon. Mirtillus. Carinus. Siluia. Dorinda. Amarillis. Daphne. Cloris. Amyntas.

COme good *Palamon*, and good *Siluia* come,
You haue indur'd too much, and to too long.

Sil. Ah vvhy *Ergastus* doe you set our names
So neere together, when our hearts so farre,
Are distant from each other as they are?
Indeed whilst vve were one as once vve were,
And as we ought to be vvere faith obseru'd,
Palamon should not haue beene nam'd withou:
A *Siluia*, nor yet *Siluia* vvithout him.
But now vve may *Ergastus*, vve are too.

Pal. Siluia, there in the greater wrong you doe.

Sil. Palamon, nay the greater vvrong you doe.

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.
Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.
Pal. *Siluia*, you see your fault cannot be hid.
Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here;
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceal'd your worke so closely as you should.
Pal. But there stands one can tell what you haue beene.
Sil. Nay there he stands can tell what you haue beene.
And sure is now in publicke here produc'd
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me I doe protest, who rather would
Haue di'd alone in secret with my griefe
Then had your infamy discouered here.
Wherein my shame must haue so great a share.
Pal. I haue not sought to manifest your shame,
Which *Siluia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worst of deaths,
I hauing such an interest in the same.
Col. No *Siluia*, no *Palæmon*, I stand here
Not t'accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes are cleare,
I haue abus'd your apt credulitie,
With false reports of things that neuer were:
And therefore here craue pardon for the same.
Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Siluia* entertaine
The loue of *Thyrsis* then as you told me?
Col. *Palæmon* no, she neuer entertain'd
His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.
Sil. But *Colax* you saw how *Palæmon* did
With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.
Col. *Siluia*, by heauen and earth I sweare not I,
But onely fain'd it out of subtilitie;
For some vngodly ends I had decreed.
Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite
To take my griefes with false beliefe, for I

Had rather liue vvith ſorrow then deceipt,
And ſtill t'be vndone, then to haue ſuch reliefe.

Sil. Ah let not this deuiſe be wrought to guilde
My bitterneſſe, to make me ſwallow't now
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not truſt vvhat I know.

Pal. Ah *Siluia* now, how vvere I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleeue beliefe.
But ah my heart hath dwelt ſo long in houſe
With that firſt tale, as this vvhich is come new,
Cannot be put in truſt with my deſire
So ſoone, beſides 'tis too good to be true.

Sil. Could I *Palamon* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill firſt heard, and that it vvere not ſo
How bleſt were I? but loe I ſee how doubt
Comes in farre eaſier then it can get out.
And in theſe miſeries of iealouſie,
Our eare haue greater credit then our eye.

Mel. Stand not confus'd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile vvretch hath done you both this vvrong.

Pal. Iſt poſſible, and is this true you ſay,
And do I liue, and doe I ſee the day?
Ah then come *Siluia*, for I finde this wound
That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it vvas.

Sil. If this be ſo, vvhy then *Palamon* know,
I likewiſe feele the loue that vvas before
Moſt in my heart, is now become farre more:
And now O pardon me you worthy race
O men, if I in paſſion vttred ought
In preiudice of your moſt noble ſexe;
And thinke it vvas m'agrieued errour ſpake
It knew not vvhat, tranſported ſo, not I.

Pal. And pardon me you glorious company
You ſtarres of vvomen, if m'in raged heate

Haue

Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignity,
And thou bright *Pallas* sou'raigne of all Nimphes,
The royall Mistresse of our Pastorall Muse
And thou *Diana* honour of the woods
To whom I vow my songs, and vow my selfe,
Forgiue me mine offence and be you pleas'd
T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
And grace me still, and I desire no more.

Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much
That so she might be vndeceiued too,
Whom I haue made beleeue so ill of men:
But loe see where she comes, and as it seemes
Brings her beliefe already in her hand
Preuents my act, and is confirm'd before.
Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle beene,
Palamon loues me there is trust in men.

Clo. And *Siluia* I must not beleeue so too
Or else God helpe I know not what to doe.

Pal. Looke here *Mirtillis* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd false, and women they are true.

Mil. So I perceiue *Palamon*, and it seemes
But vaine conceipt that other wise esteemes.

Mon. Alas here comes my deare restored sonne
My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.

Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if she were affrighted still,
Poore soule, with feare, and with her sudaine griefe,

Clo. Loe here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
Although with much a doe, your sonne againe
And sorry am with all my heart that I,
Haue beene the cause he hath indur'd so much.

Mon. And I restore him backe againe to you
Deare *Cloris* and doe vvish you to forget
Your sorrowes past, and pray the gods you may
From henceforth lead your life with happy ioy.

Acry. Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wish as much.

Erg.

Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreate
You also to accept *Mirtillis* loue,
Who we are sure hath well deserued yours.

Do. Although this be vpon short warning, yet
For that I haue beene sommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deserts to me
To yeeld to such a motion, I am now
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.

Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewise haue my blisse
And reckon all the sufferings I haue past
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last.

Mel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nymph
Whose eye is still on you, as if she thought
Her suffring too, deseru'd some time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whil'st fortune deales good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.

Car. I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perswaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleeue the loue
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath sworne
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were,
But now I do perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and constancy.

Ama. O deare *Carinus* blest be this good houre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.

Erg. Aud *Daphne* too me thinkes your heauy lookes
Shew how that something is amisse with you.

Dap. Nothing amisse with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which somewhat griefes me yet.

Erg. That must aduise you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,

VVhich

Which if you do, no doubt but all this will be well.
Mel. Then thus we ſee the ſadneſſe of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious ſpirits, who thus haue rais'd
The hideous tempeſts of theſe miſeries,
And thus abus'd our ſimple innocence,
We charge you all here preſent t'auoyd,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Caſt downe and daſht in pieces from theſe rockes,
And t'haue your odious carkaſes deuour'd
By beaſts, being worſe your ſelues then beaſts to men.
Col. Well then come *Techne*, for I ſee we two
Muſt euen be forc'd to make a marriage too,
And goe to *Corinth*, or ſome City neere,
And by our practiſe get our liuing there:
Which both together ioyn'd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worſt of miſeries
Could come vnto me, and yet vworthily,
For hauing thus abus'd ſo many Nymphes,
And vvrong'd the honour moſt vnreuerently
Of vvomen, in that ſort as I haue done,
That now I am forſt to vndergoe therefore,
The vworſt of Plagues: to marry vvith a W.
Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this diſcourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their reſt,
Exile vs thus, for vve no doubt ſhall finde
Nations enough, that vvill moſt ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cheriſh vs.
And worthier people too, of ſubtler ſpirits,
Then theſe vnfaſhion'd, and vncomb'd rude ſwaines,
Lin. Yea and thoſe Nations are farre ſooner drawne
T'all friuolous diſtractions then are theſe;
For oft vve ſee, the groſſe doe manage things,
Farre better then the ſubtile, cunning brings
Confuſion ſooner then doth ignorance.
Alc. Yea and I doubt not whil'ſt there ſhall be found
Fantaſticke

Fantasticke puling wenchnes in the world,
But I shall florish, and liue iollily,
For such as I by vvomen must begin
To gaine a name and reputation winne,
Which vvhen we haue attain'd to you know then
How easily the vvomen draw on men.

Lin. Nor doe I doubt but I shall likewise liue,
And thriue, where euer I shall plant my selfe,
For I haue all those helpes my skill requires
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,
A clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the glosse to ouerthrow the text
I can alledge and vouch authority,
T'imbroyle th'intent, and sense of equity.
Besides by hauing beene a Notary,
And vs'd to frame litigious instruments
And leaue aduantages for subtilty,
And strife to worke on, I can so deuise
That there shall be no writing made so sure
But it shall yeeld occasion to contest
At any time when men shall thinke it best,
Nor be thou checkt vvith this *Pistophanax*,
That at thy first appearing thou art thus
Discou'red here, thou shalt along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as vvell as we.

Pist. Tush *Lincus* this cannot discourage me,
For we that traffique with credulity
And with opinion, still shall cherisht be:
But here your errour was to enter first
And be before me, for you should haue let
Me made the way that I might haue mislikt
That chaine of zeale that holds in amity,
And call'd vp doubt in their establisht rites,
Which would haue made you such an easie way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,

Vpon

Vpon their ſhaken and diſcattered mindes,
For our profeſſion any thing reſutes,
And all 's vnſetled whereas faith diſputes.

Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Begone I ſay, and beſt doe, whilſt you may.
And ſince we haue redeem'd our ſelues ſo well
Out of the bonds of miſchiefe let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which neuer more remaines, as it begun,
But is a wicked fire t' a farre worſe ſonne,
And ſtayes not till it makes vs ſlaues vnto
That vniuerſall Tyrant of the earth
Cuſtome who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our ſelues, reades that great charter too
Of nature and would likewiſe cancell man:
And ſo in chaines our iudgements and diſcourſe
Vnto the preſent vſances, that we
Muſt all our ſenſes thereunto refer.
Be as we finde our ſelues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reaſon their the nations of the times,
And place wherein we liue; and being our ſelues
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus,
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs
And therefore let vs recollect our ſelues
Diſpers'd into theſe ſtrange confuſed ill
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were
In manners and in habits as we were,
And ſo ſolemnize this our day
Of reſtauration, with other feaſts of ioy.

THE VISION OF THE TVVELVE GODdesses, presented in a Maske the *eight of Ianuary, at Hampton* Court.

By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, *and her Ladies.*

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE the Lady *Lucie*, Countesse of *Bedford*.

Madame.

IN respect of the vnmannerly presumption of an indiscreet Printer, who vvithout vvarrant hath divulged the late shewe at Court, presented the eight of *Ianuary*, by the Queenes Maiestie and her Ladies, and the same very disorderly set forth: I thought it not amisse, seeing it vvould otherwise passe abroad, to the preiudice both of the Maske aud the inuention, to describe the whole forme thereof in all points as it was then performed, and as the world wel knows very worthily performed, by a most magnificent Queene, whose heroicall spirit, and bounty onely gaue it so faire an execution as it had. Seeing also that these ornaments and delights of peace are in their season, as fit to entertaine the world, and deserue to be made memorable as well as the grauer actions, both of them concurring to the decking and furnishing of glory, and Maiestie, as the necessary complements requisit for State and Greatnesse.

And therefore first I will deliuer the intent and scope of the proiect: Which was onely to present the figure of those blessings, with the wish of their encrease and countinuance, which this mightie Kingdome now enioyes by the benefite of his most gracious Maiestie, by whom we haue this glory

of peace, with the accession of so great state and power. And to expresse the same, there were deuised twelue Goddesses, vnder whose Images former times haue represented the seuerall gifts of heauen, and erected Temples, Altars, and Figures vnto them, as vnto diuine powers, in the shape & name of vvomen. As vnto *Iuno* the Goddesse of Empire and *regnorum præsedi*, they attributed that blessing of power. To *Pallas*, Wisedome and Defence: to *Venus*, Loue and Amity; to *Vesta*, Religion: to *Diana*, the gift of Chastitie: to *Proserpina* riches: to *Marcaria*, felicitie: to *Proserpina* riches: to *Macaria*, felicitie: to *Concordia*, the vnion of hearts. *Astræa*, Iustice: *Flora*, the beauties of the earth. *Ceres* plenty. To *Tethis* power by Sea.

And though these Images haue oftentimes diuers significations, yet being not our purpose to represent them, with all those curious and superfluous obseruations, vve tooke them onely to serue as Hieroglphicqs for our present intention, according to some one propertie that fitted our occasion, without obseruing other their mysticall interpretations, wherein the authors themselues are so irrigular and confused, as the best Mytheologers, vvho will make somwhat to seeme any thing, are so vnfaithfull to themselues, as they haue left vs no certaine way at all, but a tract of confusion to take our course at aduenture. And therefore owing no homage to their intricate obseruations, vve vvere left at libertie to take no other knowledge of them, then fitted our present purpose, nor were tied by any lawes of Heraldry to range them otherwise in their precidencies, then they fell out to stand vvith the nature of the matter in hand. And in these cases it may vvell seeme *ingenerosum sapere solum ex commentarijs quasi maiorum inuenta industriæ nostræ viam precluserit, quasi in nobis offata sit vis naturæ, nihil ex separere*; or that there can be nothing done authenticall, vnlesse vve obserue all the strict rules of the booke.

And therefore we tooke their apteſt representations that lay best and easiest for vs. And first presented the Hieroglephicq

phick of Empire and Dominion, as the ground and matter vvhereon this glory of State is built, Then those blessings, and beauties that preserue and adorne it: As armed policie, loue, Religion, Chastitie, wealth, happinesse, Concord, Iustice, florishing seasons, plenty: and lastly power by sea, as to imbound and circle the greatnes of dominion by land.

And to this purpose vvere these Goddesses thus presented in their proper and seuerall attyres, bringing in the hands the particular figures of their power which they gaue to the Temple of Peace, erected vpon foure pillars, representing the foure Vertues that supported a Globe of the earth.

1

Iuno in a skie-colour mantle imbrodered with gold, and figured with Peacocks feathers, wearing a Crowne of gold on her head, presents a Scepter.

2

Pallas (which was the person her Maiestie chose to represent) was attyred in a blew mantle, with a siluer imbrodery of all weapons and engines of war, with a helmet-dressing on her head, and presents a Launce and Target.

3

Venus, in a Mantle of Doue-colour, and siluer, imbrodred Doues, presented (in stead of her *Cestus*, the girdle of Amity) a Skarffe of diuers colours.

4

Vesta, in a white Mantle imbrodred with gold-flames, with a dressing like a Nun, presented a burning Lampe in one hand, and a Booke in the other.

5

Diana, in a greene Mantle imbrodered with siluer halfe Moones, and a croissant of pearle on her head: presents a Bow and a Quiuer.

6

Proserpina, in a blacke Mantle imbrodered with gold-flames, with a crowne of gold on her head: presented a Myne of gold-ore.

7

Macaria, the Goddesse of Felicitie, in a Mantle of purple and siluer, imbrodered with the Figures of Plentie and Wisedome, (which concurre to the making of true happinesse) presents a Cadaceum with the Figure of abundance.

8

Concordia, in a party coloured Mantle of Crimson and White (the colours of *England* and *Scotland* ioyned) imbrodered with siluer, hands in hand, with a dressing likewise of party coloured Roses, a Branch whereof in a wreath or knot she presented.

9

Astræa, in a Mantle Crimson, with a siluer imbrodery, Figuring the Sword and Balance (as the Characters of Iustice) which she presented.

10

Flora, in a Mantle of diuers colours, imbrodered with all sorts of Flowers, presents a Pot of Flowers.

11

Ceres, in Strawe colour and Siluer imbrodery, with eares of Corne, and a dressing of the same, presents a Sickle.

12

Tethes, in a Mantle of Sea-greene, with a siluer imbrodery of Waues, and a dressing of Reedes, presents a Trident.

Now for the introducing this Shew: It was deuised that the *Night* represented in a blacke vesture set with Starres, should arise from below, and come towards the vpper end of the Hall: there to waken her sonne *Somnus*, sleeping in his Caue, as the Proem to the Vision. Which Figures when they are thus presented in humane bodies, as all Vertues, Vices, Passions, Knowledges, and whatsoeuer Abstracts else in imagination are, vvhich vve vvould make visible, vve produce them, vsing humane actions, and euen *Sleepe* it selfe (which might seeme improperly to exercise waking motions)

ons) hath beene of often shewed vs in that manner, with speech and gesture. As for example:

Excussit tandem sibi se; cubitoque louatus
Quid veniat (cognouit enim) Scitatur.

Intanto soprauenne, & gli occhi chiuse
A i Signori, & a i Sergenti il pigro Sonno.

And in another place:

Il Sonno viene, & Sparso il corpo stanco
Col ramo intimo nel liquor di Lethe.

So there, *Sleepe* is brought in, as a body, vsing speech and motion: and it was no more improper in this forme to make him walke, and stand, or speake, then it is to giue voyce or passion to dead Men, Ghosts, Trees, and Stones: and therefore in such matters of Shewes, these like Characters (in what forme soeuer they be drawne) serue vs but to read the intention of vvhat vve would represent: as in this proiect of ours, *Night* & *Sleepe* vvere to produce a Vision, an effect proper to their power, and fit to shadow our purpose, for that these apparitions & shewes are but as imaginations, and dreames that protend our affections, and dreames are neuer in all points agreeing right with waking actions: and therefore were they aptest to shadow whatsoeuer error might be herein presented. And therefore vvas *Sleepe* (as hee is described by *Philostratus in Amphirai imagine*) apparelled in a vvhite thin Vesture cast ouer a blacke, to signifie both the day and the night, with wings of the same colour, a Garland of Poppy on his head, and in stead of his yuoyrie and transparent horne, hee was shewed bearing a blacke Wand in the left hand, and a white in the other, to effect either confused or significant dreames, according to that inuocation of *Statius*.

——— Nec te tot as infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis, hoc turba precatur,
Lætior, extremo me tange cacumine virgæ.

And also agreeing to that of *Sil. Ital.*

——— Tangens Lethea tempora Virga.

And in this action did he here vse his white Wand, as to infuse significant Visions to entertaine the Spectators, and so made them seeme to see there a Temple, with a *Sybilla* therein attending vpon the Sacrifices; which done, *Iris* (the Messenger of *Iuno*) descends from the top of a Mountaine raised at the lower end of the Hall, and marching vp to the Temple of Peace, giues notice to the *Sybilla* of the comming of the Goddesses, and withall deliuers her a Prospectiue, wherein she might be hold the Figures of their Deities, and thereby describe them; to the end that at their descending, there might be no stay or hinderance of their Motion, which was to be carryed vvithout any interruption, to the action of other entertainments that were to depend one of another, during the vvhole Shew: and that the eyes of the Spectators might not beguile their eares, as in such cases it euer happens, vvhiles pompe and splendor of the sight takes vp all the intention vvithout regard what is spoken, and therefore vvas it thought fit their descriptions should be deliuered by the *Sybilla*.

Which as soone as she had ended, the three *Graces* in siluer Robes with vvhite Torches, appeared on the top of the mountaine, descending hand in hand before the Goddesses; vvho likewise followed three and three, as in a number dedicated vnto Sanctity and an incorporeall nature, vvhereas the *Dual*, *Hieroglyphicè pro immundis accipitur*. And betweene euery ranke of Goddesses, marched three Torch-bearers in the like seuerall colours, their heads and Robes all dect with Starres, and in their descending, the Cornets sitting in the Concaues of the Mountaine, and seene

but

but to their breasts, in the habit of *Satyres*, sounded a stately March, vvhich continued vntill the Goddesses were approached iust before the Temple; and then ceased, when the Consort Musicke (placed in the *Cupula* thereof, out of sight) began: whereunto the three *Graces* retyring themselues aside, sang, vvhiles the Goddesses one after an other vvith solemne pace ascended vp into the Temple, and deliuering their presents to the *Sybilla* (as it vvere but in passing by) returned downe into the midst of the Hall, preparing themselues to their dance, vvhich (assoone as the *Graces* had ended their Song) they began to the Musicke of the Violls and Lutes, placed on one side of the Hall.

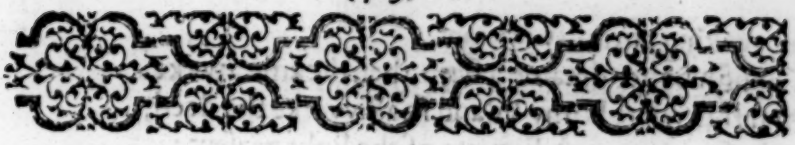
Which dance being performed with great maiesty and Arte, consisting of diuers straines, fram'd vnto motions circular, square, triangular, vvith other proportions exceeding rare and full of variety; the Goddesses made a pause, casting themselues into a circle, whilst the *Graces* againe sang to the Musicke of the Temple, and prepared to take out the Lords to dance. With whom after they had performed certaine Measures, Galliards, and Curranto's, *Iris* againe comes and giues notice of their pleasure to depart: whose speech ended, they drew themselues againe into another short dance, with some few pleasant changes, still retyring them toward the foote of the Mountaine, which they ascended in that same manner as they came downe, whilst the Cornets taking their Notes from the ceasing of the Musicke below, sounded another delightfull March.

And thus Madame, haue I briefly deliuered, both the reason and manner of this Maske; as well to satisfie the desire of those who could not well note the carriage of these passages, by reason (as I sayd) the ptesent pompe and splendor entertain'd them otherwise (as that which is most regardfull in these Shewes) wherein (by the vnpartiall opinion of all the beholders Strangers and others) it was not inferiour to the best that euer was presented in Christendome: as also to giue vp my account hereof vnto your Honour,

whereby I might cleere the reckoning of any imputation that might be layd vpon your iudgement, for preferring such a one, to her *Maiesty* in this imployment, as could giue no reason for what was done.

And for the captious Censurers, I regard not what they can say, who commonly can do little else but say; and if their deepe iudgements euer serue them to produce any thing, they must stand on the same Stage of Censure with other men, and peraduenture performe no such great wonders as they would make vs beleeue: and I comfort my selfe in this, that in Court I know not any vnder him, who acts the greatest parts) that is not obnoxious to enuy, and a sinister interpretation. And whosoeuer striues to shew most wit about these Puntillos of Dreames and shewes, are sure sicke of a disease they cannot hide, and would faine haue the world to thinke them very deeply learned in all misteries whatsoeuer. And peraduenture they thinke themselues so, which if they do, they are in a farre worse case then they imagine; *Non potest non indoctus esse qui se doctum credit.* And let vs labour to shew neuer so much skill or Arte, our weaknesses and ignorance will be seene, whatsoeuer couering vve cast ouer it. And yet in these matters of shewes (though they be that which most entertaine the vvorld) there needs no such exact sufficiency in this kind. For, *Ludit ista animus, non proficit.* And therefore, Madame, I will no longer idlely hold you therein, but refer you to the speeches, and so to your better delights, as one vvho must euer acknowledge my selfe especially bounds vnto your Honour.

SAM: DANIEL.



The Night *represented, in a blacke Vesture set with Starres, comes and wakens her Sonne* Somnus,, *(sleeping in his Caue) with this Speech.*

AWake darke *Sleepe* rouse thee from out this Caue
Thy Mother *Night* that bred thee in her wombe
And fed thee first vvith silence and vvith ease,
Doth here thy shadowing operations craue:
And therefore wake my Sonne, awake, and come
Strike vvith thy Horny vvand, the spirits of these
That here expect some pleasing nouelties:
And make their slumber to beget strange sights,
Strange visions and vnvsuall properties.
Vnseene of latters Ages, ancient Rites,
Of gifts diuine, vvrapt vp in mysteries,
Make this to seeme a Temple in their sight,
Whose maine support, holy Religion frame:
And 1 *Wisdome*, 2 *Courage*, 3 *Temperance*, and 4 *Right*,
Make seeme the Pillars that sustaine the same.
Shadow some *Sybill* to attend the Rites,
And to describe the Powers that shall resort,
With th'interpretation of the benefits
They bring in clouds, and what they do import.
Yet make them to portend the true desire
Of those that vvish them waking reall things:
Whilst I will hou'ring, here a-loose retire
And couer all things vvith my sable Wings.

Somnus.

DEare Mother *Night*, I your commandement
Obey, and Dreames t'interpret Dreames will make,

As

As vvaking curiosity is wont.
Though better dreame a sleep, then dreame awake.
And this white horny Wand shall vworke the deed;
Whose power doth Figures of the light present:
When from this sable *radius* doth proceed
Nought but confused shewes, to no intent.
Be this a Temple; there *Sybilla* stand,
Preparing reuerent Rites with holy hand,
And so bright visions go, and entertaine
All rouud about, vvhilst Ile to sleepe againe.

Iris, *the Messenger of the Goddesses discending from the Mount, where they were assembled, (deck like the Rainebow) spake as followeth.*

I The daughter of Wonder (now made the Messenger of Power) am here discended, to signifie the comming of a Cœlestiall presence of Goddesses, determined to visit this faire Temple of Peace, vvhich holy hands and deuout desires, haue dedicated to vnity and concord. And leaving to shew themselues any more in *Samos*, *Ida*, *Paphos*, their ancient delighting places of *Greece*, and *Asia*, made now the seats of Barbarizme and spoyle, vouchsafe to recreat themselues vpon this *Westerne Mount of mighty Britannia*, the Land of ciuill Musick and of rest, and are pleased to appeare in the selfe-same Figures, wherein antiquity hath formerly cloathed them, and as they haue bin cast in the imagination of piety, who hath giuen mortall shapes to the gifts and effects of an eternall power, for that those beautifull Caracters of sense were easier to be read then their mysticall *Ideas*, dispersed in that wide, and incomprehensible volume of Nature.

And well haue mortall men apparelled, all the *Graces*, all the *Blessings*, all *Vertues*, with that shape wherein themselues are much delighted, and which worke the best Motions, and best represent the beautie of heauenly Powers.

And therefore reuerent Prophetesse, that here attendest vpon

vpon the deuotions of this Place, prepare thy selfe for those Rytes that apperraine to thy function, and the honour of such Deities, and to the end thou mayst haue a fore-notion what Powers, and who they are that come, take here this Prospectiue, and wherein note and tell vvhat thou seest: for well mayest thou there obserue their shadowes, but their presence will bereaue thee of all, saue admiration and amazement, for who can looke vpon such Powers and speake? And so I leaue thee.

Sybilla, *hauing receiued this Message, and the Prospectiue, vseth these words.*

VVHat haue I seene? where am I? or do I see all? or am I any where? was this *Iris*, (the Messenger of *Iuno*) or else but a fantasme or imagination? will the diuine Goddesses vouchsafe to visit this poore Temple? Shall I be blest, to entertaine so great Powers? it can be but a dreame: yet so great Powers haue blest, as humble roofes, and vse, out of no other respect, then their owne gracefulnes to shine vvhere they will. But what Prospectiue is this? or what shall I herein see? Oh admirable Powers! what sights are these?

Iuno.

FIrst here Imperiall *Iuno* in her Chayre,
With Scepter of command for Kingdomes large:
Descends all clad in colours of the Ayre,
Crown'd with bright Starres, to signifie her charge.

Pallas.

NExt War-like *Pallas*, in her Helmet dreft
With Lance of vvinning, Target of defence:
In vvhom both Wit and Courage are expreft,
To get with glory, hold vvith Prouidence.

Venus.

Venus.

THen louely *Venus* in bright Maiesty,
Appeares with milde aspect, in Doue-like hue:
With th'all combining Skarffe of Amity,
T'ingird strange Nations with affections true.

Vesta.

NExt Holy *Vesta*, vvith her flames of Zeale
Presents her selfe, clad in white Purity:
Whose booke, the soules sweet comfort, doth reueale
By the euer-burning Lampe of Piety.

Diana.

THen chaste *Diana*, in her Robes of greene,
With weapons of the Wood her selfe addrests
To blesse the Forrests, where her power is seene,
In peace vvith all the vvorld, but Sauage beasts.

Proserpina.

NExt rich *Proserpina*, vvith flames of gold,
Whose state although within the earth, yet she
Comes from aboue, and in her hand doth hold
The Myne of wealth, with cheerefull Maiesty.

Macaria.

THen all in purple Robes, rich Happinesse
Next her appeares, bearing in either hand,
Th'Ensignes both of wealth, and wits t'expresse,
That by them both, her Maiesty doth stand.

Concordia.

NExt all in party-coloured Robes appeares,
In white and crimson, gracefull *Concord* dreft
With knots of Vnion, and in hand she beares
The happy ioyned Roses of our rest.

Astrea.

Astrea.

CLeare-eyed *Astrea*, next, with reuerent brow
Clad in Cælestiall hue, (which best she likes)
Comes with her Ballance, and her sword to shew
That first her iudgement weighs before it strikes.

Flora.

THen cheerefull *Flora*, all adorn'd with flowers,
Who cloathes the earth with beauty and delight
In thousand sundry suits, whilst shiuing houres
Will skarce afford a darknesse to the night.

Ceres.

NExt plenteous *Ceres* in her Harueft weede,
Crown'd with th'increase of what she gaue to keepe:
To gratitude and faith: in whom we read,
Who sowes on Vertue shall with glory reape.

Tethis.

LAstly comes *Tethis*, *Albions* fairest loue,
Whom she in faithfull Armes deigne t'embrace
And brings the Trydent of her Power, t'approue
The kinde respect she hath to do him grace.

Thus haue I read their shadowes, but behold:
In glory, where they come as Iris *told.*

The

The three Graces, *comming to the vpper part of the Hall, ſang this Song, while the Goddeſſes deliuered their preſents.*

Gratia ſunt 1 *dantium,* 2 *reddentium,* 3 *& promerentium.*

1

DEſert, Reward, and Gratitude,
The *Graces* of Societie;
Doe here with hand in hand conclude
The bleſſed chaine of Amitie:
For we deſerue, we giue, we thinke,
Thanks, Gifts, Deſerts, thus ioyne in ranke.

2

We yeeld the ſplendant raijes of light,
Vnto theſe bleſſings that deſcend:
The grace vvhereof with more delight,
The vvell diſpoſing doth commend;
Whilſt Gratitude, Rewards, Deſerts,
Pleaſe, winne, draw on, and couple hearts.

3

For worth and power and due reſpect,
Deſerues, beſtowes, returnes with Grace:
The meed, reward, the kinde effect,
That giue the world a cheerefull face,
And turning in this courſe of right,
Make Vertue moue with true delight.

The Song being ended, and the Maskers *in the middeſt of the Hall, diſpoſing themſelues to their Daunce:* Sybilla *hauing placed there ſeuerall preſents on the Altar, vttereth theſe words.*

O Powers of powers, grant to our vowes we pray,
That theſe faire bleſſings which we now erect

In

In Figures left vs here, in ſubſtance may
Be thoſe great props of glory and reſpect.
1 Let Kingdomes large, 2 let armed policie,
3 Milde loue, 4 true zeale, 5 right ſhouting at the white
Of braue diſignes: 6 let wealth, 7 felicitie,
8 Iuſtice, 9 and concord, 10 pleaſure, 11 plenty, 12 *might*
And power by Sea, with Grace proportionate,
Make glorious both the Soueraigne and his State.

After this the Maskers *danced their owne meaſures, which being ended, and they ready to take out the Lords, the three* Graces *ſang.*

VVHiles worth with honour make their choiſe
For meaſured motions ordred right,
Now let vs likewiſe giue a voyce,
Vnto the touch of our delight.

For comforts lock't vp without ſound,
Are th'vnborne children of the thought:
Like vnto Treaſures neuer found
That buried lowe are left forgot.

Where words, our glory doth not ſhew,
(There) like braue actions without Fame:
It ſeemes as Plants not ſet to grow,
Or as a Tombe without a Name.

The Maskers *hauing ended their dancing with the Lords,* Iris *giues warning of their departure.*

Iris.

AS I was the ioyfull Meſſenger to notifie the comming, ſo am I now the ſame of the departure of theſe diuine powers. Who hauing cloathed themſelues with theſe apparances, doe now returne backe againe to the Spheres of their owne being from whence they came. But yet, of my ſelfe, this

this much I muſt reueale, though againſt the warrant of a Meſſenger; who I know had better to faile in obedience then in preſumption, that theſe Deities by the motion of the all-directing *Pallas*, the glorious Patroneſſe of this mighty Monarchy, deſcending in the Maieſtie of their inuiſible eſſence, vpon yōnder Mountaine, found there, the beſt, (and moſt worthily the beſt) of LADIES, diſporting with her choyſeſt Attendants, whoſe formes they preſently vndertooke, as delighting to be in the beſt-built-Temples of Beauty and Honour. And in them vouchſafed to appeare in this manner, being otherwiſe no obiects for mortall eyes. And no doubt, but that in reſpect of the perſons vnder whoſe beautifull couerings they haue thus preſented themſelues, theſe Deities will be pleaſed the rather at their inuocation (knowing all their deſires to be ſuch) as euermore to grace this glorious Monarchy with the Reall effects of theſe bleſſings repreſented.

After this, they fell to a ſhort departing dance, and ſo aſcend the Mountayne.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CLEOPATRA.

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

The Scæne ſuppoſed *Alexandria.*

THE ACTORS

Cleopatra. Octauius Cæſar.
Proculeius. Dolabella.
Titius, ſeruant to Dolabella.
Arius, } two Philoſophers.
Philoſtratus, }
Seleucus, ſecretarie to Cleopatra.
Rodon, Tutor to Cæſario.
Nuntius.
The Chorus, all Egyptians.

THE

To the right honourable, the *Lady* Mary, *Countesse of* PEMBROOKE.

LOe heere the labour which ſhe did impoſe,
Whoſe influence did predominate my Muſe:
The ſtarre of wonder my deſires firſt choſe
To guide their trauels in the courſe I vſe:
She, whoſe cleare brightneſſe had the powre t'infuſe
Strength to my thoughts, from whence theſe motions came
Call'd vp my ſpirits from out their low repoſe,
To ſing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

I, who (contend with an humble ſong,)
Made muſique to my ſelfe that pleaſd me beſt,
And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And praiſd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnreſt:
(A text from whence my Muſe had not digreſt)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Antony*;
(Who all alone, hauing remained long,)
Repuir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

Who if ſhe here doe ſo appeare in Act,
That he can ſcarce diſcerne her for his Queene,
Finding how much ſhe of her ſelfe hath lackt,
And miſs'd that grace wherein ſhe ſhould be ſeene,
Her worth obſcur'd, her ſpirit embaſed cleene,
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweete cheareſulnes,
My darke defects, which from her powres detract,
He may her geſſe by ſome reſemblances.

And I hereafter in another kinde,
More ſuting to the nature of my vaine,
May peraduenture raiſe my humble minde
To other muſique in this higher ſtraine;
Since I perceiue the world and thou doſt daigne
To countenance my Song, and cheriſh me,
I muſt ſo worke Poſteritie may finde,
My loue to verſe, my gratitude to thee.

Now when ſo many Pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chaſe away this tyrant of the North;
Groſſe Barbariſme, whoſe powre grown far inlarg'd
Was lately by the valiant brothers worth
Firſt found, encountred, and prouoked forth:
Whoſe onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe haue ſo well diſcharg'd
Vpon that hideous beaſt incroching thus,

And now muſt I with that poore ſtrength I haue,
Reſiſt ſo foule a foe in what I may:
And arme againſt Obliuion and the Graue,
That elſe in darkeneſſe carries all away,
And makes of all an vniuerſall pray;
So that if by my Penne procure I ſhall
But to defend me, and my name to ſaue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ſtill the better part of me will liue,
And in that part will liue thy reuerent name,
Although thy ſelfe doſt farre more glory giue
Vnto thy ſelfe, then I can by the ſame.
Who doſt with thine owne hand a bulwark frame
Againſt theſe monſters, (enemies of honour)
Which euermore ſhall ſo defend thy Fame,
As Time, or they ſhall neuer prey vpon her.

Thoſe

Those Hymnes which thou dost consecrate to heauen,
Which Israels Singer to his God did frame:
Vnto thy voyce Eternitie hath giuen,
And makes thee deare to him from whence they came,
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sions God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeale bereauen,
And murthered Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Lady) thou must then be knowne,
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou maist call thine owne,
Which sacrilegious Time cannot confound;
Heere thou suruiu'st thy selfe, heere thou art found
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where, in eternall Brasse remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
Within these strict and narrow limites so:
But that the melodie of our sweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The Musike of declined *Italy*:
And listning to our Songs another while,
Might learne of thee their notes to purifie.

O why may not some after-comming hand
Vnlocke these limites, open our confines,
And breake asunder this imprisoning band,
T'inlarge our spirits, and publish our designes;
Planting our Roses on the *Apenines*?
And to teach *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*.
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
With those *Po*-singers being equalled,
Enchaunt the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternall Songs (for euer read)
May shew what great *Elizaes* raigne hath bred.
What musicke in the kingdome of her peace
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall neuer cease.

But if that fortune doth denie vs this,
Then *Neptune*, locke vp with the Ocean key
This treasure to our selues, and let them misse
Of so sweet riches: as vnworthy they
To tast the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmony so pleasing growne,
Content our selues, whose errour euer is
Strange notes to like, and disesteeme our owne.

But, whither doe my vowes transport me now,
Without the compasse of my course enioynd?
Alas, what honour can a voyce so low
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And though I doe not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

The

The Argument.

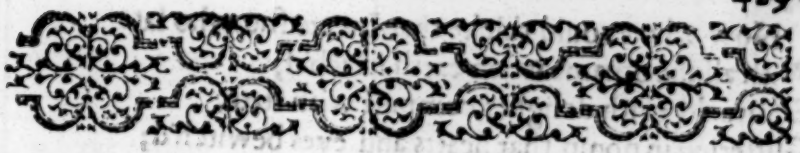
AFter the death of *Antonius*, *Cleopatra*, (liuing still in the Monument shee had caused to be built,) could not, by any meanes be drawne foorth, although *Octauius Cæsar* very earnestly laboured it: and sent *Proculeius*, to vse all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that hee thought it would be a great Ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would shee put her selfe into the hands of *Proculeius*, although on a time he found the means, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come down vnto her: where he perswaded her (all he might) to yeeld her selfe to *Cæsars* mercy. Which she, (to be ridde of him,) cunningly seemed to grant vnto. After that, *Octauius* in person went to visite her, to whom she excused her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare she had of *Antonius*, and withall, seemed very tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him,

Whereupon *Octauius*, (thinking himselfe sure) resolued presently to send her away to Rome, Whereof, *Dolabella*, a fauorite of *Cæsars*, (and one that was growne into some good liking of her) hauing certified her, shee makes her humble petition to *Cæsar*, that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of *Antonius*: which being granted her, she was brought vnto his sepulchre, where, after her rites performed, she returned to the Monument, and there dined with

great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a countrey man, with a basket of Figs vnto her, who (vnsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that basket (among the Figs) were conueyed the Aspickes wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatched Letters to *Cæsar*, contayning great lamentations with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with *Antonius*. Whereupon *Cæsar* knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speed, Messengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came, was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, which she had by *Iulius Cæsar* (conueyed before vnto *India*, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death, murthered at *Rhodes*: trained thither by the falsehood of his Tutor, corrupted by *Cæsar*. And so, hereby came the race of the *Ptolomies* to be wholly extinct, and the flourishing rich Kingdome of *Egypt* vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.

THE



THE TRAGEDIE *Of CLEOPATRA.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Cleopatra.

YET doe I liue, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyond my life? nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes endure the ghastly looke
Of Desolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on Fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought vvas but applause, but smiles, and grace?
Whiles on his shoulders all my rest relide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and supporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory sway,
Who now throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht vvith the weight of Shame and Infamy,
Following th'vnlucky party of mine eyes,
The traines of lust and imbecility,
Whereby my dissolution is become
The graue of Egypt, and the wracke of all;
My vnforeseeing weakenesse must intoome
My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

Now

Now who vvould thinke that I were ſhe vvho late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd vvith delights, compaſt with ſtate,
Glittering in pomp that hearts and eyes bewitch'd;
Should thus diſtreſt, caſt down from off that heigth
Leuell'd vvith low diſgrac'd calamity,
Vnder the weight of ſuch affliction ſigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameſt miſery?
Am I the woman whoſe inuentiue pride,
Adorn'd like *Iſis*, ſcorn'd mortality?
Is't I would haue my frailety ſo belide,
That flattery could perſwade I vvas not I?
Well, now I ſee, they but delude that praiſe vs,
Greatneſſe is mockt, proſperity betrayes vs.
And vve are but our ſelues, although this cloud
Of interpoſed ſmoakes make vs ſeeme more:
Theſe ſpreading parts of pomp wherof w'are proud
Are not our parts, but parts of others ſtore:
Witneſſe theſe gallant fortune-following traines,
Theſe Summer Swallowes of felicity
Gone vvith the heate, of all, ſee vvhat remaines,
This monument, two maydes, and vvrteched I.
And I, t'adorne their triumphs am reſeru'd
A captiue, kept to honour others ſpoyles,
Whom *Cæſar* labours ſo to haue preſeru'd,
And ſeekes to entertaine my life vvith wtles.
But Cæſar, it is more then thou canſt do,
Promiſe, flatter, threaten extreamity,
Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and vvill, and I can die.
Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,
Of powre, of meanes and all doſt quite bereaue me;
Though thou haſt wholy Egypt made thine owne,
Yet haſt thou left me that which vvill deceiue thee.
That courage vvith my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,

Can

Can neuer be ſo abiectly abated
To be thy ſlaue that rul'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Ceſar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,
Do ſcorne to buy my life at ſuch a rate,
That I ſhould vnderneath my ſelfe be ſeene,
Baſely induring to ſuruiue my ſtate:
That Rome ſhould ſee my ſcepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares,
That I ſhould paſſe whereas *Octauia* ſtands,
To view my miſery that purchas'd hers.
No, I diſdaine that head vvhich wore a crowne,
Should ſtoope to take vp that which others giue;
I muſt not be, vnleſſe I be mine owne.
Tis ſweet to die vvhen we are forc'd to liue,
Nor had I ſtayd behind my ſelfe this ſpace,
Nor payd ſuch int'reſt for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I ſeeke to purchaſe grace
For my diſtreſſed ſeede after my death.
It's that vvhich doth my deareſt blood controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my ſoule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
You luckleſſe iſſue of an vvofull mother,
The vvretched pledges of a vvanton bed,
You Kings deſign'd muſt ſubiects liue to other;
Or elſe, I feare, ſcarce liue, vvhen I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Ceſar*,
And ſtay this vvhile to mediate your ſafety:
For you I faine content, and ſoothe his pleaſure,
Calamity herein hath made me crafty.
But this is but to try what may be done,
For come what vvill, this ſtands, I muſt die free,
And die my ſelfe vncaptiu'd, and vnwonne.
Blood, Children, Nature, all muſt pardon me.
My ſoule yeelds Honor vp the victory,
And I muſt be a Queene, forget a mother,

Though

Though mother vvould I be, were I not I;
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.
But vvhat know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the ſinnes of Egypt haue deſeru'd
The *Ptolomies* ſhould faile and none ſucceed,
And that my weakenes vvas thereto reſeru'd,
That I ſhould bring confuſion to my ſtate,
And fill the meaſure of iniquity,
Luxurioufneſſe in me ſhould raiſe the rate
Of looſe and ill-diſpenſed liberty.
If it be ſo, then what neede theſe delaies?
Since I was made the meanes of miſery:
Why ſhould I ſtriue but to make death my praiſe,
That had my life but for my infamy?
And let me vvrite in letters of my blood
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example to ſuch Princes good
As pleaſe themſelues, and care not what become.
And *Antony*, becauſe the world takes note
That my defects haue onely ruin'd thee:
And my ambitious practiſes are thought
The motiue and the cauſe of all to be:
Though God thou know'ſt, how iuſt this ſtaine is layd
Vpon my ſoule, vvhom ill ſucceſſe makes ill:
Yet ſince condemn'd misfortune hath no ayde
Againſt proud lucke that argues what it will,
I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
But to bring in the witneſſe of my blood,
To teſtifie the faith and loue that bindes
My equall ſhame, to fall vvith whom I ſtood.
Defects I grant I had, but this vvas worſt,
That being the firſt to fall I di'd not firſt.
Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne ſide
With ſome excuſe of my conſtrained caſe
Drawne down with povvre: but that were to deuide
My ſhame: to ſtand alone in my diſgrace.

To

To cleere me ſo, vvould ſhew m'affections naught,
And make th'excuſe more hainous then the fault.
Since if I ſhould our errours diſunite,
I ſhould confound afflictions onely reſt,
That from ſterne death euen ſteales a ſad delight
To die vvith friends or vvith the like diſtreſt;
And ſince vve tooke of either ſuch firme hold
In th'ouerwhelming ſeas of fortune caſt,
What powre ſhould be of powre to reunfold
The armes of our affections lockt ſo faſt,
For grapling in the Ocean of our pride,
We ſuncke others greatneſſe both together;
And both made ſhipwracke of our fame beſide,
Both vvrought a like deſtruction vnto either:
And therefore I am bound to ſacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reproue me:
Our like diſtreſſe I feele doth ſimpathize,
And euen affliction makes me truely loue thee.
Which *Antony*, I much confeſſe my fault
I neuer did ſincerely vntill now:
Now I proteſt I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For vvhilſt my glory in her greatneſſe ſtood,
And that I ſaw my ſtate, and knew my beauty;
Saw how the vvorld admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all men muſt loue me of duety;
And I loue none: for my laſciuious Court,
Fertile in euer freſh and new-choyſe pleaſure,
Affoorded me ſo bountifull diſport,
That I to ſtay on Loue had neuer leiſure:
My vagabond deſires no limites found,
For luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ſtrictneſſe of thy City,
And neuer this looſe pomp of monarchs learneſt,
Inur'd to vvarres, in womens vviles vnwitty,
Whilst others fain'd, thou feil'ſt to loue in earneſt;

Not

Not knowing how vve like them best that houer,
And make least reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou cam'st but in my beauties vvaine,
When nevv appearing vvrinckles of declining
Wrought vvith the hand of yeares, seem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly shining
Euen in the confines of mine age, vvhen I
Failing of vvhat I was, and vvas but thus;
When such as we do deeme in iealousie
That men loue for themselues, and not for vs,
Then, and but thus, thou didst loue most sincerely
O *Antony*, that best deseru'st it better,
This Autumne of my beauty bought so dearely,
For which in more then death, I stand thy debter,
Which I vvill pay thee vvith so true a minde,
(Casting vp all these deepe accompts of mine)
That both our soules, and all the world shall find
All reckoning cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the I may preuent proud *Cæsar*,
Who doth so eagerly my life importune,
I must preuaile me of this little leasure,
Seeming to sute my mind vnto my fortune;
Thereby vvith more conuenience to prouide
For vvhat my death and honor best shall fit:
An yeelding base content must vvary hide
My last dissigne till I accomplish it,
That hereby yet the vvorld shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue, had vvit to die. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies still
Torment their tortur'd breast,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.
Which when being most distrest,

Yet

Yet more to vexe their sprite,
The hideous face of sinne,
(In formes they must detest)
Stands euer in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their misse.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himselfe can finde:
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of minde.
But in himselfe confin'd,
He still see sinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That swiftly comes behind,
The which is euer-more,
The sure and certaine gaine
Impiety doth get,
And wanton loose respect, that doth it selfe forget.

And Cleopatra *now,*
Well sees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood:
Or line a seruile pray,
Vnder a hand vnmost,
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne:
And thus she hath her state, herselfe and vs vndone.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:

How

How that ſhe did not well,
To take the courſe ſhe did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did reſtraine,
No ſecret cloſely done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made moſt plaine
That flattry glos'd vpon,
The bed of ſinne reueal'd,
And all the luxury that ſhame would haue conceal'd.

The ſcene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lyes,
The purple actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men deſpiſe.
The complots of the wiſe,
Proue imperfections ſmoakt:
And all what wonder gaue
To pleaſure-gazing eyes,
Lyes ſcattred, daſht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconſiderate wights,
Theſe momentary pleaſures, fugitiue delights.

ACT. III.

Caſar. Proculeius.

KIngdomes I ſee we winne, vve conquer Climates,
Yet cannot vanquiſh hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in cloſe-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of ſword or violence
Who forc'd do pay vs duty, pay not loue:
Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuary ſacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keies that looſe bind.

No

No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquisht haue this land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine:
All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
And all their treasure and themselues resigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as Chance hath her assign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth she now giue,
Will she be brought to condiscend to liue?
Pro. My Lord, what time being sent from you to try
To win her forth aliue (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
She liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight:
No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,
But through a grate at the entry of the place
Standing to treate, I labour'd to aduise her,
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.
She said, she crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæsar* would vouschsafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though she deseru'd no merite.
So leauing her for then; and since of late,
With *Gallus* sent to trie an other time,
The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where, in descending in the closest wise,
And silent manner as I could contriue:
Her woman me desiri'd, and out she cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene caught from her side her knife,
And euen in act to stab her martred breast,

I ſtept with ſpeede, and held, aud ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhouldſt thou, (ſaid I)
Both iniury thy ſelfe and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honour of his victory,
Who euer deales moſt mildely with his foe?
Liue, and relie on him, whoſe mercy will
To thy ſubmiſſion alwayes ready be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ſtill,
Twixt maieſtie confuz'd and miſerie.
Her proud grieu'd eyes, held ſorrow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule:
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne,
So baſe affliction ſeemed to controule.
Like as a buring Lampe, whoſe liquor ſpent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flaſh, as diſcontent,
That ſo the matter failes that ſhould redeeme it:
So ſhe (in ſpight) to ſee her low-brought ſtate,
When all her hopes were now conſum'd to noght)
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once deſcend into a ſeruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnuſed to beſeech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers, ſo
Words of cõmand conioyn'd with humble ſpeech,
Shew'd ſhe would liue, yet ſcorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah, what hath *Cæſar* here to doe, ſaid ſhee,
In confines of the dead in darkeneſſe lying?
Will he not grant our ſepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What, muſt he ſtretch foorth his ambitious hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?
Hath Miſery no couert where to ſtand
Free from the ſtorme of Pride, is't ſafe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne ſuffice,
And all what I held deare, to him made common,

But that he muſt in this ſort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted body of an woefull woman?
Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content:
And let him now with his deſires make euen,
And leaue me to this horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
What muſt he take me from my ſelfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leaue me free;
The Kingdome of this poore diſtreſſed corſe.
No other crowne I ſeeke, no other good.
Yet wiſh that *Cæſar* would vouchſafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-ſpring of my blood.
Confuſed iſſue, yet of Roman race.
If blood and name be linckes of loue in Princes,
Not ſpurres of hate; my poore *Cæſario* may
Finde fauour notwithſtanding mine offences,
And *Cæſars* blood, may *Cæſars* raging ſtay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muſt be rapt with furious violence,
And no reſpect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood diſpence:
Then be it ſo, if needes it muſt be ſo.
There ſtaies and ſhrinkes in horror of her ſtate:
When I beganne to mittigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wiſhing her not deſpaire, but rather come
And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vaine feares:
No doubt ſhe ſhould obtaine as gentle doome
As ſhe deſir'd, both for her ſelfe and hers.
And ſo with much adoe, (well pacifide
Seeming to be) ſhe ſhew'd content to liue,
Saying ſhe was reſolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou would'ſt giue,
And herewithall, crau'd alſo that ſhee might
Performe her laſt rites to her loſt belou'd.

To ſacrifice to him that wroght her plight:
And that ſhe might not be by force remou'd.
I granting from thy part this her requeſt,
Left her for then, ſeeming in better reſt.
Caſ. But doſt thou thinke ſhe will remaine ſo ſtill?
Pro. I thinke, and doe aſſure my ſelfe ſhe will.
Caſ. Ah, priuate men ſound not the harts of Princes,
Whoſe actions oft beare contrary pretences.
Pro. Why tis her ſafetie to come yeeld to thee.
Caſ. But tis more honour for her to goe free.
Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.
Caſ. Princes reſpect their honour more then blood.
Pro. Can Princes powre diſpence with nature than?
Caſ. To be a Prince, is more then be a Man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time perſwaded beene.
Caſ. And ſo might ſhe too, were ſhe not a Queene.
Pro. Diuers reſpects will force her be relaim'd.
Caſ. Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeeld and care not how,
But greater heares will breake before they bow
And ſure I thinke ſh' will neuer condiſcend,
To liue to grace our ſpoiles with her diſgrace:
But yet let ſtill a wary troupe attend,
To guard her perſon, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my ſelfe will goe to viſite her.

CHORVS.

OPinion, how do'ſt thou moleſt
Th'affected mind of reſtleſſe man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
For getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes far wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:

For

For in the ſame he lookt for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once tis tride
Then ſomething elſe thou find'ſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from though to thought:
When in the end all prooues but nought.
Farther from reſt he findes him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.
O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhewes,
Dooſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt,
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſign'ſt,
And all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
Which ſhewes, their ſtate thou ill defin'ſt:
And liu'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then dooſt thou drawe our weakeneſſe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Thou ſtrait doſt caſt t'intice vs by?
And tell'ſt vs that is euer beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tride.
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony *can say is true,*
And Cleopatra *knowes tis so,*
By th'experience of their woe.
She can say, she neuer knew
But that lust found pleasures new,
And was neuer satisfide:
He can say by proofe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the heart of pride:
And findes no rest when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, lists and bounds hath none,
And both subnert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuy hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet opinion leaues not heere,
But stickes to Cleopatra *neere,*
Perswading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine,
And what a shame it was to liue,
Her Kingdome lost, her Louer dead:
And so with this perswasion led,
Despaire doth such a courage giue,
That nought else can her minde reliene,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

ACT. III.

Philostratus. Arius.

HOw deepely *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of mine:
Obtaining

Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helpes else despaird but thine?
Although I see in such a wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd:
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as 'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land most wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our dearest good.
And so we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,
That touch which nature without breath did giue.
And yet what blasts of words hath Learning found,
To blow against the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vnsicke eloquence can sound,
And yet all faile vs in the point of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
Without the compasse of destruction liuing:
What precepts shew we then, what courage lofty
In taxing others feares in councell giuing?
When all this ayre of sweet-contriued words
Proues but weake armour to defend the heart.
For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our art?
O who is he that from himselfe can turne,
That beare about the body of a man?
VVho doth not toyle and labour to adiorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?
All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base begging of a seruile breath,
VVherein I grant my selfe much to abuse,
So shamefully to seeke t'auoide my death.
Arius. Philostratus, that selfe same care to liue,
Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then

Nature doth vs no more then others giue:
Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men
And yet (in truth) theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe:
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leſſe:
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatneſſe hath.
How improuident proſperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how diſmaid Confuſion keepes thoſe ſtreetes,
That nought but mirth & muſique late reſounded,
How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
Our ſtate, our wealth, our pride, and al confounded.
Yet what weake ſight did not diſcerne from farre
This blacke-ariſing tempeſt, all confounding?
Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to ſuch abounding.
When diſſolute impietie p ſſeſt
Th'vnreſpectiue mindes of Prince, and People:
When inſolent Securitie found reſt
In wanton thoughts, with luſt and eaſe made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleaſure,
New-freſh inuented ryots ſtill detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treaſure,
Our Lawes, our Gods, our myſteries neglected.
Who ſaw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diſorders, muſt
At length of force pay backe the bloody price
Of ſad deſtruction, (a reward for luſt.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of like proude ſtates, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne:
Which now among examples muſt be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An ancient Canon, of eternall date,

In Consistory of the starres of heauen,
Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate;
That no state can in height of happinesse,
In th'exaltation of their glory stand:
But thither once arriu'd, declining lesse,
Ruine themselues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing course of things
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that same day that hiest glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the point of backe-returning.
For senceless sensuality, doth euer
Accompany felicity and greatnesse.
A fatall vvitch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till vve leaue all in sorrow for our sweetnesse;
When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
Although the same be first decreed on hie:
Our errors still must beare the blame of all,
This must it be; earth, aske not heauen why.
Yet mighty men vvith wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obstacles of feare:
All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
Their least conceit of quiet, held so deare;
And so intrench themselues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniustice as their feares dispose:
Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose.
Aud sure I cannot see, how this can stand
With great *Augustus* safety and his honor,
To cut off all succession from our land,
For her offence that pull'd the warres vpon her.

Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that?

Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.

Phi. *Cæsario* too, issued of *Cæsars* blood?

Ari. Plurality of *Cæsars* are not good.

Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?

Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.

Phi.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, represse the same.
Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.
Phi. Tis inhumane, and innocent to kill.
Ari. Such innocents seldome remaine so still.
And sure his death may best procure our peace,
Competitors the subiect deerely buies:
And so that our affliction may surceasse,
Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.
But see where *Casar* comes himselfe, to try
And worke the mind of our distressed Queene,
To apprehend some falsed hope: whereby
She might be drawne to haue her fortune seene.
But yet I thinke, Rome will not see that face
(That queld her champions) blush in base disgrace.

SCENA. II.

Casar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella.

VVHat *Cleopatra*, doest thou doubt so much
Of *Casars* mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or doest thou thinke, thy offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?
Cle. O *Casar*, not for that I flie thy sight
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that m'oppressed thoughts abhorring light
Like best in darkenes, my disgrace t'inclose.
And here to these close limites of despaire,
This solitary horror where I bide:
Casar, I thought no Roman should repaire,
More after him, who here oppressed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue soule, that neuer thought to bow:
Whose happy foote of rule and Maiesty
Stood late on the same ground thou standest now
Cas. Rise Queene, none but thy selfe is cause of all,

And

And yet, would all vvere but mine owne alone:
That others ruine had not vvith thy fall
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning ioy againe vnpleasing:
Sith th'eye of griefe must looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our owne bloodshedding.
And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

Cle; To me? *Cæsar*, vvhat should a woman doe
Oppreſt with greatnes? vvhat was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I vvas by loue, by feare, by weakenesse, made
An instrument to such disseignes as these.
For vvhen the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? vvho was not glad to please?
And how could I vvithdraw my succouring hand
From him that had my heart, and vvhat vvas mine?
The int'rest of my faith in streighteſt band,
My loue to his most firmely did combine.

Cæs. Loue? alas no, it vvas th'innated hatred
That thou and thine hast euer borne our people:
That made thee seek all meanes to haue vs scattred,
To disunite our strength, and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breast nurse our dissention,
With hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state:
To pray vpon the vvracke of our contention,
And (with the rest our foes,) to ioy thereat.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, see how easie tis t'accuse
Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuse
The titles of reproch he's charg'd vvithall.
The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquisht still is iudged the worser part.
Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
No lesser then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, alas vvhat need Art

To

To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But here let vveaker powers note vvhat it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
If vve take part, vve oft do perish thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.
Alas, vvhat shall the forst partakers do,
When following none, yet must they perish too?
But *Cæsar*, sith thy right and cause is such,
Be not a heauy vveight vpon calamity:
Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefest glory is the Victors lenity.
Th'inheritance of mercy from him take,
Of vvhom thou hast thy fortune and thy name:
Great *Cæsar* me a Queene at first did make,
And let not *Cæsar* now confound the same,
Reade here these lines which still I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this should be sayd of thee,
That *Cæsar* vvrong'd the fauoured of *Cæsar*.
For looke vvhat I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
And here I do present thee vvith the note
Of all the treasure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all set downe within that roule,
I know some things she hath reseru'd apart.
Cle. What, vile vngratefull wretch, dar'st thou controule
Thy Queene and soueraigne, caitife as thou art.
Cæs. Hold, hold; a poore reuenge can worke so feeble (hands
Cle. Ah *Cæsar*, vvhat a great indiguity
Is this, that here my vastall subiect stands
T'accuse me to my Lord of trechery?
If I reseru'd some certaine vvomens toyes,
Alas it vvas not for my selfe (God knowes,
Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes

In

In trifling ornaments in outward ſhowes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my vvay
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauias* grace,
That thereby in compaſſion mooued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my caſe.
Caſ. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou ſhalt finde
What fauour thou deſir'ſt, or canſt expect:
For *Cæſar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To ſuch as yeeld, and can themſelues ſubiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy mind,
Relieue thy ſoule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I vvill intreate thee thou ſhalt find,
So ſoone as ſome affaires diſpatched are.
Till then farewell. *Cle.* Thanks thriſe renowned *Cæſar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* reſts thine owne for euer.
Dol. No maruell *Cæſar* though our greateſt ſpirits
Haue to the powre of ſuch a charming beauty
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits:
Forgetting all reſpect of other duty.
Then vvhilſt the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye:
Before her full of ſweet (with ſorrow vvain'd,)
Came to the period of this miſery.
If ſtill, euen in the midſt of death and horror
Such beauty ſhines, thorow clouds of age and ſorrow,
If euen thoſe ſweet decayes ſeeme to pleade for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamity ſhe could thus moue,
What could ſhe do adorn'd vvith youth and loue?
What could ſhe do then, when as ſpreading wide
The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight?
When arm'd with wonder, ſhe could vſe beſide,
Th'ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight?
Beauty daughter of Meruaile, O ſee how
Thou canſt diſgracing ſorrowes ſweetly grace.
What power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtreſſed brow,

That

That mak'ſt affliction faire, giu'ſt teares their grace.
What can vntreſſed lockes, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I ſee then, artleſſe feature can content,
And that true beauty needes no ornament.
Cæſ. What in a paſſion *Dolabella?* what take heed
Let others freſh examples be thy warning;
VVhat miſchiefes theſe, ſo idle humors breed,
VVhilſt error keepes vs from a true diſcerning.
Indeed I ſaw ſhe labour'd to impart
Her ſweeteſt graces in her ſaddeſt cheere:
Preſuming on the face that knew the arte
To moue with vvhat aſpect ſo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, ſhe takes her ayme amiſſe,
The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as ſhe was, nor we as ſhe conceiues.
And therefore now, twere beſt ſhe left ſuch badnes,
Folly in youth is ſinne, in age, tis madnes.
And for my part, I ſeeke but t'entertaine
In her ſome feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greateſt Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is, to bring home a prizall of ſuch worth.
And now, ſith that ſhe ſeemes ſo well content
To be diſpos'd by vs, without more ſtay
She with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
VVhilſt I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O *Fearefull frowning* Nemeſis,
Daughter of Iuſtice, moſt ſeuere,
That art the worlds great arbitreſſe,
And Queene of cauſes raigning here:
Whoſe ſwift-ſure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuſtice, righting wrong:

Who

Who neuer yet deferrest long
The prouds decay, the weakes redresse:
But through thy power euery where,
Dost raze the great, and raise the lesse.
The lesse made great dost ruine too,
To shew the earth what heauen can do.

Thou from darke-clos'd eternity,
From thy blacke cloudy hidden seate,
The worlds disorders dost descry:
Which when they swell so proudly great,
Reuersing th'order nature set,
Thou giu'st thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'ineuitable destiny,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd vnto necessity,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th'alternate course of weale or woe.

O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortality:
And doth their weakenesse still betray,
In their best prosperity?
When being lifted vp so hie,
They looke beyond themselues so farre,
That to themselues they take no care;
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
Their late proud mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it Iustice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punisht be,

And

And to destruction thus pursude?
O why should th heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselues procured all?
Or do the gods (in close) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with cruelty?
Ah no, the gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe,
To Egypts fat prosperity:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus, by course must die,
And some must be the causers why
This reuolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to nought:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquity:
Which vice so farre hath ouer growne.
As we, so they that treate vs thus,
Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS IIII.

Seleucus. Rodon.

NEuer friend *Rodon* in a better houre,
Could I haue met thee then eu'n now I do,
Hauing affliction in the greatest powre
Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.
For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a sigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'st thou one

That

That better could beare ſuch a part with thee:
Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,
And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
And therefore tell th'oppreſſion of thy heart,
Tell to ad eare prepar'd and tud'd to care:
And I will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall vve both our mournefull plaints combine
Ile vvaile thy ſtate, and thou ſhalt pitty mine.

Sel. Well then thou know'ſt how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopotra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, aud of chiefeſt place,
And euer held my credite in that ſort.
Till now in this confuſion of our ſtate,
VVhen thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe.
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
(Following the fortune of the preſent time,)
Am come to be caſt downe and recin'd cleane;
And in the courſe of mine owne plot vndon.
For hauing all the ſecrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Cæſar*, to haue fauour won.
My treachery is quitted vvith diſgrace,
My falſhood loath'd, and not without great reaſon.
Though good for him, yet Princes in this caſe
Doe hate the Traitor, though they loue the treaſon.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being falſe vnto mine owne?
And falſe to ſuch a bounteous Queene as ſhe,
That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
He ſaw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for baſe feare, or mine owne ſtate to ſettle.
Weakeneſſe is falſe, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtle.
And therfore ſcorn'd of him, ſcorn'd of mine owne.
Hatefull to all that looke into my ſtate:
Deſpis'd *Seleucus* now is odely growne

The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.
Rod. Tis much thou saist, and O too much to feele,
And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall:
Bet yet all this which thou dooſt heere reueale,
Compar'd with mine will make thine ſeeme but ſmall.
Although my fault be in the ſelfe-ſame kind,
Yet in degree farre greater, farre more hatefull;
Mine ſprong of miſchiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I ſtaind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue
The beſt and deareſt treaſure of her blood,
Louely *Cæſario*, whom ſhe would ſhould liue
Free from the dangers wherein *Egypt* ſtood.
And vnto me with him this charge ſhe gaue,
Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coaſt,
This precious Gem, the chiefeſt that I haue,
This iewell of my ſoule I value moſt.
Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where ſecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And *Egypts* peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe;
(The riſing Sunne of our declyning ſtate:)
Theſe be the hands that may reſtore our wracke,
And raiſe the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundleſſe pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might:
Great *Iulius* of-ſpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
O how he ſeemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my *Cæſar* in his face?
Such was his gate, ſo did his lookes aſpire;
Such was his threatning brow, ſuch was his grace.
High ſhouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.
And O, (if he had not beene borne ſo late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,

And

And now haue beene the Champion of our ſtate.
Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (ſhe ſaies,)
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reſerue thy ſelfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou haſt to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me (my wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempeſt heere alone:
Who cares not for her ſelfe, ſo thou be ſure,
Thou mayſt reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will ſee thee ſafe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy wayes, thou ſhalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull ſeruant) will prouide
What ſhall be beſt for thee, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth,
The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,
Mothers will caſt the worſt, and alwaies feare.
The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And O, I know not what preſaging thought
My ſprite ſuggeſts of luckleſſe bad euent:
But yet it may tis but Loue doth doat,
Or ydle ſhadowes with my feares preſent,
But yet the memory of mine owne fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why ſhould I feare?
His fortune may recouer better ſtate,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
By ſome malignant ſpirite comes ouerthrowne:
Our bloud muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
Egypt muſt haue no more Kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt fall.
Yet who knowes what may come? let him goe thither,
What Merchaunt in one veſſell venters all?
Let vs diuide our ſtarres. Go, go my ſonne,

Let not the fate of *Egypt* finde thee here:
Try if ſo be thy deſtiny can ſhunne
The common wracke of vs, by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againſt the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what need I to ſend thee ſo farre hence
To ſeeke thy death that mayſt as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in reſt,
Not trauelling to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leaue our blood vnto the Eaſt,
When *Egypt* may a tombe ſufficient be?
O my diuided ſoule, what ſhall I do?
Whereon ſhall now my reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolue to yeeld vnto,
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?
Stay, I may hap ſo worke with *Cæſar* now,
That he may yeeld him to reſtore thy right.
Goe; *Cæſar* neuer will conſent that thou
So neare in blood, ſhalt be ſo great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my ſonne, farewell.
But ſtay; there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay:
Yet nothing now, but O God ſpeed thee well,
Leſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeake: It may be tis the laſt
That euer I ſhall ſpeake to thee my ſonne.
Doe Mothers vſe to part in ſuch poſt haſt?
What, muſt I end when I haue ſcarce begunne?
Ah no (deare heart) tis no ſuch ſlender twine
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me,
That blood within thy veins came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me:
And therefore I muſt ſpeake. Yet what? O ſonne.
Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begunne,
Fill'd vp the paſſage, and quite ſtopt the way:
When ſweete *Cæſario* with a princely ſpirit,

Though

(Though comfortlesse himselfe) did comfort giue;
With mildest words, perswading her to beare it.
And as for him, she should not neede to grieue.
And I (with protestations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (vvhich sworne I did deceiue)
That I vvould vse all care, all vvit and art
To see him safe; And so vve tooke our leaue.
Scarce had vve trauell'd to our iourneys end,
When *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our vvay,
His Agents after vs vvith speed doth send
To labour me, *Cæsario* to betray.
Who vvith rewards and promises so large,
Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him sent,
To make him King of *Egypt* presently.
And thither come, seeing himselfe betray'd,
And in the hands of death through trechery,
Wailing his state, thus to himselfe he said.
Loe here brought backe by subtile traine to death
Betrai'd by tutors faith, or traitors rather:
My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For being sonne of such a mighty Father.
From *India*, (vvhither sent by mothers care,
To be reseru'd from *Egypts* common wracke,)
To *Rhodes*, (so long the armes of tyrants are,)
I am by *Cæsars* subtile reach brought backe:
Here to be made th'oblation for his feares,
Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe him:
Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then vvretched greatnesse, proud rich misery,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers sweat,
To purchase blood and death for them and theirs?

Is this the iſſue that their glories get,
To leaue a ſure deſtruction to their heires?
O how much better had it beene for me,
From low deſcent, deriu'd of humble birth,
T'haue eat the ſweet-ſowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nylus* ſtreames in *Nylus* earth:
Vnder the cou'ring of ſome quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in minde,
Vntoucht when ſad euents of Princes dotage
Confounds vvhat euer mighty it doth finde.
And not t'haue ſtood in their way, whoſe condition
Is to haue all made cleare, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let, the full ſight of their raigne.
VVhere nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſſion;
Where greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neare death he ſtands, that ſtands too neare a Crowne,
Such is my caſe, for *Cæſar* vvill haue all.
My blood muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate:
Yet ah weake ſtate that blood aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men do hate.
Iniuſtice neuer ſcapes vnpuniſht ſtill,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
And thou *Auguſtus* that with bloody hand,
Cur'ſt off ſucceſſion from anothers race,
Maiſt find the heauens thy vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue thine in like caſe
When thou maiſt ſee thy prowd contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite:
Subuert thy blood, place others in their ſted,
To pay this thy iniuſtice her due merite.
If it be true (as who can that deny
VVhich ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis* doe fore-ſay)
Some of the of-ſpring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway;

And

And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine?
Nothing but this thy victory thou ſtaineſt,
And pull'ſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarr's,
For that he ſeekes to make, his wiſedome marr's.
Yet in the meane time we whom Fates reſerue,
The bloody ſacrifices of ambition,
VVe feele the ſmart what euer they deſerue,
And we indure the preſent times condition.
The iuſtice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely ſatisfie it ſelfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleaſing comfort that doth eaſe
Affliction in ſo great extremitie,
To thinke their like deſtruction ſhall appeaſe
Our ghoſts, who did procure our miſery.
But dead we are, vncertaine what ſhall be,
And liuing, we are ſure to feele the wrong;
Our certaine ruine we our ſelues doe ſee.
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cæſario*, thou muſt die content,
For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he complain'd, andthus thou hear'ſt my ſhame.
Sel. But how hath *Cæſar* now rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the ſame
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee:
For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
The yong *Antillus* ſonne of *Anthony*,
And at his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Cæſar occaſion tooke to hang him ſtrait.
Such inſtruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they need ſuch actors of deceit,
Yet ſtill our ſight ſeemes to vpbraid their wrong;
And therefore we muſt needes this danger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:

We must not liue to brag what we haue done,
For what is done, must not appeare their fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
And our shame will not that we should be seene. *Exeunt.*

Cleopatra.

VVHat hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so,
That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then poore beauty thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou could'st doe vnto me,
For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,
Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.
Heere *Dolabella* farre forsooth in loue,
VVrites, how that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith, to send
Both me and mine, th'ayre of *Rome* to proue:
There is Triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for th'other I must die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I must goe take my leaue
And last farewell of my dead *Anthony*:
Whose dearely honour'd tombe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.
O sacred euer-memorable stone,
That hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'st mone
That euer yet from affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue.
(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.
Let *Egypt* now giue peace vnto you dead,

That

That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile:
Sleepe quiet in this euer-lasting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your soile.
And O, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine
And be attentiue to her misery.
But if that labourſome mortality
Found this sweete error, onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanity,
That would the deapth of darknes vndermine:
Or rather to giue rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of those conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy.
If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre?
But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering sprite is neere.
And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'st to heare:
I feele thou answer'st my credulity
With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.
Thou know'st these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now must seruile be,
Reseru'd for bands to grace proud *Cæsars* state,
Who seekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuerd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italy,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes vvonder?
If any powres be there whereas thou art,
(Sith our country gods betray our case,)
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
Do not permit she should in triumph shew

The

The blush of her reproach, ioyn'd vvith thy shame:
But (rather) let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the same.
But what do I spend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking a conceiued aide?
Why do I not my selfe occasion finde
To breake the bounds wherein my selfe am stayd?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrowes, time and leasure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the same.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deserues no merite
I must my selfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and so vnhouse my spirit.
These hands must breake the prison of my soule
To come to thee, there to enioy like state,
As doth the long-pent solitary Foule,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
This sacrifice to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that doth best be seeme:
These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart bloud should the purple flowers haue bin,
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred.
No smoake but dying breath should here bin seene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
But what haue I saue these bare hands to do it?
And these weake fingers are not yron-poynted:
They cannot pierce the flesh being put vnto it,
And I of all meanes else am disappointed.
But yet I must a way and meanes seeke, how
To come vnto thee, whatsoere I do.
O Death, art thou so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreate, and seeke thee too?
But I will finde thee wheresoere thou lie,

For

For who can ſtay a minde reſolu'd to die ?
And now I go to worke th'effect indeed,
Ile neuer ſend more words or ſighes to thee :
Ile bring my ſoule my ſelfe, and that with ſpeede,
My ſelfe will bring my ſoule to *Antony*.
Come go my Maydes, my fortunes ſole attenders,
That miniſter to miſery and ſorrow :
Your Miſtris you vnto your freedome renders.
And will diſcharge your charge yet ere to morrow.
And now by this, I thinke the man I ſent,
Is neere return'd that brings me my diſpatch.
God grant his cunning ſort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So ſhall I ſhun diſgrace, leaue to be ſorry,
Flie to my loue, ſcape my foe, free my ſoule ;
So ſhall I act the laſt of life with glory,
Die like a Queene, and reſt without controule. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

MIſterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
ſtrict Religions ſtrange obſeruer,
State-ordrer zeale, the beſt rule-keeper,
foſtring ſtill in temp'rate feruor :
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholy
all religion, law and order ?
And thus become the moſt vnholy
of all Lands, that Nylus *border ?*
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
where ſterne Law ſate ſo ſeuerely?
How durſt weake luſt and riot venter
th'eye of Iuſtice looking neerely ?
Could not thoſe means that made thee great
Be ſtill the meanes to keepe thy ſtate ?

Ah

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That same continuance man desireth,
th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And often-times the things least minded
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.
We imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
vulgar loosenesse much incences:
Vice vncontrold, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults, be great offences,
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust, and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those lawes that old Sesostris *founded,*
and the Ptolomies *obserued,*
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.
The wanton luxury of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter

Made

Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weakenesse to discatter?)
Cæsar *found th'effect true tried.*
in his easie entrance making:
Who at the sight of armes, descried
all our people, all forsaking.
For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt servile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if heauen be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their sences,
That Egypts pleasure so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnes,
ouercome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home.
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACT. IIII.

Dolabella. Titius.

COme tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes:
Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,
That she did in my Letters reading, vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord, so farre as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise.
It was the time when as she hauing got
Leaue to her Dearest dead to sacrifice;
And now was issuing out the monument

With

With odors, incense, garlands in her hand,
When I approacht (as one from *Cæsar* sent,)
And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.
She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale:
And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin
Againe to reade, then blusht, and then vvas pale.
And hauing ended with a sigh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp: and with a fixed eye,
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, standing confusedly:
At length. Ah friend (sayd she) tell thy good Lord,
How deare I hold his pittying of my case:
That out of his sweete nature can affoord
A miserable woman so much grace.
Tell him how much my heauy soule doth grieue:
Mercilesse *Cæsar* should so deale with me:
Pray him that he vvould all the counsell giue,
That might diuert him from such cruelty.
As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it rests and euer shall:
I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
Then any, whosoeuer liuing can.
He that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto me,)
Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection must accepted be,
That fauours one distrest in such decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted;
Before she had declining fortune prou'd,
Or seene her honor wrackt, her flowre blasted.
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,

Nothing

Nothing but her affliction that can moue:
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
(Poore soule) needs rather pity now then loue,
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending so her speech, no longer stayd,
But hasted to the tombe of *Antony*,
And this was all she did, and all she sayd.

Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady. What hard heart
Could chuse but pity thee, and loue thee too?
Thy worthinesse, the state vvherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to do.
Although ambition lets not *Cæsar* see
The vvrong he doth thy maiesty and sweetnes,
Which makes him now exact so much of thee,
To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
He knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy strength is seiz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands:
That our great Ladies (enuying thee so much
That stain'd them all, and held them in such wonder,)
Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
But I will seeke to stay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæsars* loues,
And O if now I could do more then pray,
Then should'st thou know how farre affection moues.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy disgrace:
And euen this present day I will not faile
To do my best vvith *Cæsar* in this case.

Tit. And sir, euen now herselfe hath letters sent,
I met her messenger as I came hither,
With a dispatch as he to *Cæsar* went,
But know not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late

Was

Was come from ſacrifice. How richly clad
Was ſeru'd to dinner in moſt ſumptuous ſtate,
With all the braueſt ornaments ſhe had.
How hauing din'd, ſhe writes, and ſends away
Him ſtrait to *Cæſar*, and commanded than
All ſhould depart the Tombe, and none to ſtay
But her two maides, and one poore countrey man.

Dol. Why then I know ſhe ſends t'haue audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her ſtate can do:
To ſee if Maieſtie will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And O, if now ſhe could but bring a view
Of that freſh beauty ſhe in youth poſſeſt,
(The argument wherrwith ſhe ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæſar*, and the reſt condition.
Then happily *Auguſtus* might relent,
Whilſt powrefull Loue, (farre ſtronger then ambition)
Might worke in him, a minde to be content
To grant her asking, in the beſt,
But being as ſhe is, yet doth ſhe merrite
To be reſpected, for what ſhe hath beene:
The wonder of her kinde, of rareſt ſpirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakeneſſe falling
To doe that which perhaps ſh'was forſt to doe:
Alas, an errour paſt, is paſt recalling,
Take away weakeneſſe, and take women too,
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now I'le vſe mine arte.
Thy preſence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA

SCEN. II.

Nuntius.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Messenger
And sad newes bringer of the strangest death,
Which selfe hand did vpon himselfe inferre,
To free a captiue soule from seruile breath?
Must I the lamentable vvonder shew,
Which all the world must grieue and maruell at?
The rarest forme of death in earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, vvonder gat.

Cho. What newes bringst thou, can *Egypt* yet yeeld more
Of sorrow than it hath? vvhat can it adde
To the already ouerflowing store
Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?
Haue vve not seene the vvorst of our calamity?
Is there behind yet something of distresse
Vnseene, vnknowne? Tell if that greater misery
There be, that vve vvaile not that vvhich is lesse.
Tell vs vvhat so it be, and tell at first,
For sorrow euer longs to heare her vvorst.

Nun. Well then, the strangest thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath seene.
I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue still
Attended on the person of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefest trust haue beene.
And now in these two great extremities,
That euer could to Maiestie befall,
I did my best in vvhat I could deuise,
And left her not, till now she left vs all.

Cho. What is she gone. Hath *Cesar* forst so?

Nun. Yea, she is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Cho. What, fled to *India*, to goe find her sonne?

Nun. No, not to *India*, but to find her sonne.

Cho. Why then there's hope ſhe may her ſtate recouer
Nun. Her ſtate? nay rather honour, and her Louer.
Cho. Her Louer? him ſhe cannot haue againe.
Nun. Well, him ſhe hath, with him ſhe doth remaine.
Cho. Why then ſhe's dead. Iſt ſo? why ſpeakſt not thou
Nun. You geſſe aright, and I will tell you how.
When ſhe perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,
That *Cæſar* meant to ſend her ſtrait away,
And ſaw no meanes of reconcilement left,
Worke what ſhe could, ſhe could not worke to ſtay:
She calles me to her, and ſhe thus began.
O thou, whoſe truſt hath euer beene the ſame,
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend diſgrace and ſhame.
Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:
As did thoſe other ſmoothe ſtare-pleaſers all,
VVho followed but my fortune, and not me,
Tis thou muſt do a ſeruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy faith and skill muſt do their beſt:
Thy honeſt care and duty ſhall be ſeene,
Performing this, more then in all the reſt.
For all what thou haſt done, may die with thee,
Although tis pitty that ſuch faith ſhould die.
But this ſhall euermore remembred be,
A rare example to poſterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after ages liue in memory,
So long ſhall thy cleare fame endure withall,
And therefore thou muſt not my ſute denie
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am reſolu'd: and this now muſt it be,
Goe finde me out with all thy art and skill
Two Aſpicks, and conuay them cloſe to me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,

If the heauens doe not my disseignes withstand,
But doe thy charge, and let me shift with that.
Being thus coniur'd by her t'whom I'had vow'd
My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,
Deuising how my close attempt to shrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And so disguis'd in habite as you see,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I soone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Aspickes, in a basket closely pent.
Which I had fill'd with Figges, and leaues vpon.
And comming to the guard that kept the doore,
What hast thou there? said they, and lookt thereon.
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
But said, they were the fairest they had seene.
Tast some, said I, for they are good and pleasant.
No, no, said I, goe beare them to thy Queene,
Thinking me some poore man that brought a present.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all their pompeous rich aray,
Great *Cleopatra* sate, as if sh'had wonne
Cæsar, and all the world beside this day:
Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,
Cleare *Cydnos* she did shew what earth could shew.
When *Asia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as she went at first to meete her loue,
So goes she now againe to finde him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as she sate, the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke:
Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the griefe she tooke.
But she no sooner sees me in the place,
But strait her sorrow-clouded brow she cleares,

Lightning a ſmile from out a ſtormy face,
Which all her tempeſt-beaten ſenſes cheeres.
Looke how a ſtrai'd perplexed traueller,
When chaſd by thieues, aud euen at point of taking,
Deſcrying ſuddenly ſome towne not far,
Or ſome vnlookt for aide to him-ward making;
Cheeres vp his tyred ſprites, thruſts forth his ſtrength
To meet that good, that comes in ſo good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
Her honour was t'eſcape ſo proude a powre.
Forth from her ſeate ſhe haſts to meete the preſent,
And as one ouer-ioy'd, ſhe caught it ſtrait.
And with a ſmiling cheere in action pleaſant,
Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
And ſeeing there the vgly vehemous beaſt,
Nothing diſmaid, ſhe ſtayes and viewes it well.
At length th'extreameſt of her paſſion ceaſt,
When ſhe began with words her ioy to tell.
O rareſt beaſt (ſaith ſhe) that Affrick breedes,
How dearely welcome art thou vnto me?
The faireſt creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinkes I ſee, in now beholding thee.
What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in ſpight?
Little they know what they ſo light eſteeme,
That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou diſchargeſt,
That with one gentle touch canſt free our breath:
And in a pleaſing ſleepe our ſoule inlargeſt,
Making our ſelues not priuy to our death.
If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worſt, ſhe made thee beſt:
Sith thou beſt freeſt vs from our liues worſt terror,
In ſweetly bringing ſoules to quiet reſt.
When that inexorable Monſter Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore diſtreſſed,

Tortures

Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,
And loades with paines th'already weak oppressed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, which he would neuer do,
And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,
Attended on with hideous torments to.
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe.
That open canst with such an easie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.
Well did our Priests discerne something diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Offrings and worships due to thee assigne,
In whom they found such mysteries were did.
Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,
That mou'st without the instruments that moue:
And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,
Doost sure thy strange diuinitie approue.
And therefore too, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
Calamitie confirming now in me
A sure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
And onely the afflicted are religious.

And here I sacrifice these armes to Death,
That lust late dedicated to Delights:
Offring vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complements of my loues dearest rites.
With that she beares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Looke how a mother at her sonnes departing
Por some farre voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth entertaine him with an ydle parling
And still doth speake, and still speakes but the same;

Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,
Tels what was told, and bids againe farewell,
And yet againe recalles; for ſtill doth lacke
Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he ſhould goe, yet cannot let him go.
So ſhe, although ſhe knew there was no way
But this, yet this ſhe could not handle ſo
But ſhe muſt ſhew that life deſir'd delay.
Faine would ſhe entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine that Death would ſeize vpon her,
Whilſt I might ſee preſented in her brow,
The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honour.
Life bringing Legions of freſh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proofe of time, which yeelds we ſay
Comfort and helpe, to ſuch as doe referre
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honour ſcorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright Immortalitie in ſhining armour:
Thorow the rayes of whoſe cleare glory, ſhe
Might ſee lifes baſeneſſe, how much it might harme her.
Beſides ſhe ſaw whole armies of Reproches,
And baſe Diſgraces, Furies fearefull ſad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that ſtill incroches
Vpon her face, in bloody colours clad.
Which repreſentments ſeeing, worſe then death
She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore choſe
To render all to Honour, heart and breath;
And that with ſpeed, leſt that her inward foes
Falſe fleſh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie againſt her reſolution.
And to the end ſhe would not giue them ſcope,
Shee preſently proceedes to th'execution.
And ſharpely blaming of her rebell powres,
Falſe fleſh (ſaith ſhe) and what doſt thou conſpire
With *Cæſar* too, as thou vvert none of ours,
To worke my ſhame, and hinder my deſire?

Wilt

VVilt thou retaine in closure of thy vaines,
That enemy Base life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre constraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great:
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
VVhat doe I lose, that haue but life to lose?
This hauing said, strengthned in her owne heart,
And vnion of her selfe, senses in one
Charging together, she performes that part
That hath so great a part of glory wonne.
And so receiues the deadly poys'ning tuch;
That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yeelding shrinke or touch of feare,
Consented to bewray least sense of paine:
But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheare,
Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this worke is done (saith she) here ends
This act of Life, that part the Fates assign'd;
VVhat glory or disgrace here this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now O earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnesse I die vnforst.
Witnesse my soule parts free to *Antony*,
And now prowde tyrant *Cæsar* doe thy worst.
This said, she staies, and makes a sudden pause,
As twere to feele whether the poyson vvrought:
Or rather else the vvorking might be cause
That made her stay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that instant I might vvell perceiue
The drowsie humour in her falling brow:
And how each powre, each part oppreft did leaue
Their former office, and did senseless grow.

Looke how a new pluckt branch against the Sun,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble sort;
So here disioyned ioyntures as vndone,
Let fall her weake dissolued limbes support.
Yet loe that face the vvonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rife,
That none would thinke such beauty could want breath.
And in that cheere th'impression of a smile,
Did seeme to shew she scorn'd death and *Cæsar*,
As glorying that she could them both beguile,
And telling death how much her death did please her.
Wonder it vvas to see how soone she vvent,
She went with such a will, and did so haste it,
That sure I thinke she did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it.
And senceless, in her sinking downe she wrines
The Diademe vvhich on her head she vvore,
Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble maid) espies.
And hastes to rightit as it vvas before.
For *Eras* nowwas dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the point, for both vvould immitate
Their Mstresse glory, striuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* vvould in this exceed her mate,
For she vvould haue this honour to be last,
That should adorne that head that must be seene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held fast,
That all the world may know she dide a Queene.
And as she stood, setting it fitly on,
Loe, in rush *Cæsars* messengers in hast,
Thinking to haue preuented vvhat vvas done,
But yet they came too late, for all vvas past.
For their they found stretcht on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the rich attire procure she could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,

And

And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like case.
Charmion, is this well done? sayd one of them.
Yea, well sayd she, and her that from the race
Of so great Kings descends, doth best become.
And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,
To passe th'assurance of her loue with death,

Cho. But how knew *Cæsar* of her close intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him she sent.
For when she had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earnestly intreates, she might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.
Whereby then *Casar* ges'd all went not right.
And forthwith sends, yet ere the message came
She was dispatcht, he croft in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred so the same,
That she was sure none should her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th'accomplishment of woes
The full of ruine and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seene all hope expeld,
That euer sweete repose
Shall repossesse the Land,
That Desolation fills,
And where Ambition spills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'issue of all those
That so long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canst O Nylus thou,
Father of flouds inaure,

That yellow Tyber ſhould
With ſandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thoſe feete ſo pure,
Whoſe vnknowne head we hold
A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free bankes vncontrould,
Liue vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy ſtreames
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters floe
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes *thy fall.*
And turne thy courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
(The world of duſt that graues
To ſwallow thee vp all,
May drinke ſo much as ſhall
Reuiue from vaſty graues
A lining greene which ſpred
Far floriſhing, may grow
On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.

Fatten ſome people there,
Euen as thou vs haſt done,
With plenties wanton ſtore,
And feeble luxury:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Reſpect not before.
Leaue leuell'd Egypt drie,

A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possesse
Th'inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whose distresse
Must still vpbraid our blame.
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonnesse
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer-more shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.

O then all-seeing light,
High President of Heauen,
You Magistrates the Starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are these the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntranspassable barres,
That limit Pride so short?
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnesse marres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Disorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.